

Leatherneck

NOV. 1957

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

30c



Forty Years

Pass In

Review



'57

'17

COPY 2



A bullet for Charlemagne

THE thickset Caco general got slowly to his feet. Behind him, in the darkness, stood an ugly backdrop of a hundred Haitian outlaws. At his feet, a woman stirred a small fire.

Confronting him, the tattered young man in blackface disguise saw the fire gleam on his white silk shirt and pearl handled pistol and knew this was the murderous chieftain, Charlemagne Masena Peralte. The man he'd come for, through a jungle and a 1200-man encampment, past six hostile outposts, risking detection and certain death.

Charlemagne squinted across the fire. "Who is it?" he challenged in Creole.

There was no alternative; Marine Sergeant Herman Hanneken dropped his disguise, drew an automatic, and fired.

The night exploded into gunflame, most of it from Hanneken's second-in-command, Marine Corporal Button, and his handful of disguised Haitian gendarmes. But the shot that killed Charlemagne was the one which would finally end Caco terror and bring peace to Haiti.

Sergeant Hanneken is retired now—as Brigadier General

Hanneken, USMC, with a Silver Star for Guadalcanal, a Legion of Merit for Peleliu, a Bronze Star for Cape Gloucester, a Gold Star, and a Navy Cross. And, for his incredible expedition against Charlemagne, November 1, 1919, the Medal of Honor.

The Herman Hannekens are a rare breed, it is true. Yet in all Americans there is much of the courage and character which they possess in such unusual abundance. Richer than gold, greater, even, than our material resources, it is the *living* wealth behind one of the world's soundest investments—United States Savings Bonds. It backs our country's guarantee; safety of principal up to any amount, and an assured rate of return. For real security, buy Bonds regularly, through your bank or the Payroll Savings Plan, and hold onto them!

Now Savings Bonds are better than ever! Every Series E Bond purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 3½% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* E Bonds, too. They earn more as they get older.

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A BIRTHDAY MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDANT



HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT
WASHINGTON, D. C.

COMMANDANT'S BIRTHDAY MESSAGE - 10 NOVEMBER 1957

On this, the 182d birthday of our Corps, we take time out from our rugged and relentless training routine to pay tribute to a long line of Marines extending back through our country's history to its very origins. Whether we serve in the far flung forces with the Fleets or in the supporting forces of the shore establishments, on this memorable day we reflect with justifiable pride on the heritage passed on to us by those who have gone before--a history of selfless service to our Country, a record untarnished since the first Continental Marine was recruited at Tun Tavern in 1775.

Since that historic year, our Corps has passed through many trying periods. At times, our numbers were pitifully few, our weapons and equipment barely adequate. But even in our years of greatest austerity, we were rich in the one priceless ingredient that has ever uniquely characterized our Corps--the indomitable spirit of the United States Marine. It is this spirit that has enabled us to bear adversity without complaint; it is this spirit that has inspired us to victory over seemingly impossible odds on battlefields across the world.

It motivates every Marine--from the rawest recruit to the oldest veteran. It is intangible but nonetheless real. It is difficult to define but, as the hallmark of our Corps, it is obvious to all. It is symbolized by the battle honors, citations, battle streamers, and silver bands which give added luster to the Battle Color of the Marine Corps. It cannot be issued; no amount of money can purchase it. It is indeed the priceless ingredient which makes uncommon valor a common virtue in our beloved Corps.

With full confidence that this same indomitable spirit will continue to inspire each of us in the ensuing year, and that our record in the future, as in the past, will be one of exemplary service to Country and Corps, I extend my heartiest congratulations and best wishes to every Marine--regular and reserve--and to all Marine families on this happy occasion, the 182d birthday of the United States Marine Corps.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "R. McC. Pate".

R. McC. PATE
General, U. S. Marine Corps
Commandant of the Marine Corps

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VOLUME XL, NUMBER 11

NOVEMBER, 1957

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

The original painting of the 1917 and 1957 Marines, shown with their favorite reading matter, was done by *Leatherneck's* Editor-Publisher, Colonel Donald L. Dickson. What do the "old" and the "new" find so interesting? The colonel says it appears on pages 100 and 101.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least **FIVE WEEKS** before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address **LEATHERNECK MAGAZINE**, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

Send **OLD** address with new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you forward extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

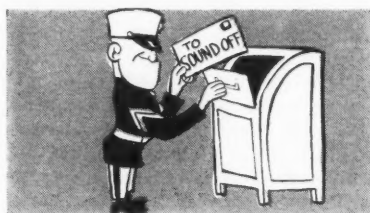


SOUND OFF



Compiled by
TSgt Paul C. Curtis

In keeping with the anniversary theme of this issue, *Leatherneck* has devoted its November Sound Off columns to letters and answers selected from past issues.



LEATHERNECK TO HAVE NEW FEATURE

It is the intention of the *Leatherneck* to establish a "Question and Answer Department" if enough interest is shown by the readers of the paper to warrant this feature. While we do not claim to be an authority on all service matters, we are sufficiently close to Headquarters and also to the various other Departments of the Government to enable us to look up most of the information which would be desired by the average reader. So, beginning at once, if there is any question about regulations, pay data, or service affairs which you would wish to have answered mail us your inquiries, addressed to the "Question and Answer Department" in care of the *Leatherneck*, and we shall do our best to give you a speedy answer. Those questions which concern a large number of men in the Corps, and which we think would interest almost everyone, we shall print in our pages as soon as we see that this offer has interested a sufficiently large number of men. Other questions will be answered by mail.

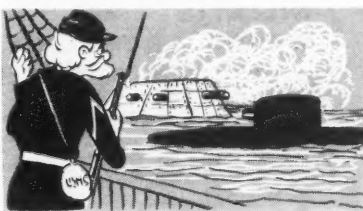
The *LEATHERNECK*
December 12, 1923

Washington, D. C.

● The preceding announcement, six years after *Leatherneck* was founded, started the magazine's first Letters to

the Editor department. The first column was published in the January 16, 1924, issue under the heading of "Question Box." Apparently the feature excited little interest because it was carried as a regular department for only a few months and then discontinued.

The column made its debut under the title of "Sound Off" in the April, 1939, issue and has been a continuous feature of the magazine since that date. The original announcement is as pertinent to the current Sound Off column as it was in 1923. The Sound Off Editor still depends upon the various offices at Headquarters, Marine Corps for the straight dope with which to answer inquiries. Letters which have a Corps-wide interest are published. All others are answered personally.—Ed.

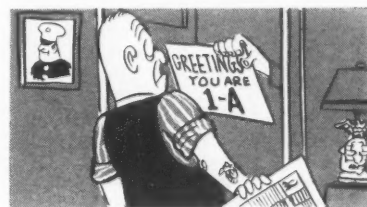


MARINES ON THE MONITOR

Ques: H. D. S. asks if there were any Marines on the *Monitor* during her famous engagement with the *Merimac*.

● Ans: No, there were no Marines on the *Monitor*, although there were Marines on the other vessels in Hampton Roads at that time. These ships were the *Cumberland*, the *Congress*, and the *Minnesota*.

Leatherneck:
January 16, 1924



SELECTIVE SERVICE

THE LEATHERNECK

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

Kindly forward information pertaining to the following questions:

I have been Honorably Discharged from the Marine Corps since 1938, serving my full time in Quantico from 1934 to 1938. I am not a member of the Reserves, active or inactive.

a. Am I subject to the draft; must I register?

b. Would my joining the Active Reserves exempt me?

c. Would my entering the Inactive Reserve exempt me?

d. Is there a possibility that due to my four years active duty in the Regular Marine Corps I would have to register but would not be called because of that previous experience?

Thanking you for your service,

I remain,

Torg Primdahl

120 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

● Dear Mr. Primdahl:

Our authoritative source at Headquarters, USMC, has answered your questions. The answers are herewith:

a. Yes, if between the ages of 21 and 36.

b. and c. Yes. Members of the Ma-

TURN PAGE

SOUND OFF (cont.)

rine Corps Reserve are exempt from registering, under the provisions of Section 5, of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940. However, the Reserves are now being called to active duty.

d. No. Army service alone or in the National Guard during certain specified dates, will exempt men from conscription. Marine Corps service is not cause for exemption.

Yours truly,
THE LEATHERNECK.
November, 1940

NEW CHINA MEDAL

Hinsdale, Ill.

Sir:

Having served with an expedition in China ('37-'38), same being stated on my discharge papers. Am I eligible for issuance of Expeditionary medals? When will I receive one?

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours sincerely,
Henry B. Homola

● Homola will be entitled to the New China Medal when it is ready for issuance. This medal has been

authorized by the Secretary of the Navy for service in China after July 7, 1937, to a date to be determined. However, no applications for this medal are being received. Members of the service will be notified, when the medal is ready for issuance.

—(Ed.)

Leatherneck:
April, 1940



RETAINER PAY

Ques: F. R. B. has asked what pay a sergeant receives when transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserves after 16 years service and also after 20 years service. In addition to this he has asked the pay of a first sergeant under the same conditions.

● Ans: A sergeant transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve receives

one-third of his base pay, or \$20.60. For over 20 years service he receives one-half his base pay, or \$33.75. A first sergeant transferring to the fleet Marine Corps Reserve after 16 years service receives \$37.29, and after 20 years service \$52.50. All of these rates being monthly.

In addition to this, any man who has on his record proof of extraordinary heroism receives 10 percent increase on the amounts previously stated. Also a 10 percent increase is allowed to all men having 95 or higher percentage in conduct upon transferring after 20 years service, except that there is not allowed an additional increase of 10 percent if he is receiving the 10 percent for heroism.

Leatherneck:
April 10, 1924

APPRECIATION

The Editor, THE LEATHERNECK
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Please change the address of my Leatherneck from (Headquarters Co., FMF) to Quartermaster School of Administration, Philadelphia, Pa., effective as of the 15th of this month, as I am in the March-June Class there.

TED KLUSZEWSKI TELLS HOW HE BELTS 'EM OUT ...AND how to get refreshing, clean shaves that make you look and feel your best!

● "I hold my bat head-high, and bend slightly at the waist...take an eighteen-inch stride and three-quarter swing, keeping my wrists firm. I depend on strength and timing to get distance."



YOU BET I SHAVE WITH A
GILLETTE BLADE IN A GILLETTE
RAZOR. IT'S THE ONLY WAY
TO GET A DECENT SHAVE!

Led Kluszewski



Wash face to remove oil, soften beard. Apply cream. Shave with diagonal strokes, using the Gillette Razor that matches your face.

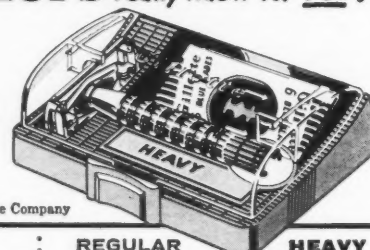
Choose the razor that matches your face! 1 of the 3
SUPER-SPEED
Gillette Razors really "has it" for YOU!



BRAND NEW WAY TO GET
SHAVES THAT LOOK AND FEEL LIKE
A MILLION! CHOOSE THE GILLETTE
SUPER-SPEED RAZOR WITH THE
RIGHT EDGE EXPOSURE, EDGE
ANGLE AND WEIGHT FOR YOU



© 1937 by The Gillette Company



LIGHT	REGULAR	HEAVY
...in blue case, is especially made for men with lighter beards.	...in buff case, for men with average combination of skin and beard.	...in maroon case, for men with heavy, dense, hard-to-shave beards.

I certainly appreciate the magazine a whole lot, and I intend to continue both subscriptions, when renewal time comes.

I was home from Dec. 20 to Jan. 18 inclusive on a 30 days furlough, first in the Corps, on my enlistment; both of my parents read and reread the magazine until it looks like it had been through an electric washing machine. You see I am the only child, so no wonder they are so keen to read about the Corps, for I am a 30-year man, unless luckily I get a commission as 2nd Lieut. in the Corps, which I am hoping to get by July 1, 1942.

Yours truly,
Pfc. John A. Harber, Jr.
Leatherneck: May 1941

NCO STRIPES FOR PFC'S?

The Editor, *THE LEATHERNECK*
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

It would please me if you could tell me why P.F.C.'s and Privates are not permitted to wear the red stripe.

We are in the Marine Corps too, so why shouldn't we have the same honor and privilege of wearing the stripe?

Respectfully yours,
Pvt. J. W. Schreyer

● *Ed.*—This honor was awarded originally to the officers only, both commissioned and noncommissioned, for the leadership and gallantry shown at Chapultepec and was intended as a reminder to future officers of what was and is expected of them in battle.

Leatherneck:
December, 1941

KUDOS

New River, N. C.

Sirs:

Your article on the British Commandos in the May issue, of *Leatherneck*, was fairly interesting but filled with a lot of errors. My outfit trained with the Commandos for a number of weeks while we were in England. The author of your article must have gotten his material by reading the comic strips.

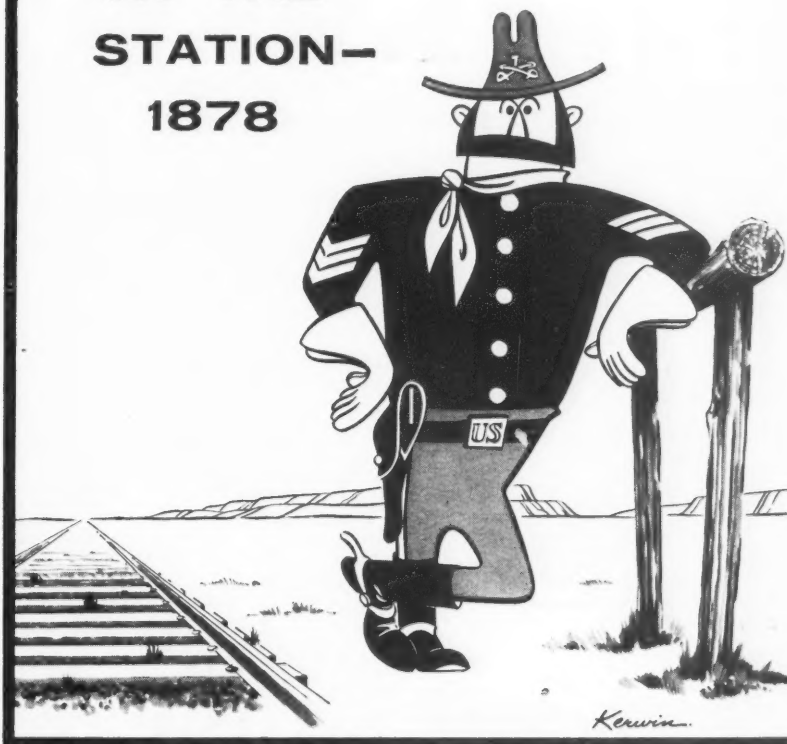
A U.S. Marine just returned from the British Isles

● Our piece on the Commandos was based on information obtained from best U. S. and British sources in Washington. Sorry, if it did not jibe with first-hand knowledge. We do read the comic strips!—*Ed.*

Leatherneck:
August, 1942

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

STUCK AT THE STATION— 1878



Back in '78, a gal often had to wait . . . for her hero whose leave got sidetracked. Make sure you keep your big dates by flying there and back on one of the speedy, economical Scheduled Airlines listed here. With their frequent, dependable schedules, they'll take you almost anywhere—even on a three-day pass—and cut your travel time as much as 80%!

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SOUTHERN AIRWAYS
SOUTHWEST AIRWAYS
TRANS-TEXAS AIRWAYS
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES
UNITED AIR LINES
WEST COAST AIRLINES
WESTERN AIR LINES

THIS IS WAR!

A PHOTO - NARRATIVE IN THREE PARTS

BY David Douglas Duncan



**LESS THAN HALF-PRICE
WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!**

The Leatherneck Bookshop has purchased the entire stock of "This Is War!" from the publishers. When this small supply is exhausted there will be no more copies available at any price! "This Is War!" has been hailed as the greatest compilation of combat photographs ever published. Copies of this book will soon be considered 'collector's items'. Be among the lucky ones to obtain this remarkable book at the special price of \$2.00. Orders will be handled on a 'first-come first-served' basis. Order your copy now, before it's too late!

NOW ONLY \$2.00 . . . Regularly \$4.95

Leatherneck Bookshop
P. O. Box 1918
Washington 13, D. C.

Rush _____ copy(s) of "This Is War!" (at the special price of \$2.00 each) to the address given below. I have enclosed \$_____.

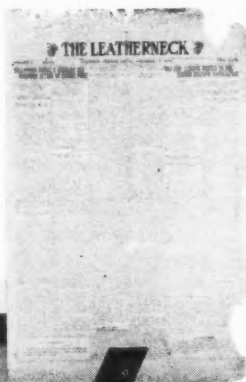
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SORRY, NO CREDIT ORDERS ON THIS SPECIAL OFFER

A great Life photographer tells a timeless story—with his own action photos—of men at war. 150 pages of *Pictures for Reading*—the majority never before published—of U. S. TROOPS IN KOREA. 25,000 words of background text.



by TSgt. Allen G. Mainard

Leatherneck Staff Writer



Leatherneck IS FORTY



HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT
WASHINGTON, D. C.

26 September 1957

My dear Colonel Dickson:

When Leatherneck Magazine celebrates its 40th birthday on November 17, the occasion will mark four decades of faithful service on behalf of the United States Marine Corps. Throughout the past 40 years--and three wars--Leatherneck has distinguished itself in the publishing field by virtue of its consistent, accurate and highly professional manner of reporting the accomplishments of the Marine Corps.

Leatherneck has become a symbol of achievement, and its vast readership throughout the world has come to rely upon the magazine as a source of information, education and entertainment.

It gives me great pleasure to extend my personal congratulations to Leatherneck Magazine on its 40th anniversary for a job well done.

Sincerely yours,

R. McC. PATE
General, U. S. Marine Corps
Commandant of the Marine Corps

Colonel Donald L. Dickson, USMCR
Editor and Publisher
Leatherneck Magazine
P. O. Box 1918
Washington 13, D. C.

IN APRIL, 1917, America declared war on Germany, and a month later, 6000 acres of Virginia on the Potomac were converted into the beginnings of Quantico. When young men from all over the nation began arriving after boot training at Parris Island, Corporal W. L. Foster, a former Cincinnati *Post* reporter, realized the need for a post newspaper. But he was told by the Marine Corps that no funds were available for such a venture. General John A. Lejeune gave his permission for the paper if it could be published at no cost to the taxpayer and during the Marine's off-duty hours. Foster approached the local Y.M.C.A. director who agreed to help, but it was actually the merchants in the rapidly awakening village of Quantico who made it possible for the Marines to have their paper. The money they paid for advertising space also paid for the major cost of the paper; Marine customers paid two cents a copy and that defrayed the remaining expense. In 40 years, Leatherneck has never asked the government or the taxpayer for a cent.

We don't know exactly what was in the first edition but we would like to. Leatherneck Magazine is offering \$100 for the first copy of Vol. 1, No. 1 to cross our desk.

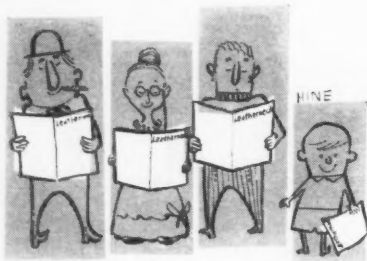
The original was called *The Quantico*
TURN PAGE

LEATHERNECK (cont.)

tico Leatherneck and was a four-page weekly for the first 45 weeks. After that they dropped the *Quantico* and called the paper, simply, *Leatherneck*.

Originally, as an editorial stated, *Leatherneck* was to give "the story of camp life in Marine English 'as she is spoke at Quantico'." It was a chatty, informal sheet, full of information on base personnel, base activities, and later the exploits of the Marines in France. The language used was laden with phrases which have become clichés but it was the language of the day just as the present *Leatherneck* is representative of the present speech and writing habits of today's Marine.

There were plenty of typographical errors, due mainly to the fact that the writers were also the editors and were publishing the paper in off-duty hours, usually against a deadline. Regardless of typographical errors, and what today would be considered florid language, the *Leatherneck* was a genuine reflection of the Marine Corps of WWI.



It was a real "news" paper. Sergeant Det Smith, the first editor, made certain that the stories were by, for and about Marines. As the "Sea Soldiers" began sending the paper home, the stories of the Corps, its accomplishments and eccentricities were spread across the country. They were pretty outspoken in those days, especially about friendship, patriotism and the Corps. They blasted "slackers," the draft dodgers of WWI and especially the "Momsy-Womsys" who quit their jobs so that their "Popsy-Wopsys" wouldn't be drafted.

One item headlined:

WILL QUANTICO BE A PERMANENT CAMP?

The answer, of course, was "yes." But it wasn't until 1928 that *Leatherneck* reported it as a "Marine's Dream."

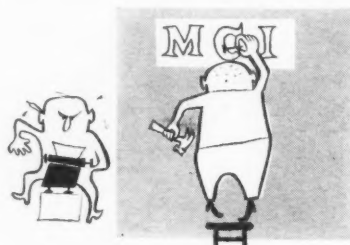
They were building the brick barracks!

Then, as now, the contributors were Marines in the field. Until *Leatherneck* became the organ of the Marine Corps Institute and moved to Washington, D. C., every issue devoted space to the different units on the post. Each unit had its contributing "editor" who was seldom modest in reporting about his unit and his friends.

But, then, as now, it was hard to get enough people in the field to supply the news of their units. In one early issue the editor requested:

GIVE US A HAND

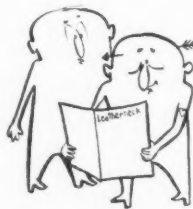
"If there are any ex-newspapermen in the bunch of lads, late arrivals in camp . . . step out and give us a



hand and help us make the *Leatherneck* a better paper."

The first big change in *Leatherneck* came in 1920 when the newly formed Marine Corps Institute took over the job of publishing it. The Commandant fully approved of the job the *Quantico* paper was doing but felt that it could do more on a Marine Corps-wide basis. Its first really informative activity, the publishing of base orders, had begun in 1918.

After WWI, more emphasis was placed on educating the individual Marine. There had been a great

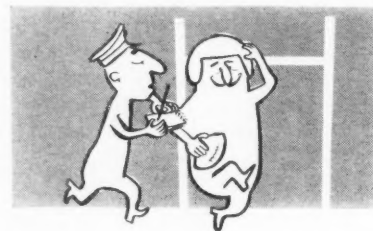


awakening and education was taking on added importance.

Leatherneck ran one editorial concerning "people with a hole in their head" who weren't taking advantage of General Smedley Butler's Base School. The "school" grew so rapidly that the Marine Corps asked the International Correspondence School to supply texts and techniques for the Marines. A short time later the local endeavor became the Marine Corps

Institute and moved to Washington, D. C.

Leatherneck moved with it. Every Marine who finished an MCI course had his name published. And, the percentage of Marines taking the courses was extremely high. It remained a tabloid-sized, slick paper weekly until 1925 when it came out as a semi-monthly, 32-page magazine with a firm cover. The first color cover was used 14 times successively in red or yellow.



Information from the units in the field and news on the sports activities of the Marines filled the pages. Through the eyes of the Marines it served, *Leatherneck* portrayed the world in travel, adventure and educational stories and articles. The stories and drawings of Colonel John W. Thomason, the "Kipling of the Marine Corps" made their appearance on its pages along with the paintings of Lieutenant Donald L. Dickson, a young Reserve officer who later became famous for his on-the-spot paintings of Guadalcanal combat. Dickson rejoined the staff of *Leatherneck* in 1951 as editor and publisher. There were poems and articles by other famous names. The "real" Rudyard Kipling, Damon Runyon, William McLeod Raine, and others were contributors to the magazine in the Twenties. Editors and staff members went on to other Marine duties. A former first lieutenant editor is now Lieutenant General Merrill B. Twining.



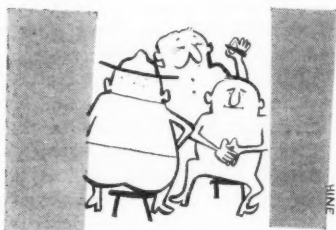
But the writers who really made *Leatherneck* the "Marines' Magazine" were the men in the field reporting on their units.

In the April, 1927, issue, "C. H." wrote of the Marine Corps Expedi-

tionary Force en route to Nicaragua aboard the *USS Henderson*.

"With 1300 Marines and 800 blue-jackets aboard, the *Henderson* is very crowded but everybody is making the best of the situation."

He went on to say, "What is privacy? While I'm writing this, only about 1298 of the 1300 Marines have looked over my shoulder. I am 1299. The missing link is sitting in the General's (Logan Feland) car.



"Forty-eight Sergeants Major, Quartermaster Sergeants, Paymaster Sergeants First Sergeants and Gunners Sergeants are quartered in the CPO quarters. Our three heavy-weights, Beau Allen, John Crumm and Fatty Gravatt are taking up more than their share of room."

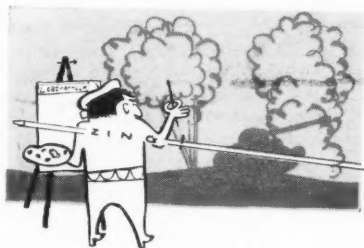
Evidently, in the small-Corps days of 1927, every one knew Beau, Fatty and John.

The publishing of base orders had expanded to Corps-wide proportions, the same as today. Our present "Sound Off" was antedated by "The Question Box" which received this Headquarters Bulletin No. 17 query:

"Sergeant, Hampton Roads: Is it necessary to get a new authority from the Major General Commandant to pay quarters and commuted rations to men of the first and second pay grades who perform duty continuously from date of discharge to date of enlistment?"

"Ans: Yes."

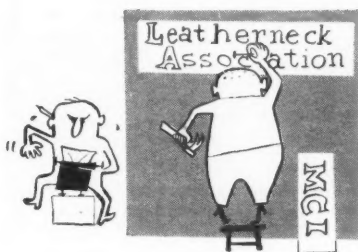
Times haven't changed much.



During the late Twenties and early Thirties, unit reporters wrote many stories of Marines in combat. While

the terminology may be a bit confusing to present day Marines, one thing has never changed—the men who write for the magazine do their reporting on-the-spot.

One Marine was instrumental in the continued success of the magazine. Frank Hunt Rentfrow's name first appeared as a private on the staff in 1928. Eleven years later, Rentfrow left the *Leatherneck* as a technical sergeant. There was probably never a more prolific writer of Marine Corps stories than Rentfrow. When the next edition needed more copy, he simply sat down and wrote a story long enough to fill the empty columns.



His output was so great that he wrote under a dozen pen names with several stories appearing in one issue.

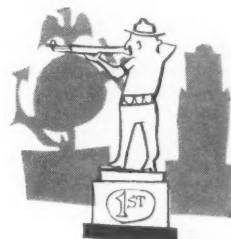
The bandit wars and maneuvers during the Twenties and Thirties had set the tone for *Leatherneck*, but during WW II the rapid expansion of the Corps meant expansion for *Leatherneck* and its small staff in order to give the Marines the best possible magazine. While many of the war-time names appearing in the enlarged magazine were famous newspaper men, the Marine reporters in the field, now called "Combat Correspondents" when they weren't at their regular Marine duties, were still responsible for a good percentage of the stories in *Leatherneck*.

The size of the magazine was increased and fully illustrated stories of Marines in combat and in training became the style. The old Corps' small professional audience had been swallowed up and the "New Breed" took its place. The expansion put too much strain on MCI which couldn't furnish men with enough free time to staff the magazine. In 1942, the *Leatherneck Association* was formed to handle the magazine. Circulation jumped from a few thousand to more than 300,000.

A special edition was published on light-weight paper for the Marines in the Pacific. A host of civilian newspaper and magazine artists and photographers contributed to the magazine during the war while serving with the Marines. The work of cartoonist Fred

Lasswell, whose Marine "Hashmark" soon rivaled his civilian "Snuffy Smith," filled *Leatherneck's* pages with humor. *Leatherneck* photographer-writer teams were on the beach of every Pacific invasion. Lou Lowery, *Leatherneck's* photo director, covered six landings in the Pacific and picked up a Purple Heart on Iwo Jima. His pictures of the first flag raising on Suribachi received national recognition.

The end of the war brought a reduction in the size of the magazine and its staff. It went back to the peacetime reporting of the activities of the Corps, still relying on information received from the field to keep the Marines informed.



The Korean War was almost a repeat of WW II for the magazine. The stories of its writer-photographer teams were augmented by the contributions of the men in the ranks in every skirmish and battle in Korea. Pusan, Inchon-Seoul, The Chosin, Bunker Hill, The Hook, Carson, Reno and Vegas were all on-the-spot accounts.

One of the magazine's most important jobs, aside from giving the Marines the best possible magazine, is promoting marksmanship throughout the Marine Corps. *Leatherneck* sponsors thousands of dollars worth of trophies each year for the Corps' outstanding shots, regardless of rank or time in service. Reservists are not left out in the marksmanship awards or the Technique of Instruction competitions which *Leatherneck* has helped promote.

Leatherneck has always been self-supporting, which means it isn't an "official" magazine. But in its 40 years of service, it has always reflected the thoughts and actions of Marines in every grade and rank. Its mission is still to inform, educate and entertain the troops; it has never changed and it still honestly endeavors to reflect the Marine Corps of the day.

We are proud to be a part of *Leatherneck*. **END**

Behind the Lines...

THIS YEAR, on the Corps' 182nd anniversary, *Leatherneck* salutes Marines everywhere with an issue dedicated to the last 40 years of achievement. We have chosen to cover the last four decades because for those 40 years the exploits of the Corps have been chronicled on the pages of *Leatherneck*. On November 17, 1917, the first copy of *Leatherneck* came off the press, and we've been in business ever since.

For the past two months, writers, photographers and artists have been scanning the old, yellowed bound volumes of the magazine for items of interest which would help to highlight the articles on which they were working. The best of our old cartoons and never-to-be-forgotten photographs were selected for reprinting in this issue.



Montross

We asked Lynn Montross, Marine Corps historian and a veteran of World War I, to cover the 1917-1927 period. From the patch of timber the French called Belleau Wood to the Blanc Mont ridge and on to the Argonne forest was bloody duty, but there were lighter interludes in rear areas where troops were billeted in French peasant villages. Montross recalls the "cooties," the wrapped leggings and that postwar interlude, "watch on the Rhine."



Stolley

Fred Stolley takes over the following decade, 1927 to 1937. Sandino in Nicaragua, the battle of Ocotla, Shanghai and Bubbling Well Road, Gene Tunney and the rise of boxing in the Corps; Lieutenant Schill's rescue at Quilali, the Garde d'Haiti, Culebra maneuvers and Soochow Creek are all remembered in Stolley's familiar style.



Tallent

Master Sergeant Robert Tallent picks up the next era, 1937 to '47. "Jawbone," the new pack, a new gas-operated rifle called a Garand, blanco, Reserves, the departure of the Sixth Marines

—Iceland, December 7, 1941, Corregidor, Wake, Guam, Midway, Guadalcanal, formed a bizarre pattern. Okinawa, the A-bomb over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, occupation and the point system which plummeted the Corps from around 400,000 in '45 to 156,000 in June of '46. The Corps' readjustment to peacetime brings the Tallent article to its close.



Mainard

Technical Sergeant Allen Mainard completes the 40-year saga with his detailed account of the 1947-1957 period. There were maneuvers at Vieques, embassy duty at Paris, Rome and London; there were hold-out Japanese on Peleliu. Prisoners rioted at Alcatraz; Marines were called in. The "New Breed" was busy in China with the Nationalists and Chinese Reds. Korea and some memorable names—the Pusan perimeter, No Name Ridge, Kimpo Airfield, the Han, Seoul, the Chosin Reservoir, Bunker Hill, Carson, Reno and Vegas and The Hook. Panmunjom.

After Korea, reorganization of the Corps. New posts—Twentynine Palms; Albany, Georgia; Camp H. M. Smith, Hawaii. New weapons: The ONTOS, guided missiles. The A-bomb, helicopters.

All in all, the Montross-Stolley-Tallent-Mainard quartet have written as one man, serving the Corps as 40 years pass in review.

Aviation, Sports, Marksmanship and the Women Marines, have all been given a nostalgic 40-year treatment with photos to stir the memory of an old Corps Marine—and make today's Marine thankful he's around to enjoy the innovations of modern times.

Our staff has worked diligently and long to give our readers a cross-section of four fabulous decades of Marine history. It's *Leatherneck's* way of wishing the Corps a happy 182nd birthday.

Paul A. Simon
MANAGING EDITOR

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

GI BILL QUERY

Sirs:

In regards to the GI Bill of Rights . . . If I return to civilian life and enter the same business I was in before the war, I will have to buy all my machinery and equipment. The Marine Corps, Navy and Army have a large part of the equipment on hand and I understand they have already begun to sell some to dealers.

Will I be able to walk into the lots where the equipment is stored, show my discharge, pay a reasonable price and take the equipment away, or will I have to go downtown and buy against the big business competition, and from dealers who are making a large profit?

Corp. Segil G. Silcox

Pacific

● *The Surplus Property Act of 1944 makes provision for priorities for vets in buying surplus property after the war. The Surplus Property Board, Washington, D. C., suggests you write them with your complete questions, and they'll answer as much in detail as possible.—Ed.*

Leatherneck:
March, 1945

HORSE MEAT AGAIN

Sirs:

I have just finished looking over the November 15th issue (Pacific edition, 1946) of the *Leatherneck*. It takes us a little longer to get hold of them here in China. And I noticed a letter in Sound Off, entitled "Bow Wow Chow," where you stated that horse meat was never served at mess in the Marine Corps.

If I am not mistaken (and I am not), it was served in the "Blue Room" Mess Hall at Camp Matthews, San Diego, Calif., sometime during the month of July, 1944.

Pvt. Curtis Autrey
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

● *That statement is sure to invoke the wrath of a mess sergeant. Are you sure the meat you refer to wasn't some of that very potent-looking "bully beef" so prominent in the mess halls of the Corps during that time? As far as horse meat being served . . . we are informed—and still maintain—that it was not.—Ed.*

Leatherneck:
June, 1946

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

The Old Gunny Says ...

"How's about you guys putting them comic books down for a few minutes while I give you some dope on readin' habits? Most all of us in this lash-up find plenty of opportunity for reading and a man's a fool if he don't put that time to good use. Reading is one of the best and least expensive forms of education and self-entertainment. But some of you agents sure waste your time reading a lotta junk.

"Now, first off, every Marine should keep a copy of the *Guidebook For Marines* handy for study and he should also have a copy of *Leatherneck* comin' to him each month. The old *Leatherneck* has consistently had the latest dope and some of the best military humor I ever seen since I been in this outfit.

"You know, I've never seen another magazine for enlisted men that tells the story about life in the service as well as *Leatherneck*. It's put out by Marines and former Marines who understand what our interests and problems are.

"I've written to them several times myself to get answers on some subject we was havin' a big argument about over at the Staff NCO mess.

"That 'Post of the Corps' feature has also given me some pretty good dope on some of the duty stations I ain't been to—or might wanta go to. It also helps me keep a check on old buddies when I see their grizzly faces smilin' out from some soft billet. It gives me the scoop on what they been doin' so they can't snow me next time we meet over a bucket of suds.

"A good thing about this magazine is that it's also read by many Marine families and friends, people who don't see many Marines or who don't know much about the Corps. The *Leatherneck* tells them. That's one reason why the magazine ain't as salty and sexy as some of you jokers may think

it should be. This magazine paints a good, he-man and dignified picture of life in the Corps, with enough humor added to show that we don't take ourselves too seriously. The magazine is a fine means of informing our friends about the Corps and building the loyalty of our families.

"I heard some men say that the *Leatherneck* should print more complaints, suggestions and editorials on enlisted men's problems and that it should be more of a mouthpiece. Well, it seems to me that in 'Sound Off' and 'If I were Commandant' we got plenty of opportunity to get our ideas off our chest. I find most of the guys who wanta reorganize the Corps are really too lazy to sit down and write a sensible letter.

"Anyway, I don't think the purpose

of *Leatherneck* should be to try and change the Corps. There are plenty of people already workin' on that. But *Leatherneck* should concentrate on preserving the Corps by telling us about it today and reminding us of those characteristics that have made us great in the past—the big and the little battles, the fine NCOs, the characters, the shooters, the outstanding leaders, the adventure and far-away places; all the tales and the color that Marines expect in their Corps and wanta know about; the picture of a MAN'S military organization that will make us proud.

"I think *Leatherneck* is doing this—and my wife thinks so too. I don't know of a better way to learn about the Corps than to spend some time with *Leatherneck*."

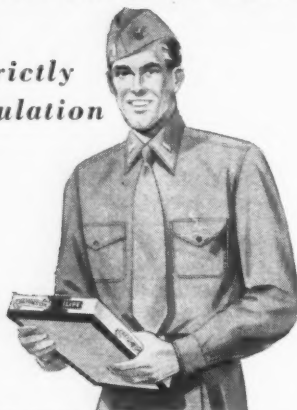
END



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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 10]

NO CONGRESSIONAL WARRANTS

Sirs:

The Lou Diamond story in the August issue was fine. I passed it on to a friend Lieutenant Kenneth M. McNeese, commandant of aviation cadets here and an ex-Marine, and he chuckled over it for hours . . . McNeese thinks that the toughest of the old-time Marine sergeants was Gunnery Sergeant Martin Carroll . . . Carroll had a certificate in his record book, authorized by a general, which stated that he did not have to comb his hair because it was snow white and straight on end . . . As McNeese recalls it, either Mickey Finn or Carroll had "Congressional warrants," which meant that they couldn't be busted except by an act of Congress.

Lt. Lorin C. McMullen
U. S. Army Air Force
Goodfellow Field,

San Angelo, Texas

● We asked Master Gunnery Sergeant Michael T. (Mickey) Finn about the "Congressional warrants" and Finn replied: "I have been asked a hundred times or more as to

whether I have one of these so-called Congressional warrants. I don't have one, and I don't believe there is such a warrant. There have been some old timers who tell people, who know nothing about the Marine Corps, that they have Congressional warrants. But it's a lot of baloney. A good court martial will bust any of them without an act of Congress. Gunnery Sergeant Martin Carroll died some years ago in Florida after he had gone out of service on retirement . . ."

—Ed.

Leatherneck:
October, 1943



WRONG BLUE BABY?

Sirs:

In your November issue (1945), the article, "Big Blue Baby" raised my ire slightly.

The question is: Where does the "Big T" get the idea that she should be called the "Blue Baby" or "Blue Carrier" in connection with the infamous radio broadcasts of Tokyo Rose? If my eyes were not deceiving me, at the time of the China Sea operation, the "Big T" was sporting a camouflage paint job. The "Lady Lex" was the only Essex class carrier painted a solid blue at that time.

If my information is not off the beam, Tokyo Rose first mentioned the "Blue Carrier" and the threat to sink it at all costs in May of 1944.

Later, Tokyo Rose changed the name from "Blue Carrier" to Admiral Marc Mitcher's "Blue Ghost." Since the "Lady Lex" was blue, and so was Admiral Mitcher's flagship of Task Force 58, the title could be held only by her.

Kenneth C. Ferguson, EM3c
Pacific

● EM3c Ferguson and mates are probably technically correct. We have no way of checking with absolute accuracy whether the Ticonderoga wore a blue coat of paint on that day or not . . . The Japanese girl who at that moment was speaking as Tokyo Rose—a collective character with a collective name—undoubtedly didn't have any one specific flat-top in mind when she referred to "that big, blue carrier."—Ed.

Leatherneck:

February, 1946

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 110)

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Corps Quiz

1. Two Marine regiments served with the Second Army Division in France during World War I. They were the _____.
 - (a) First and Seventh
 - (b) Second and Fourth
 - (c) Fifth and Sixth
2. The only Marine to win two Medals of Honor in WW I was _____.
 - (a) MGySgt. Dan Daly
 - (b) Major Louis Cukela
 - (c) Brig. Gen. John A. Lejeune
3. Three Marines won the Medal of Honor in Haiti. Which one received it for killing Charlemagne Peralte?
 - (a) Dan Daly
 - (b) Christian Schilt
 - (c) Herman Hanneken
4. The regiment of Marines that defended Corregidor was the _____.
 - (a) First Marines
 - (b) Fourth Marines
 - (c) Fifth Marines
5. The first American offensive in WW II against the Japanese was at _____.
 - (a) Guadalcanal
 - (b) Cape Gloucester
 - (c) Bougainville
6. The infantry regiment of the First Marine Brigade at Pusan was the _____.
 - (a) First Marines
 - (b) Fifth Marines
 - (c) Seventh Marines
7. The First Marine Division in Korea was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation _____ times.
 - (a) Two
 - (b) Three
 - (c) Four
8. The newest and most potent anti-tank weapon in the Corps is the _____.
 - (a) 76-mm. recoilless rifle
 - (b) 105-mm. recoilless rifle
 - (c) 106-mm. recoilless rifle
9. The last major Marine Corps battle of the Korean conflict was at _____.
 - (a) Carson, Reno and Vegas outposts
 - (b) The Hook
 - (c) Bunker Hill
10. The Third Division is composed of which infantry regiments?
 - (a) First, Fifth and Seventh
 - (b) Third, Fourth and Ninth
 - (c) Second, Sixth and Eighth

See answers on page 110. Score 10 points for each correct answer: 10 to 30 Fair; 40 to 60 Good; 70 to 80 Excellent; 90 to 100 Outstanding.




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An amorous sailor named Lee
Tried to woo a young lady named Dee,
All in vain did he chase 'er
'Til he splashed on SKIN BRACER...
Now his love-life's no longer at sea!



IT'S THE 2-TO-1 FAVORITE AMONG MEN! (Mennen, we mean.) Just splash on Mennen Skin Bracer and you'll see why. You'll enjoy its fresh wake-up tingle. Adds "tone" to your looks. Helps give you a healthy glow. And the gals go for that clean, masculine aroma . . . on you! Priced right, too!

MENNEN SKIN BRACER



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To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

Sgt. Keven G. Wood, American Embassy, Paris, France, APO 230, N.Y.C., N.Y., to hear from Cpl. Edward W. McCARTHY.

* * *

C. C. Crandall, 5513 East Grand Ave., Dallas, Texas, to hear from Clifford Walter MOORE, of South Bend, Ind., who served with him in Nicaragua in 1928-'29, and aboard the USS Maryland.

* * *

David J. Baughman, 214 Bernhurst Drive, Fountain City, Tenn., to hear from MSgt. John D. ARTHUR, 261313/1347, or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

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Miss Marie Wansor, 44 Gesl St., Buffalo, 14, N.Y., to hear from Vaughn WOSTER, whose last known address was Jacksonville, Fla. He is now believed to be in Memphis, Tenn.

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Cpl. Stephen V. Strozyk, Maurice River Parkway, Vineland, N.J., to hear from TSgt. Perry P. MOREAU, whose last known address was Camp Lejeune, N.C.

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Mrs. Leslie Nichols, 1848 S. Mosley, Wichita, Kans., to hear from Pfc Everett L. ADAMS, whose last known address was Material Branch, MCSFA, 100 Harrison St., San Francisco, Calif.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kruse, 20 Soloff Drive, Trenton 10, N.J., to hear from Major James PETRI, who retired in December, 1950.

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Sgt. James G. Kyser III, Office of the Supervisor, Marine Corps Bands, Marine Barracks, Washington, D.C., to hear from **CWO ROSS**, whose last known duty station was 100 Harrison St., San Francisco, Calif. during 1953-'54-'55.

George L. Holt, Lock Box 69-97768, London, Ohio, to hear from **Sgt. Duane Leon RAMSEY**, whose last known address was First Marine Aircraft Wing, El Toro, Calif.

Cpl. William Hanley, H&S Co., 1st Bn., Ninth Marines, Third Marine Division, FMF, FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc John FRANCIS**, Milwaukee, Wis., and **Pfc Hugh MOUNT**, Portland, Ore. He would also like to hear from anyone who was in Platoon 164, San Diego, from August-October, 1955.

R. L. Moore, 703 Electric Building, Omaha, Neb., to hear from **Erhman Rudy ELDER**, now serving in the Marine Corps.

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Mrs. William J. Shukis, 65 Scotch Lane, Rochester 17, N.Y., to hear from **MSgt. and Mrs. Kendrick WILLIAMS**, whose last known address was Detroit, Mich.

Cpl. Charles Matranga, Marine Barracks, Navy #115, Box 34, FPO, New York, N.Y., to hear from anyone who served with him in Fox Co., Seventh Marines, in Korea, from 1950 to 1952.

Former Marine **Walter H. Cheely**, 919 N. 20th Ave., Melrose Park, Ill., to hear from **Lt. Richard STILL** and any other Marines who served with him in the 1st 90-mm. AAA Gun Bn. in Chicago, Camp Lejeune, or Korea.

Mr. Russell D. Wynn, 821 Lane K, Sp. Pk., Hastings, Neb., to hear from **Cpl. Gerald A. KRAUS**, who served with him at Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hastings, Neb. during 1951 and 1952.

END

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All in vain did he chase 'er
'Til he splashed on SKIN BRACER...
Now his love-life's no longer at sea!



IT'S THE 2-TO-1 FAVORITE AMONG MEN! (Mennen, we mean.) Just splash on Mennen Skin Bracer and you'll see why. You'll enjoy its fresh wake-up tingle. Adds "tone" to your looks. Helps give you a healthy glow. And the gals go for that clean, masculine aroma... on you! Priced right, too!

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Cpl. T. J. Hommes, 2d Gd. Co., MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va., to hear from **Pfc A. L. MEDINA**, whose last known address was "D" Co, 2d Bn, Ninth Marines, Third Marine Division, FMF, FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

Mrs. William J. Shukis, 65 Scotch Lane, Rochester 17, N.Y., to hear from **MSgt. and Mrs. Kendrick WILLIAMS**, whose last known address was Detroit, Mich.

Cpl. Charles Matranga, Marine Barracks, Navy #115, Box 34, FPO, New York, N.Y., to hear from anyone who served with him in Fox Co., Seventh Marines, in Korea, from 1950 to 1952.

* * *

Former Marine Walter H. Cheely, 919 N. 20th Ave., Melrose Park, Ill., to hear from **Lt. Richard STILL** and any other Marines who served with him in the 1st 90-mm. AAA Gun Bn. in Chicago, Camp Lejeune, or Korea.

* * *

Mr. Russell D. Wynn, 821 Lane K, Sp. Pk., Hastings, Neb., to hear from **Cpl. Gerald A. KRAUS**, who served with him at Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hastings, Neb. during 1951 and 1952.

END

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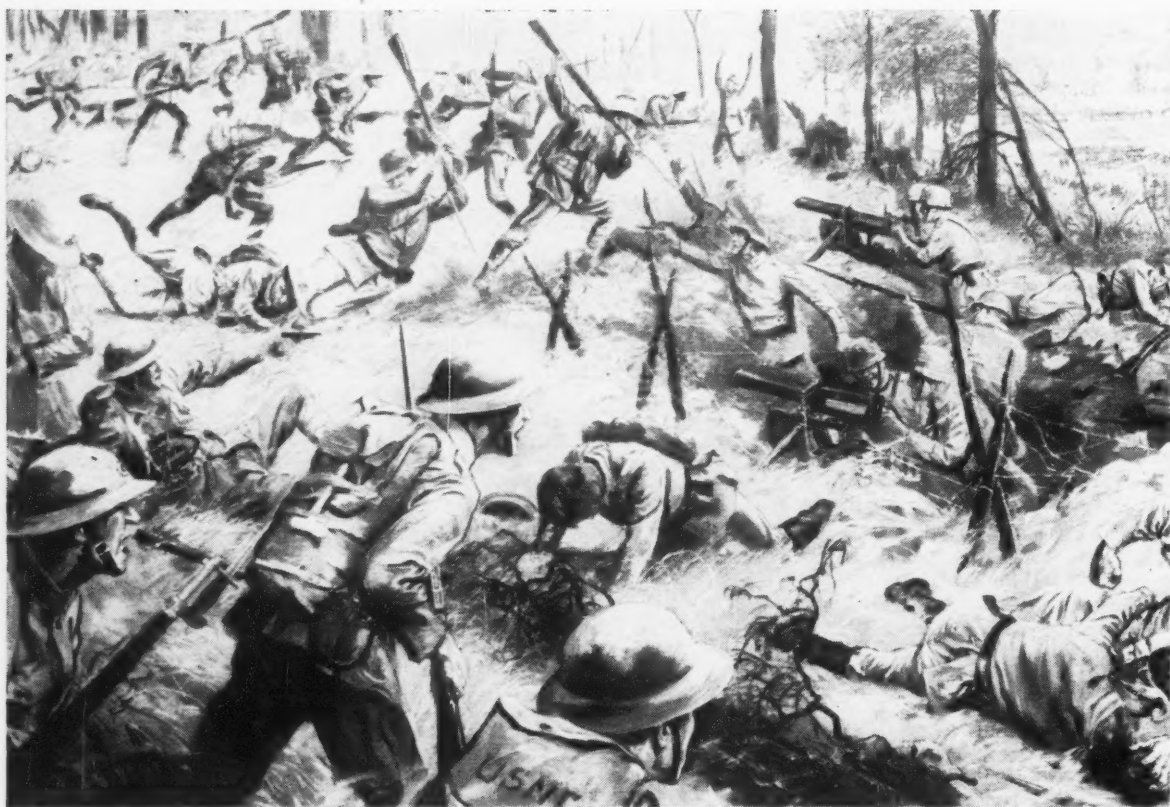
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40 YEARS

PASS IN REVIEW

1917-1927

The fighting spirit of the Marines in France
gained them the respect of the Nation



Painting by Victor Perard

Belleau Wood was the Corps' first battle in France. Bayonets and raw courage helped the

1917 "New Breed" breach the enemy defenses. The Germans began calling them "Devil Dogs"

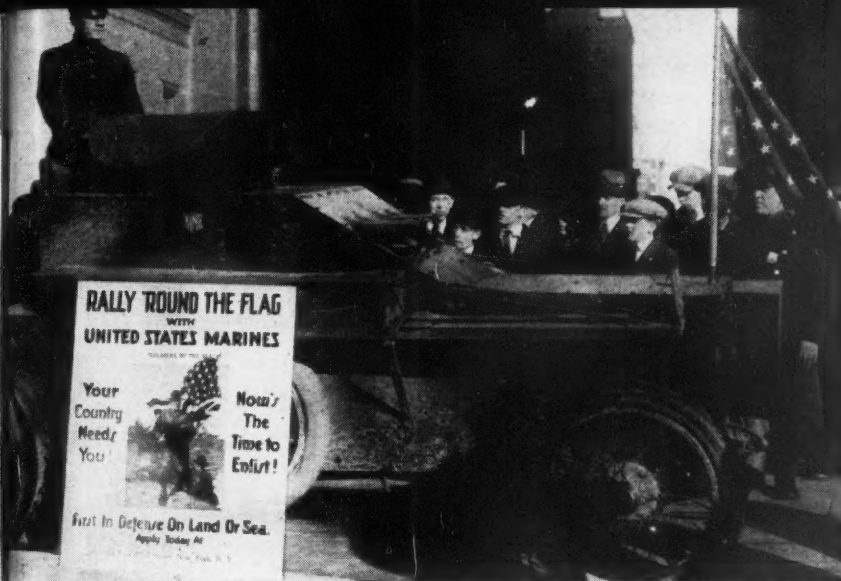
by Lynn Montross

IT DIDN'T MAKE any difference whether we hailed from Maine or from Georgia. They called us the Yanks just the same, and we gloried in a name which

meant that Americans were taking part, for the first time in history, in a war being fought on European battlefields.

*The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
Their drums rum-tumming every-
where!...*

They were the words of George M. Cohan's popular song, *Over There*. Everybody was humming them. And the only thing that fretted us Marine boots in 1917 was that the British and French might finish the job—that we might not get there 'till it was over, over there.



Official USMC Photo

Marine recruiters in Los Angeles always drew crowds when they made their speeches from the turret of this 1917 model armored car



Well, we needn't have worried. We got there, all right, before the shooting stopped. Got there in time to meet a column of French soldiers streaming back in disorder from the Marne front in June, 1918. Some of the men in horizon blue had thrown away their rifles, and they were shouting:

"Guerre fini! Guerre fini!"

We didn't need to be told that those two words meant in effect, "War's over! And we're getting the hell out."

Some of us had begun to jeer when a veteran Marine sergeant gave us a bawling out that would ring in our ears thirty years later. He was known as Old Sarge, of course, and he dated back to the Boxer Rebellion, and he had a voice like an ore crusher hitting the bass notes.

"Lissen, you parade ground heroes!" he grated and glared, pointing to the French walking wounded with their bloody bandages. "Them Froggies have had four years of it, don't forget. And I don't want no more lip from you Boy Scouts 'till you've heard your first shot fired in anger."

We found out what Old Sarge meant when we crossed that wheat field just before you get to the patch of timber the French called Belleau Wood. Marines who fought in later wars will never know how much we cursed those gas masks when we hit the deck under fire. You wore the damn thing at the ready on your chest, and it raised your head and shoulders about three inches—at a time when you could see Jerry's ma-



First Sgt. Thure Linde, USMC (Ret.)

Marines helped Chicago's patriots when they launched their first Liberty Loan Drive. Captured German equipment helped spark sales

chine gun bullets harvesting stalks of wheat. Those three inches of altitude made you feel as exposed as if you were a sitting iron duck in a shooting gallery.

There were blood-red poppies in the wheat when we attacked late on the afternoon of June 6, 1918, and there were blood-red stains where some Marine had gone down. Altogether, the Fifth and Sixth Marines lost 1087 killed and wounded in a couple of hours. Old Sarge couldn't bawl us out any more, for he and another Marine were killed while boring in on a German machine gun nest. The other Marine was a baby-faced, 17-year-old who'd fibbed about his age when he joined up, and in his billfold

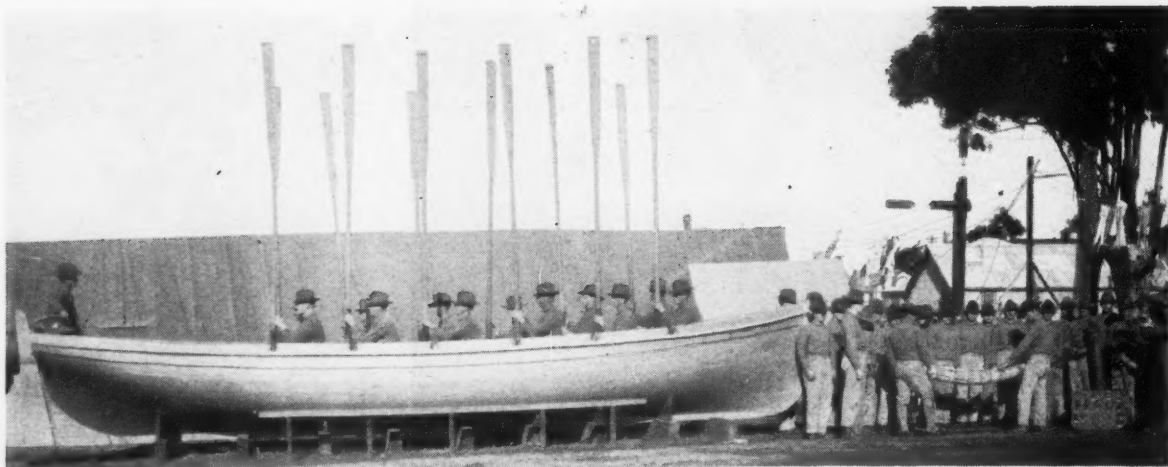
we found an old Eagle Scout badge that he'd won in some South Dakota town.

They said you could look back from a hilltop on a clear day and see the Eiffel Tower. That's how close old Jerry had come to Paris when we fought it out with him at the point of his farthest advance in 1918.

How long did it last in Belleau Wood? Most of us never knew for sure, because time loses all meaning when you're under artillery and mortar fire, night and day. All you know is that you are a hell of a sight older when you come out with companies like the 96th of the Sixth Marines, which didn't have a full platoon left.

In our bull sessions we didn't talk

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

Early sea school training was a bit different from today. Marines had to pull an oar in the

ship's boat and were taught the intricacies of knot-tying and sleeping in a swaying hammock



Official USMC Photo

The Marine Corps Expeditionary Force, forerunner of the FMF, developed an amphibious assault technique more than 30 years ago

1917 • 1927 (cont.)

much about the justice of our cause and that sort of thing. But some of us never forgot reading in *Leatherneck* what Josephus Daniels said when dedicating the new Government Amusement Hall at Quantico in December, 1917. "The destiny of the world is on your shoulders," he told the Quantico Marines. "Other wars have only had the destiny of a nation at stake . . . but this is the first time that any army has fought for the liberty of the world."

Marines of later wars are probably thinking it couldn't have been so bad in those days, when wars were fought with spears and bows and arrows.

Well, we old timers will admit we can't get into our 1918 uniforms any more without popping buttons, but we're here to remark that a machine gun fired 600 times a minute in those days, and it could kill you just as dead as it does now. As for poison gas, it was a nuisance all the time and a menace part of the time, but high explosive fragments were worse. Fokker biplanes spotted for Jerry's artillery, and after four years of target practice on the Western Front he could knock the eye out of a gnat with a round from one of those 88s. We called them "whizz-bangs" because you heard the shell explode before you heard it being fired—that's how fast they were at 4000 yards.

Speaking of uniforms, a man ought

to have rated a medal just for wearing the military haberdashery of 1918, which set the highest mark for discomfort since the iron pants of the Middle Ages. The blouse was made of scratchy shoddy that some profiteer called wool; it pinched at the waist like Maggie's corset, and it stuck out behind like a rooster's tail feathers. You were always either too hot or too cold in that glorified strait jacket with its high, stiff collar sawing at your neck. The breeches were roomy only in the seat, where they drooped disconsolately while shutting off circulation at the knees. Then came the "wraps," or wrapped leggings—a six-foot-length of alleged wool, about four inches wide, which you wound around your leg from knee to ankle until it resembled a broomstick or telephone post, depending on your heft.

The Marines originally went into action in a distinctive green uniform which some optimist had designed without pausing to reflect that the so-called "field-gray" of the Germans looked green at a distance. The consequence was a turkey shoot as French, British and U. S. Army troops fired virtuously at Marines who felt safer at the front than behind the lines. Before long the "greens" were retired and the Marines finished the war in the protective coloring of U. S. Army khaki.

Those were the days of the old "square" divisions with two brigades, each consisting of two infantry regiments and their attached artillery, machine guns and other supporting arms. Four companies made up an infantry battalion and a squad numbered eight men. Next to the Aus-

Italians, the Americans were the highest paid troops of the war, with a private drawing \$30 a month, a PFC \$33, a corporal \$35, a buck sergeant \$38, and a top-kicker \$54. Nobody had as yet dreamed up such ratings as a master or technical sergeant, and anyone who predicted that an NCO would top \$100 might have been examined for shell-shock.

The Fifth and Sixth Marines teamed up in the Second Division with two Regular Army outfits, the 9th and 23d Infantry. Marines and soldiers got along well together, wearing the Indian-head patch with mutual pride, and Brigadier General John A. Lejeune of the Marines took command of the division late in July, 1918, a few days before putting up a second star.

Casualties of more than 50 per cent had been suffered by the Marine brigade when it was relieved in the Chateau Thierry sector. Some of us survivors remembered how we were spoiling for action when we first got to France and afraid the war would end before we hit a lick. One Marine even went AWOL and made his way up to the front for a little private war of his own. *Leatherneck* told in the issue of January 19, 1918 how this one-man task force was court-martialed for deserting his outfit, even though everyone admired his spirit.

After replacements filled the gaps in the ranks, the First and Second U. S. Divisions and First Moroccan Division of the XX French Corps launched the great Allied counter-offensive which exploded on July 18, 1918. The assault troops were brought up to the front in ghostly columns of French trucks driven at night without

lights. The chauffeurs were Indo-Chinese who couldn't speak any European language; they had eyes like a cat's, and they had simply been trained to follow the truck up ahead at a distance of ten feet in pitch-black darkness.

At dawn the sleepless men of the Fifth Marines climbed stiffly down from the jam-packed vehicles and double-timed to reach the line of departure, where they jumped off on the right of the Moroccans. That was Soissons. It dealt the enemy a staggering blow as the first round of a Franco-American drive which inflicted 100,000 casualties, including 35,000 prisoners, in a 10-day advance.

Jerry lost the initiative for keeps at Soissons. Next came St. Mihiel—the first all-American offensive of the

war—and we pinched off that salient in two September days at a cost to the enemy of 15,000 prisoners and 450 guns.

Blanc Mont, however, was the "push" that many old-timers consider the top-flight Marine battle of 1918. The high hills of the Champagne area were the natural fortress of the German defense system in east-central France, and Blanc Mont ridge was the key terrain feature. Jerry had orders to hold his ground at any cost, and the Marines had orders to take that real estate even if the price came high. It was like the bout between the irresistible force and the immovable object, but after a 10-day slug-ging match the Marines were the new tenants of Blanc Mont. The price of victory was 494 killed and 1867

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

The lack of weapons did not slow down recruit training at Parris Island even though recruits had to snap-in with dummy machine guns



Official USMC Photo

Horse Marines became famous throughout the Marine Corps although they were in existence

only a few years. They teamed up with the foot fighters for sham battles and field maneuvers

wounded or gassed out of a total brigade strength which seldom reached 9000 in the field.

The survivors were a battle-wise outfit when they got into the Meuse-Argonne fight. One of the main reasons for their effectiveness was the combat leadership of such lieutenants as Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., of Virginia, and Clifton B. Cates, of Tennessee. Some of us predicted that those young men would go far in the Corps.

Nobody had any doubts about Jerry being licked as we fought our way forward through the Argonne forest during the first 11 days of November. But the Germans had to hold this area if they hoped to make an orderly retirement, and they put up a terrific defensive battle.

Every Marine who took part knew that it would all be over in a few more days. Yet there wasn't any dragging of feet, and one of the most daring maneuvers of the war was brought off by Marines who crossed the Meuse on flimsy foot-bridges under fire on the night of November 10, 1918. They were still attacking at 1100 the next morning, when the Armistice went into effect. But 323 Marines had paid with their lives during those last 11 days and 1109 were wounded or gassed.

Replacements came in so fast that sometimes you didn't know half the men in your platoon. But we never forgot the arrival of the Thirteenth Regiment, USMC, just before the Blanc Mont push. It took this outfit 13 days to make the voyage, accord-

ing to *Leatherneck*, after it embarked on Friday, the 13th, with 13 black cats. Still, those Marines didn't seem to be having any worse luck than the rest of us—or any better.

There were peaceful interludes, of course, between battles. In the rear areas the Marines were usually billeted in barns in some French peasant village, and on sunny days the men stripped down for an operation known as "reading your shirt." Marines in this day of insecticides will never know what it's like to play host to an enthusiastic party of cooties—the not-so-funny euphemism for the lice which have plagued soldiers for centuries. In 1918 they were said to be as inevitable as death and taxes; and the shortest poem on earth, entitled

Cooties, consisted of just two lines:

"Adam

Had 'em."

However that may be, we Marines had 'em. And we never got rid of 'em till we reached Germany, where we could bathe often enough to discourage the "seam-rabbits." That was the post-war interlude known as "the watch on the Rhine," and most of us soon had a German girl and were getting along on good terms with our recent enemies. Wars are like that.

In Germany, where we had time to read the papers, we found out that we weren't the only Marines on earth. There had been Marines serving throughout World War I in Guam, in the Philippines, in Cuba, in Haiti and in the Dominican Republic. Some of



The first decade after WW 1 was filled with maneuvers and small wars in the Orient and Caribbean



Official USMC Photo

WW I troop train box cars could haul 40 Marines or eight horses



Official USMC Photo

Advancing Marines were covered by French artillery during WW I



The Marines' combat record inspired a number of battle paintings. Hand-to-hand combat scenes of Belleau Wood was a favorite subject

them saw action, too, in desperate little jungle fights. And some of them never came back.

The American public had half forgotten World War I by the time we sighted the New York skyline again. There aren't any sadder words than "the days before the war," because those days never return. The America we pictured in homesick movements had vanished forever, and the America which took its place wasn't any bargain in many respects. For the patriotism of 1917 had been supplanted by a disillusionment which insisted that the whole thing had been a big mistake. This post-war reaction had gone to such lengths that all things military were held in low repute, and the public attitude was reflected in cuts in Congressional appropriations for the armed services.

There were "welcome home" parades, of course, when some of us got back to the States. President Wilson led one of them on February 27, 1919, in which wounded Marines from Washington hospitals were followed by Marinettes, as they called the WRs of World War I. But *Leatherneck* had an item about 400 Marines coming back as casualties the following month and arriving at Quantico in the small hours of the morning. Nobody was on hand to meet them except a few sleepy military police and the post officers assigned to the casual company. People were already getting tired of returning warriors.

Some of us were up against a tough decision while being mustered out

with the \$60 which a grateful Republic considered enough to give a man a new start in life. Marines who joined for the duration had grown to love the Corps and regard it as a profession. But it was hard sledding during the early 1920s, when many worthy Americans sincerely believed that "the war to end all wars" had accomplished its purpose so well that we needed only a token defense establishment.

There was a good deal of confusion and uncertainty those days within the

Marine Corps itself. One faction maintained that we ought to forget our tactical web feet and train for infantry service alongside Army units, as in France. Another group thought our destiny lay in the direction of advanced base tactics—the seizure and defense of islands or harbors to nourish the operations of the fleet.

For the time being, the advocates of land warfare seemed to have the upper hand. Those were the days when we held spectacular Summer maneuvers on old Civil War battlefields of Maryland and Virginia, reenacting such chapters of history as Antietam and the Wilderness. In the Summer of 1922, more than 4000 Marines advanced in a sham attack over the ground covered by Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, though the presence of a platoon of tanks probably had some of the honored Confederate dead turning over in their graves.

Football madness was another symptom of the restlessness of the early 1920s. Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler was a red-hot fan, and under his dynamic leadership several special trains of Marines journeyed from Quantico and Washington to Ann Arbor in November, 1923, for a game between the Marine Corps and the University of Michigan. The reaction set in shortly afterwards and football returned to more normal proportions.

One of the most worthwhile innovations of Marine Corps history had its inception in November, 1920, with the founding of the Marine Corps Institute. Experiments with post schools hadn't proved satisfactory and the new plan contemplated an educational

TURN PAGE



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

Such paintings as Frank E. Schoonover's "How Twenty Marines Took Boureches" gave an indication of the casualty rate of WW I

project big enough for the entire Corps. Arrangements were made with the International Correspondence Schools to furnish text books and lesson papers, and the Marine Corps organized its own courses and staff of instructors. This was the be-

ginning of a system which has contributed to the education and advancement of thousands of Marines.

On the other hand, there was no more deplorable manifestation of the post-war era than the crime wave which swept the country. The Post Office Department was bedeviled by a series of bold mail robberies which resulted in large losses. A solution

was found in a mission being given the Marine Corps to guard the mails. About 2200 men under 53 officers were assigned to the principal mail distributing centers of the country in November, 1921, with orders to shoot to kill in the event of further attempts. The depredations ceased abruptly, only to be resumed after the Marines had been removed. Once more they were organized into a nation-wide system of mail protection, and again there were no recurrences.

Banditry outside our borders became the concern of Marines who were sent throughout the 1920s on active duty in the Caribbean and Central America. We had the thankless job of putting down disorders while organizing and training a native constabulary in Haiti, the Dominican Republic and Nicaragua. And in China, then the prey of war lords, we had to increase our legation guards. Many of them were mounted, so that the term "horse-Marine" wasn't any joke. Finally, conditions became so disturbed that in 1927 we sent the Fourth Marines—66 officers and 1162 men—to protect American interests in Shanghai.

That year 1927 was a turning point in more ways than one. It was hard to believe that World War I had happened only ten years before, because



Official USMC Photo

Marines served as orderlies and guards for President Wilson and Assistant SecNav Roosevelt aboard the USAT G. Washington in 1919



Official USMC Photo

The Second Army Division with its regiments of Marines, the Fifth and Sixth, returned home

in 1919 and marched through the streets of New York. Few people came out to see the parade



Official USMC photo

The partially peaceful Twenties gave the "New Breed" a chance to travel. These sea-going Marines tried camel taxis while in Egypt



Official USMC photo

Horse Marines of the 52d Company in front of a Corps landmark. The first close support air

strike saved 45 Marines besieged in the "Pink House" by General Sandino's army of guerrillas

it had already become dated in military respects. As for the international situation, it was plain that we were sitting on a powder keg labeled "World War II." Some day the fuse would be lighted by one of those loud-mouthed dictators in Europe, and then there would be the devil to pay with compound interest.

It was a dedicated little Marine Corps which starved for appropriations during the 1920s until it shrank to a low of 15,000 enlisted personnel.

Officers and men who started out together in World War I naturally reached a hump when it came to promotions. But at least we could be thankful that the Marine Corps had oriented itself, tactically speaking, and left World War I behind. In other words, we turned our backs on training for land warfare alongside Army units, and we committed ourselves to amphibious operations with the fleet. For in 1927 the Joint Board of the Army and Navy (forerunner of the

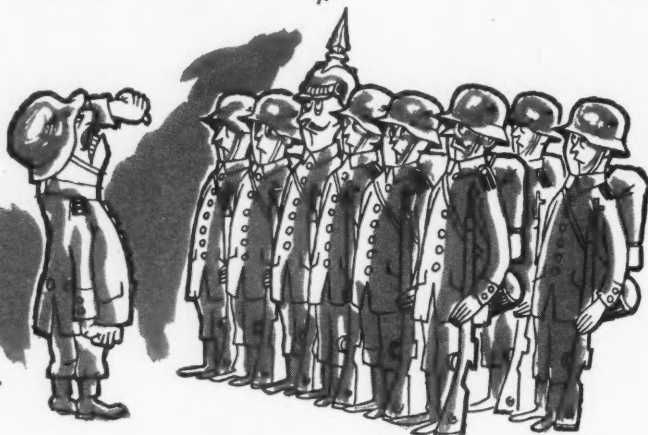
Joint Chiefs of Staff) gave the Marine Corps the mission of "special preparation in the conduct of landing operations."

The baby had been left on our doorstep for adoption, and in a few more years we would be naming him "Fleet Marine Force." He was the lad, you remember, who grew up to be nearly nine feet tall. You know, the two-fisted lad who licked hell out of the Japanese at Guadal, at Tarawa, at Iwo and at Okinawa.

END

over there

By SOUTHEE



"Ach! Always there's dot ten percent
dot didn't get der word!"



"Gas, hell, Louie was out with his
perfumey French girl friend
last night!"



"Trouble with you boy, is you just
don't pack the gear!"



◀ "I meant carrier pigeons, stupid!"



"You iss a bunch of devil dogs
and you can quote me
on dot!"




"I told you zey'd be irritable in
ze morning if you blew up
zere coffee supply."



"It's a grand ole flag."




"Oh boy, this is my lucky day,
a four leaf clover."



40 YEARS

PASS IN REVIEW



A mounted detachment was an integral part of the Marine Guard at the American Legation in

Submitted by Carl N. Bishop
Pekin, China, from 1927 to 1930. Colonel Thomas Holcomb, later Commandant, commanded the unit



by Fred Stolley

IN 1927 ANYBODY who was bored with life and was looking for action could have one hell of a time if he enlisted in the Marines.

We lived out of our seabags and learned not to start any long conversations or continued stories.

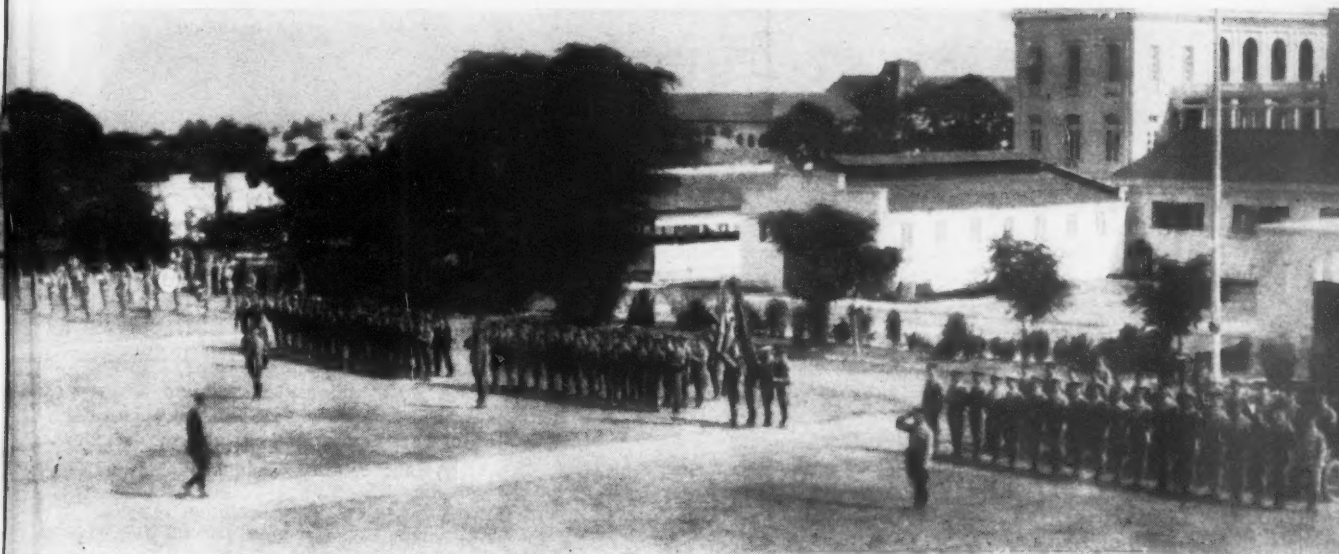
Schmidke was doing his day-on-three-off in Gitmo at the time with the Fifth Marines and was happy with his duty and the understanding he had with the señorita down in Camanerra. It was a good thing he learned the language, because Sandino started to kick up his heels again in Nicaragua and Schmidke came off

"We liked foreign duty. For a few cents we could get our laundry done, shoes shined, and the squadbay cleaned . . ."



Submitted by John B. Cox
In Nicaragua it was the Marines against Sandino and his henchmen. A detachment of the Fifth Marines forded a river while on patrol

1927-1937



A Marine Detachment, while stationed at Port au Prince, Haiti, in 1927, sweated out a review

Submitted by WO L. H. Howard, USMC (Ret.)
on the sun-baked parade ground. Khaki blouses tested everyone's ability to withstand the heat

a four-to-eight one morning in time to be marched aboard the *Argonne* with the rest of the 2d Bn.

They landed at Bluefields, Nicaragua, three days later and Schmidke wrote for his shaving gear but never got it back. He didn't need it anyhow, he said, because they had enough close shaves with their jungle patrols from then on.

Me, I had an "Annie Oakley" and was standing in line dressed in blues waiting to see Lon Chaney in *Tell It To The Marines* when an MP tapped me on the shoulder and told me Smedley Butler wanted to see me.

I wasn't too interested in seeing the general because I had helped build a stadium for him several years before down in Quantico, and to me "Old Gimlet Eye" personified work.

However, the MPs were real persuasive and I didn't have much choice. There was trouble in China again and I found myself sitting on my seabag down in Quantico waiting to outload with the Sixth Marines.

Gene Tunney, who had beaten Jack Dempsey for the World's Heavyweight crown the year before, was

down to see us off. We embarked in two troop trains for the trip to San Diego and Norm Hoover's description of the trip printed in the May, 1927, issue of *Leatherneck* told the story.

"After an inspection by Major General Lejeune we are leaving Quantico amid the combined cheers of the entire post. Our train is also carrying a contingent of aeroplanes. . . all the cars have chalk marks 'Hell bent for China' . . . March 30—Making very poor time . . . the word has been passed that there will be only two meals per day . . . the outfit is still happy but not as happy as they were. . ."

But things picked up along the way. At Baton Rouge the Standard Oil Co. put on a banquet for us and they started serving sandwiches at noon aboard train. We picked up strength rapidly.

"April 3— . . . we began a descent of the Rockies . . . you can see all parts of the train on account of the numerous short curves. Some of the girls who meet the train are not hard to look at. No broken hearts have been left behind."

We landed at San Diego on April 4

and shipped out on the *USS Henderson*, one of the newest transports in our fleet.

From the papers we knew that civil war was going on in China and that when the Nationalist Forces had captured Nanking on March 23 some Americans as well as other foreigners had been roughed up. We were going out to guard American lives and property, and we expected there would be some shooting.

But when we got to China we tied up in the Whangpoo and were restricted aboard ship. We spent our time shining our gear, painting our helmets and cussing the lucky "Fourth," who were ashore on guard duty in the International Settlement. We paraded down Bubbling Well Road in a show of force one day but spent the rest of our time watching the Chinese who lived in the sampan jungle on the river.

One afternoon John Samaris, reading the last installment of John W. Thomason's *Fix Bayonets*, in the May, 1927, issue of *Leatherneck*, quoted the last line of the story.

"I tell you these Boche are dan-

TURN PAGE

gerous," he read aloud from the magazine, "they have too many children. . . ."

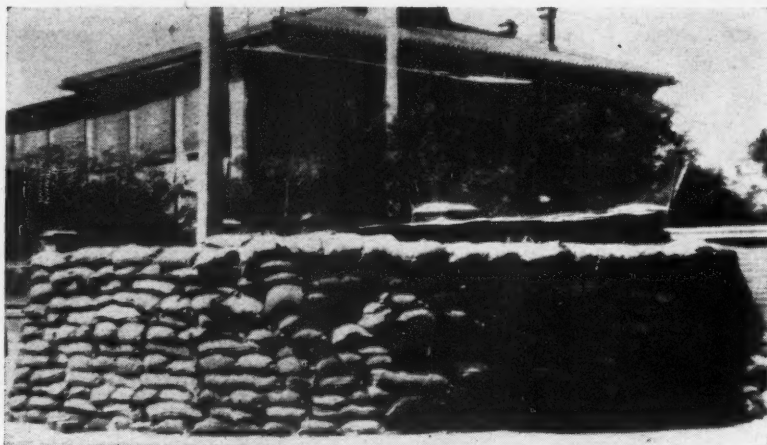
Then he added an epilogue as he looked up and watched the teeming Orientals in the sampans.

"The Boche," said John, "are pikers."

Meanwhile, when the mail came in, we read glowing accounts of the action in Nicaragua. An account of Sandino's attack on Ocotal was featured in the August issue of *Leatherneck*.

"Will fight until we die, Marine major tells rebel."

"The battle of Ocotal, as fierce an engagement as has ever been recorded



Submitted by Pfc J. H. Manley

Marines stationed in Shanghai around 1927 rubbed shoulders with soldiers of all nations. Japanese manned this sandbag emplacement



◀ Marines used native canoes for transportation while in Nicaragua

in Nicaraguan history, continued for 17 hours until Gen. Sandino's followers, armed with machine guns, were beaten off."

The fight had been touch and go with the Marines out of water and fighting with their backs against the wall until two Marine scouting planes from Managua sighted the action and reported back. A squadron of five bombers was ordered out at once by Brigadier General Logan Feland. Driving full speed, despite a tropical storm, they swung low across the attacking lines raking riflemen and machine gunners with point-blank fire.

"One bomb dropped into a group of skirmishers and killed 30. Then, as other bombs hit, the rebels threw away their arms and fled."

The same mail brought a letter from Schmidke.

"Pretty dull here and I wish I was with you in Shanghai where I could get some action. It's all the same here. You go out on patrol and shoot at a few 'Bandidos' and the next day you go out to repair telephone lines and they shoot at you. We had a



Submitted by WO L. H. Howard, USMC (Ret.)

During the Sino-Japanese controversy of 1932 Marines patrolled the banks of Soochow Creek. Overcoats attest that it got cold in China

little brush the other day down at Ocotal and Mike Obleski got his. Sid Garrison got beat up a little bit too but he's gonna be all right.

"Me? It's a question whether this new beer down here or the spic itch gets me first.

"Say, we been reading how good the 'Fighting Sixth' looked when you paraded down Bubbling Well Road with your helmets all painted with Duco.

"Well, the fighting Fifth has got their own brand of Duco. We ain't got a patent on it yet but it sure does stick. Not much on our helmets but, Oh, Boy, on the shoes, pants and leggings. This is the rainy season and Georgia clay has got nothin' on this Nicaraguan mud!

"You may have the edge on us when it comes to snap on a parade on paved streets but I bet a case of

the old one-eyed Indian against your old condiment can that we can beat you in extended order in the mud or in holding a company front with bull carts.

"Got to close now. The sergeant major is sending me back to the States with the brigade. He caught me sewing buttons on my underwear on the same side the button holes were on."

Well about that time things settled down some in China. The Chinese Nationalist Forces extended their control to the north but by that time Smedley Butler had control of the situation and when the *Chaumont* arrived with more troops from the Philippines we had almost 5000 Marines in China and we were designated as the Third Brigade.

We moved up to Tientsin early in June of 1927, leaving the Fourth in Shanghai, and set up camp. After a few weeks we shook down to a troop-and-drill routine and did a little muscle building on the side between liberties. Official reports said, "... drills, parades and such field training as the limited area would permit ... and extensive use of athletics to maintain morale. ..."

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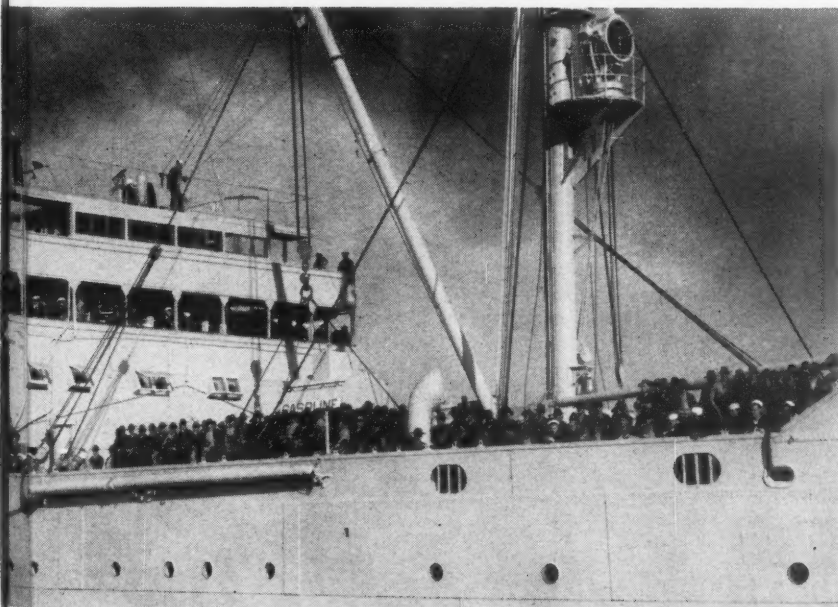
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gerous," he read aloud from the magazine, "they have too many children. . . ."

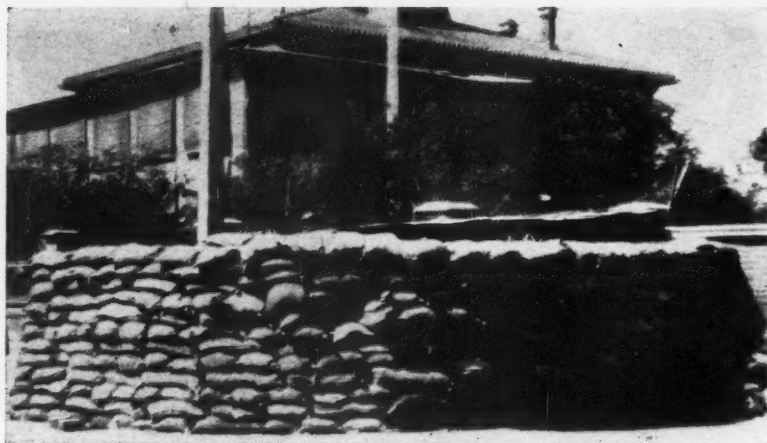
Then he added an epilogue as he looked up and watched the teeming Orientals in the sampans.

"The Boche," said John, "are pikers."

Meanwhile, when the mail came in, we read glowing accounts of the action in Nicaragua. An account of Sandino's attack on Ocotal was featured in the August issue of *Leatherneck*.

"Will fight until we die, Marine major tells rebel."

"The battle of Ocotal, as fierce an engagement as has ever been recorded



Submitted by Pfc J. H. Manley

Marines stationed in Shanghai around 1927 rubbed shoulders with soldiers of all nations. Japanese manned this sandbag emplacement



Marines used native canoes for transportation while in Nicaragua

in Nicaraguan history, continued for 17 hours until Gen. Sandino's followers, armed with machine guns, were beaten off."

The fight had been touch and go with the Marines out of water and fighting with their backs against the wall until two Marine scouting planes from Managua sighted the action and reported back. A squadron of five bombers was ordered out at once by Brigadier General Logan Feland. Driving full speed, despite a tropical storm, they swung low across the attacking lines raking riflemen and machine gunners with point-blank fire.

"One bomb dropped into a group of skirmishers and killed 30. Then, as other bombs hit, the rebels threw away their arms and fled."

The same mail brought a letter from Schmidke.

"Pretty dull here and I wish I was with you in Shanghai where I could get some action. It's all the same here. You go out on patrol and shoot at a few 'Bandidos' and the next day you go out to repair telephone lines and they shoot at you. We had a



Submitted by WO L. H. Howard, USMC (Ret.)

During the Sino-Japanese controversy of 1932 Marines patrolled the banks of Soochow Creek. Overcoats attest that it got cold in China

little brush the other day down at Ocotal and Mike Obleski got his. Sid Garrison got beat up a little bit too but he's gonna be all right.

"Me? It's a question whether this new beer down here or the spic itch gets me first.

"Say, we been reading how good the 'Fighting Sixth' looked when you paraded down Bubbling Well Road with your helmets all painted with Duco.

"Well, the fighting Fifth has got their own brand of Duco. We ain't got a patent on it yet but it sure does stick. Not much on our helmets but, Oh, Boy, on the shoes, pants and leggings. This is the rainy season and Georgia clay has got nothin' on this Nicaraguan mud!

"You may have the edge on us when it comes to snap on a parade on paved streets but I bet a case of

the old one-eyed Indian against your old condiment can that we can beat you in extended order in the mud or in holding a company front with bull carts.

"Got to close now. The sergeant major is sending me back to the States with the brigade. He caught me sewing buttons on my underwear on the same side the button holes were on."

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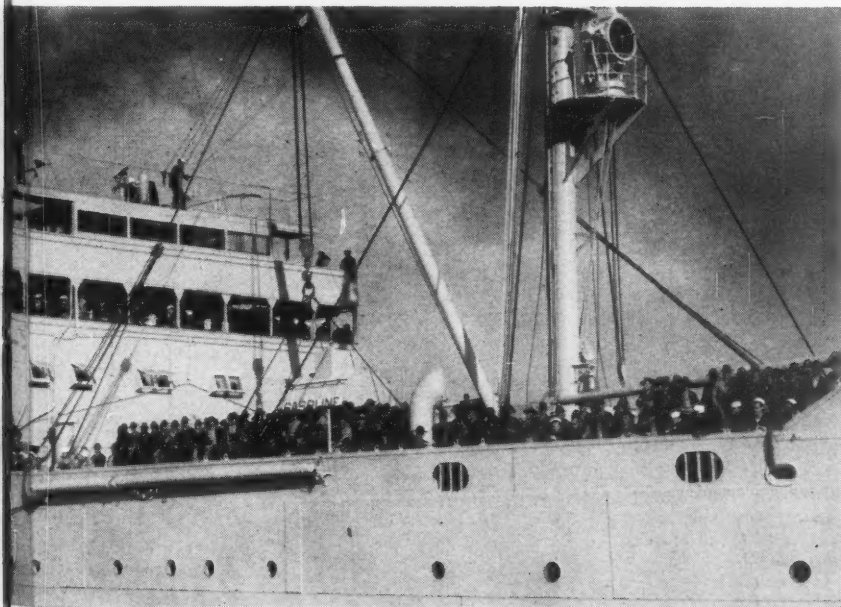
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TURN PAGE

They had good reason to repeat the record of the football team for with a few exceptions they were the football team.

But in Nicaragua it was the Marines against Sandino and his henchmen—all jungle fighting of the dirtiest kind. None of the games down there was called off on account of wet grounds.

It was dirty fighting because we couldn't tell the "friendly" natives from those who were distinctly "unfriendly." A farmer tilling a rocky hillside during the day would do a hasty job of beating his plowshare into a sword and would become a "bandido" with Sandino at night.

One of their favorite tricks was cutting communications. We'd send out a patrol to locate and fix the break and, of course, an ambush would be waiting. The bandidos would always have numerical superiority and it was a question of fighting your way out or holding them off until you were discovered by a patrol plane. The infant Marine air arm earned its golden wings during that period.

Time after time, they bailed us out. Swooping in, dropping supplies and ammunition, flying over the jagged peaks and down into the deep valleys to break up enemy attacks with bombing and strafing; they were our ace in the hole.

The book on dive bombing, aerial resupply and evacuation and rescue was written. An article titled *Medal of Honor Awarded Lt. Schilt* in the April, 1928, *Leatherneck* gave a good cross-section of the type of service the aviators were giving us then.

"... a column of Marines were winding their way to San Alnino via Quilali—a very difficult jungle route in the almost impassable Yeluga Mountain district on the northern border of Nicaragua. All along the line of march this column was spasmodically fired upon from ambush by overwhelming numbers of Sandino's bandits who were afforded excellent cover and means of escape by the heavy growth of underbrush.

"This little column of Marines, with the officer in command seriously wounded and encumbered by many wounded men, found itself at Quilali in a most crucial situation.

"At this time Lt. Schilt, flying a Corsair plane equipped with DH wheels, volunteered to undertake the almost impossible task of evacuating 18 wounded officers and men from this remote front-line village.

"To do this he was obliged to land

in the rough rolling street of the partially burned Quilali. In order to land he had to drop the plane in about 10 feet, make three big bounces among obstacles and stop within 200 yards. He made 10 trips.

"On the eighth landing he wrecked the tail-skid assembly but took off with two evacuees and landed safely on the home airdrome. On the ninth trip the center section struts bent under the strain but he again brought in two men.

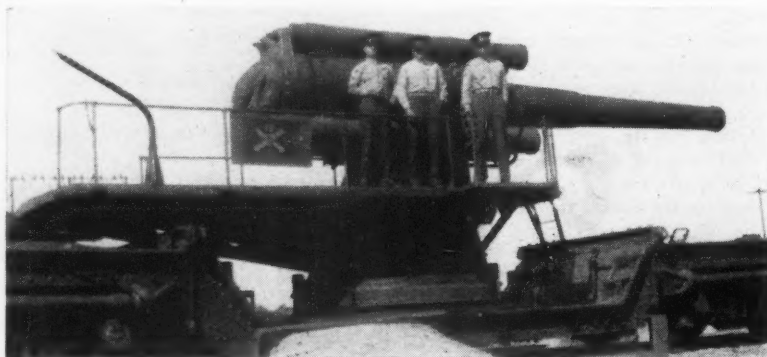
"In addition to evacuating the wounded men, three of whom would have died if they had not been evacuated by air, he carried in a relief commander and 1,400 pounds of supplies."

By November of 1928 we had Sandino and what was left of his forces pushed back to the extreme northern

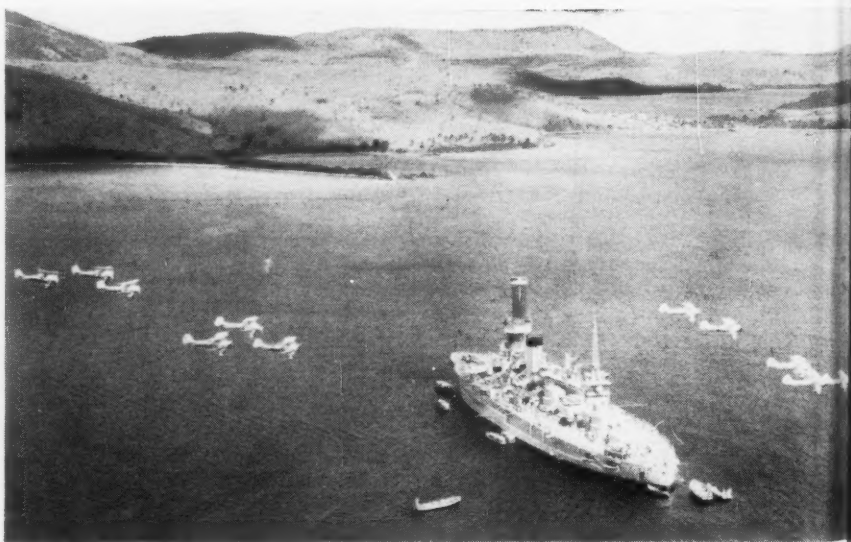
border of Nicaragua and the entire country was getting ready for an election. We were hoping to pull out just after the election and get back to Quantico where they were building new brick barracks to take the place of the old drafty, leaky wooden shacks we had lived in before. According to scuttlebutt, Quantico was going to be the showplace of the Marine Corps.

When we pull out of Nicaragua the Guardia Nacional will take over the police of the country. Some of the senior NCOs have been transferred to the Guardia and have been commissioned. Sounds like good duty. The Guardia now has about 1500 native enlisted men in it, and being fully trained by us with Marines in key positions, it is a pretty potent force.

Things settled down pretty well in



Submitted by Harold A. Price
Three off-duty Marine members of the 52d Coast Artillery posed by their weapon for this photo which was taken in 1935 in Peiping



Marines ashore on maneuvers in Culebra had the big guns of the USS Arkansas and the air arm of the Fleet for tactical support



In the 1927 to 1937 decade, whaleboats were the principal means of getting troops ashore on a

beachhead. This landing in the Caribbean was the forerunner of the World War II assaults

China and some of the forces there were withdrawn on the *Henderson* in late 1928. This left about 2700 officers and men in the Third Brigade—about 1200 men in Shanghai with the Fourth Marines and Brigade headquarters and the Sixth Marines at Tientsin with 1500 men.

Permanent Marine bases in the States were now getting pretty plush. San Diego, in the heart of the Mission country, was of Spanish architecture. The barracks were two-story affairs connected with a broad arched and covered arcade. All neat, clean and very comfortable living.

The base at Quantico was beginning to look like a college campus with its new red brick barracks and the August, 1929, *Leatherneck* describing it, called it a "Marine's Dream" and waxed poetic saying:

"The glory of Greece lives only in saga and the grandeur that was Rome remains only in legend. So too with Quantico. Phoenix-like Quantico is passing, and a newer one arises from the ashes to take its place."

But we ground-pounders couldn't afford to be sentimental about the old drafty barracks. We looked to the more practical aspects of "A Military post where no one will have to peel a potato and where dishes will be washed by machinery."

We liked that, but suspicious old-time professional privates pointed out a fly in the ointment.

"With all that machinery they'll probably knock off the \$5.00 extra a month for mess duty."

Starting in 1930, there was a decade of good duty for Marines. Out of East Coast duty stations we could go to the Virgin Islands, Panama, Cuba,

Nicaragua, Haiti and Puerto Rico, to name a few and from the West Coast, we could ship out to Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines or China.

We liked the foreign duty. At most of the stations the police work and manual labor was done by natives and the Marine was left free to put in his full time "soldiering." For a few cents we could get our laundry done and have someone make up our bunks, shine our shoes and keep the squadbay clean.

In the tropics we did our troop and stomp in the cool of the mornings before breakfast and spent the rest of the morning attending school in military subjects. Then, if you weren't on the guard of the day, you could shove off on liberty at 1300 if you had the inclination—and the necessary cash.

There were many phases of different types of duty and in some, great

responsibility was thrust upon non-commissioned officers.

In Haiti, the Garde d'Haiti was run and supervised by Marines. It policed the country in very difficult times and the Marines, many of them noncommissioned officers, had to double in brass in their new jobs and be jacks-of-all-trades. At outposts, strictly on their own in charge of native troops, they had to be soldiers and counselors, taskmasters, nurses, disciplinarians and teachers. We policed the country there for 20 years.

We did our job so well that the natives of Gonaives (La Gonave) made Sergeant Faustin Wirkus their king and had him christened Faustin I in a voodoo ceremony.

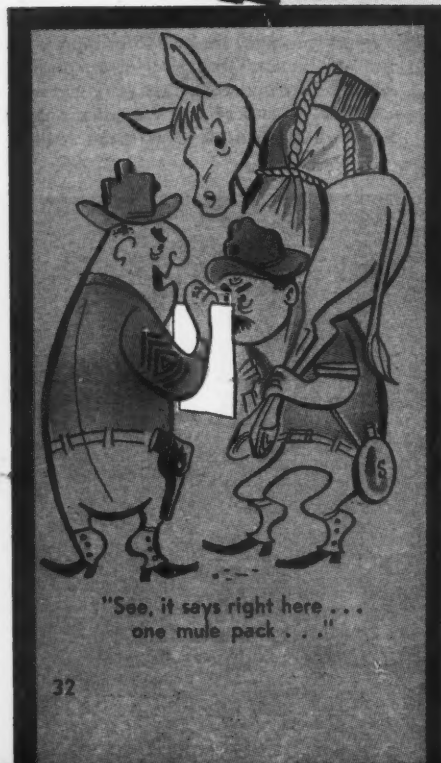
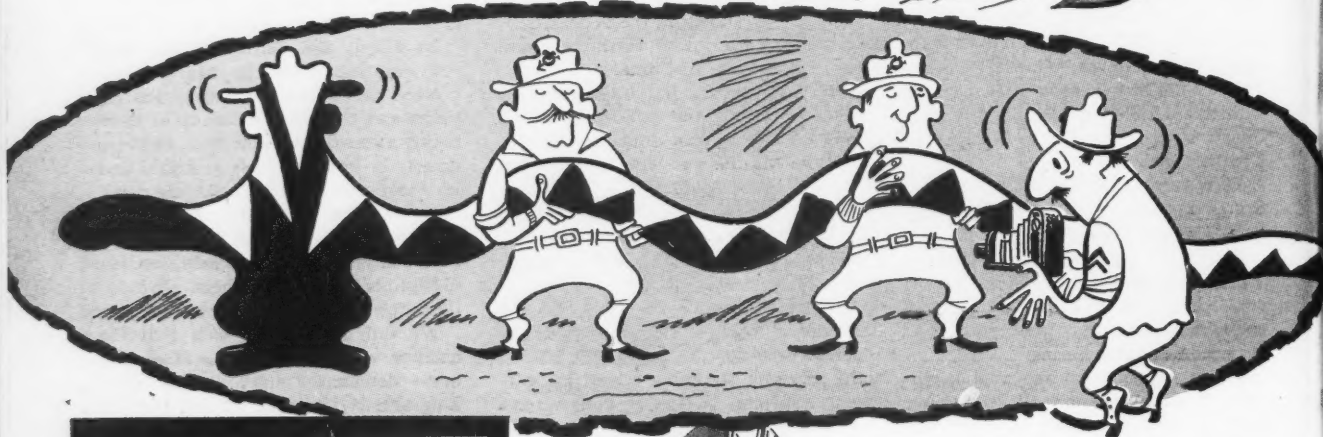
In Nicaragua, in the Philippines and on Guam we were given like jobs. PFCs and corporals were given a district to supervise. We ruled our district and (continued on page 106)



Machine gun drill kept Marines of the Fourth Regiment on their toes while stationed in Shanghai, China, in 1937. Note the coveralls

BANANA WARS

"Awright men, charge!"



"Good news El Chief! Marines having own revolution!"



"Watch out. Some of these guys are pretty clever!"



"Melvin got a box of goodies from home!"



"The natives seem restless tonight!"



"Stop worrying. There ain't a crocodile within a thousand miles!"



"Olson—you've finally made the rotation list!"

GORDON BESS



D-Day, Saipan. Each rock had a different name but the landing method was standard. The plan,

Photo by Pfc Byron
said strike 'em hard and don't let up; a rugged theory which never lost a battle in the Pacific

40 YEARS

PASS IN REVIEW

1937·1947

**As the Marine Corps entered its most fateful decade, the
upheaval to come was still hull down on the horizon**

by Robert W. Tallent

JAWBONE WAS A WAY of life for privates. Jawbone was an institution, it did the laundry, bought meals, shoe polish, even permitted a modest liberty from time to time. Jawbone was credit living and that was the way the biggest portion of the Corps got along on 21 dollars a day once a month in 1937.

Military life was happily uncomplicated as the Corps entered its most fateful decade. The upheaval to come

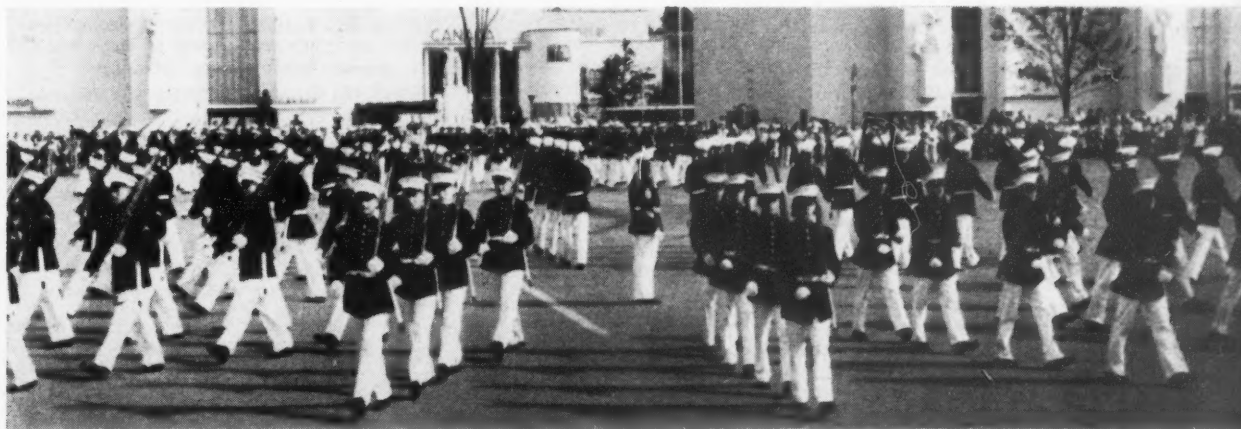
was still hull down on the horizon and if anybody was trying to get the range on future events it certainly wasn't the privates in places like the Marine Base in San Diego.

It was a do-it-yourself existence. A man became a carpenter by virtue of being issued the company tool kit, plumbers were made when they were put on the business end of a monkey wrench and not after a two-hour examination. Calling anybody a specialist was just and sufficient cause for a punch in the nose. This was a time when a Marine had to be prepared to drive a truck, cook slum in the galley or pound an MP's beat. He had to

stand by to do at least all three jobs and be ready to shove off overseas on a moment's notice. If a guy kept at one particular occupation long enough the CO eventually hung the flat arm rate of a staff noncom on him, but it didn't make him a specialist—he was then an expert.

Details bound for China boarded the *USS Chaumont* at Mare Island or San Diego, now firmly established as the home of the West Coast Marines. Asiatic duty was much sought after. A tour overseas was two years, but could be extended by a simple request. You weren't a salt until you pulled a full hitch in the Orient. The

TURN PAGE



The Corps had good and bad duty. In 1940 this duty was the greatest: The Marine Detachment

Submitted by MSgt. John Pianezza
at the New York World's Fair. The main gripe was that the tours lasted for only six months



Submitted by Capt. G. F. Ogilvie
While serving in Iceland in 1941, the Sixth Marines held a parade for a highly distinguished individual from Britain, Winston Churchill



two hashmark private was far from extinct although the breed was thinning out, for the time of the small Corps and slow promotions was nearly at an end.

The big transition was on the way and it was heralded in the long arcades of the San Diego Base by:

"Hear they are trying out a new gas operated rifle called a Garand or something, has eight rounds in a clip."

"They can't beat the '03."

"Got a letter from my boot camp buddy in the Fourth, he says the Japanese are really stomping the Chinese. They're even starting to raise hell in the International Settlement."

"They oughta turn the Fourth loose on 'em and chase 'em back to Tokyo."

Thirteen days before Christmas '37, notice was served; Japanese planes attacked and sank the gunboat *Panay*. Marines were not involved in the *Panay* "incident" but from that point on the tempo of life in the Corps was on the upswing. The

"Harrup—two" of the drill instructor was heard more frequently on the parade ground as the Corps commenced a gradual expansion.

If you weren't going overseas you were going on maneuvers. Field marches, low mount gun drill, landings at La Jolla and Coronado were the order of the day. This was a bad time to be a short Marine. Ship's launches were used for landing practice and they didn't go as far up on the beach as the later, specially tailored, Higgins craft. It wasn't unusual to go over the side into six feet of churning salt water. More than one campaign hat could be seen floating on the waves as its owner struggled and thrashed around in water over his head during a landing exercise.

The field marching order was a joy to behold. The pack hadn't been changed since '02 according to best estimates. Fully rolled it looked like a thick log with straps and it was almost as easy as a log to transport.

Web equipment was tirelessly looked after. Packs and belts were the same color since all hands devoted a number of hours every week to applying a clay-like substance called blanco to their gear. The one unfortunate thing about blanco was its tendency to flake and rub off. After troops stood around for a few minutes in packs and greens entire platoons looked like they were severely afflicted with dove-hued dandruff.

But these were little irritations and had been around a long time. There was big trouble in Europe in '38-'39. At the barracks there was speculation heavily laced with scuttlebutt. Marines—always the first to fight—but where and when? That was the question the men of the Corps pondered. In lieu of positive word, individual theories were developed and tailored to fit the fast changing international picture. Any variety of good educated guesses could be bought for the price of one of the big quarts of Pabst they served in back of the old PX at San Diego.

In June, 1940, the President declared something called a national emergency; from then on it was "Katy bar the door." The impact was first felt by the short timers; they were told they would have to serve another year before being discharged.

In October the word got around:

"Did you hear about them calling out the Reserves? A bunch are heading for Dago next month."

"Reserves, what are they?"

The answer was fast coming as the hastily summoned battalions mustered to swell the active duty strength of the Corps.

In November the talk of the base was:



For Marines in the Far East, the outbreak of war meant four miserable years' confinement as POWs

Official USN Photo

Japanese got in the first blow at Pearl Harbor. The Navy was staggered, but it was no knockout



Photo by Col. Donald L. Dickson

The men who stormed ashore on Guadalcanal in August, 1942, "to stay a few days," climbed

back aboard their transports six months later carrying a few souvenirs and plenty of malaria

"They are looking for guys to volunteer for parachute training. A school is opening back in Lakehurst, New Jersey. How about that?"

"Paratroops, Reserves, what the hell is coming next?"

In March '41 came a proud announcement; the Corps was going to

organize its first full fledged Marine divisions. These were to number 12,000 men at full strength and be the largest fighting unit ever put in the field in Marine history.

The new West Coast division needed more room. A section of boondocks was shaved down outside San Diego. Four barracks were hastily erected along with an acre or two of wall tents. Across the street there was a gas station, restaurant, bus stop and

a battery of pin ball machines. This hamlet was given the title of Camp Elliot. Word was circulated that the Corps was going to build an even bigger camp somewhere in North Carolina, but the size, variously reported as one or two million acres, caused disbelief. Elliot with its training ranges, sagebrush, rattlesnakes, and infrequent but always gummy mud, seemed to cover half of California; no place could be larger than that.

"They're making up a detail for a 'special mission' most of the Sixth Marines are going, but they need even more than that, you goin' to volunteer?"

"Already did, got the rumble yesterday."

The departure of the Sixth Marines was big talk, but nobody guessed the destination. Some said Madagascar, others picked the northern edge of Africa. When the outfit turned up in Iceland after a silence of a month or two, the unselected volunteers at San Diego suddenly got over their collective disappointment.

Back at the ranch there was plenty to do, the Second and Eighth Marines took off for strolls into the hills, logging 180 miles per excursion. The Japanese infantry was reported to be able to do 20-25 miles a day with full packs. The Marines set out to prove they could do the same and better. They did, but not without bloody blisters and aching backs.

A new green twill one-piece

TURN PAGE



Caught by a low tide at Tarawa, the Second Division fought its way ashore through heavy gunfire. The island fell after three grisly days

dungaree appeared, designed to take the place of the old two-piece blue overalls and save wear and tear on the Summer service. Formations looked natty in the rigs, but in the field it was a suit of a different shade when it came to visiting slit trenches or doing laundry. Dungarees with tops and bottoms were substituted. The "elephant hat" arrived, replacing the tried and true campaign skimmer, causing grumbling and consternation among the old timers and disparaging comments about what Frank Buck might think.

Through all the preparations and training, Sunday was one day that was unaltered in the routine. Sunday was the day to regroup, go to church, clean gear and prepare for Monday's exigencies. Sunday, December 7, 1941, blasted the pattern.

After recovering from the initial shock of having enemy planes screaming down out of the clouds, the boys in the Pearl Harbor barracks clambered up to the roof and made things as warm for the pilots as possible. They knocked one strafing from the sky and scored another possible during the action.

The big trouble was under way. The Fourth Marines, caught mid-stride in the evacuation of China, were gobbled up. The final blow occurred on Corregidor. Wake Island, after a valiant defense, fell. Guam was taken and Midway threatened. Everybody in the Corps had a buddy or two in one of these spots.

As the counter punch was being readied, the men who would have to do the slugging made a marvelous

discovery—service canteens and the USO.

"There's these places, see, mostly for these boot soldiers, but they welcome anybody in uniform and you can go in and get

a sandwich and a cuppa joe on the house. That ain't all; there's real dolls in these joints and they walk right up and talk to you!"

"G'wan you been swig-



Photo by Cpl. J. Fabian

The foe in the Pacific was no pushover. Scenes like this surrender in the Marshalls were rare; the usual method was a banzai charge



Photo by Sgt. Fitch

Helicopters were still 10 years away when these men waded ashore at Tinian. The only way to

take a beach in World War II was by head-on assault, a tactic that was both bloody and costly



Photo by Sgt. Fitzgerald

Amphibian tractors proved their versatility on Peleliu by providing transportation and supporting fire. They also served as mobile forts

ging Poway red-eye again."

But it was gloriously true. To get to these lovely spots you didn't even need bus fare, people stopped their cars and wanted to know if you wanted a lift. Marines who were checked out on the deal could have a weekend ball in Los Angeles for two bits. For the first time in their military careers many gunners and BAR-men actually wound up the day before payday with a change in their locker boxes instead of pawn tickets. This was war?

It was, but it wasn't until eight months later that the Corps took a big hand in the game. As is usual in the Corps, the opening battle took place in a spot few Marines had ever heard of—Guadalcanal.

The battle was sticky, hot and grim, like the usual combat action; the only difference was that the 'Canal operation lasted longer than anybody anticipated. The men who stormed ashore in August to stay a few days climbed back aboard their transports six months later carrying a few souvenirs and plenty of malaria.

The doughty First Marine Division which had traveled from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where they lived under canvas, to the States briefly, where they lived under canvas, to New Zealand, where they lived under etc., etc., to Guadalcanal, where there was damn little canvas, was now under way to Australia to reform, under canvas.

The Second Marines, the West Coast regiment who sat in with the First Division during the invasion, was sent to New Zealand. The great battles during the war are the official property of the historians, let 'em

extoll the engagements all they want. The greatest liberty of the war for Marines was in '42 in Australia and New Zealand. Even the memory of free loading at Stateside USOs paled in comparison to what was discovered down under.

As they doped it out in the Second Marines:

"I know why those guys in the First and Fifth Marines were so damn anxious to win that scrap in 'Canal."

"Why?"

"They got here first

and they thought they were coming back after the fight."

Life, liberty and pursuit of steak and eggs in Aussie land secured all too soon, but there was a war on, as the folks at home frequently pointed out in the V-Mail.

The 'Canal campaign had worked the kinks out of the combat techniques. Yellow painted hand grenades were not the best things to toss in the jungle unless you were trying to start a game of catch. A lighter rifle was needed, and lo' one day carbines were issued around. The fast firing M-1 by now was thoroughly checked out and the acknowledged mainstay of the infantryman. Better tanks and artillery arrived to add to the fire power of Marine assault groups.

The Navy had thoroughly discouraged the Japanese fleet in the battles around the 'Canal; as a result the march up the Solomons moved in a hurry. The Third and First Divisions successfully went after Bougainville and Cape Gloucester and the first stage of the Marines' war in the Pacific ended.

Tarawa, the stronghold a million men couldn't take in 100 years, according to the Japanese commander, was next to fall. It went in three grisly days and along with it, Kwajalein and Eniwetok. This new phase slammed into the middle of Japan's island empire.

The enemy brass unhappily learned that the Navy and Marines had no intention of slowly grinding from

TURN PAGE

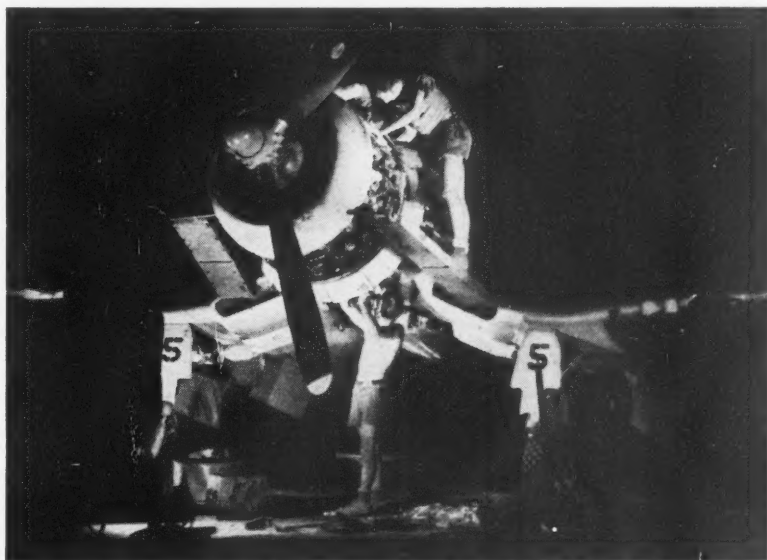


Photo by TSgt. Douglas Q. White

The thunderous march across the Pacific would have been stymied without the diligent ground men and pilots in the Marine Air Wings

dungaree appeared, designed to take the place of the old two-piece blue overalls and save wear and tear on the Summer service. Formations looked natty in the rigs, but in the field it was a suit of a different shade when it came to visiting slit trenches or doing laundry. Dungarees with tops and bottoms were substituted. The "elephant hat" arrived, replacing the tried and true campaign skimmer, causing grumbling and consternation among the old timers and disparaging comments about what Frank Buck might think.

Through all the preparations and training, Sunday was one day that was unaltered in the routine. Sunday was the day to regroup, go to church, clean gear and prepare for Monday's exigencies. Sunday, December 7, 1941, blasted the pattern.

After recovering from the initial shock of having enemy planes screaming down out of the clouds, the boys in the Pearl Harbor barracks clambered up to the roof and made things as warm for the pilots as possible. They knocked one strafer from the sky and scored another possible during the action.

The big trouble was under way. The Fourth Marines, caught mid-stride in the evacuation of China, were gobbled up. The final blow occurred on Corregidor. Wake Island, after a valiant defense, fell. Guam was taken and Midway threatened. Everybody in the Corps had a buddy or two in one of these spots.

As the counter punch was being readied, the men who would have to do the slugging made a marvelous

discovery—service canteens and the USO.

"There's these places, see, mostly for these boot soldiers, but they welcome anybody in uniform and you can go in and get

a sandwich and a cuppa joe on the house. That ain't all; there's real dolls in these joints and they walk right up and talk to you!"

"G'wan you been swig-



Photo by Cpl. J. Fabian

The foe in the Pacific was no pushover. Scenes like this surrender in the Marshalls were rare; the usual method was a banzai charge



Photo by Sgt. Fitch

Helicopters were still 10 years away when these men waded ashore at Tinian. The only way to

take a beach in World War II was by head-on assault, a tactic that was both bloody and costly



Photo by Sgt. Fitzgerald

Amphibian tractors proved their versatility on Peleliu by providing transportation and supporting fire. They also served as mobile forts

ging Poway red-eye again."

But it was gloriously true. To get to these lovely spots you didn't even need bus fare, people stopped their cars and wanted to know if you wanted a lift. Marines who were checked out on the deal could have a weekend ball in Los Angeles for two bits. For the first time in their military careers many gunners and BAR-men actually wound up the day before payday with a change in their locker boxes instead of pawn tickets. This was war?

It was, but it wasn't until eight months later that the Corps took a big hand in the game. As is usual in the Corps, the opening battle took place in a spot few Marines had ever heard of—Guadalcanal.

The battle was sticky, hot and grim, like the usual combat action; the only difference was that the 'Canal operation lasted longer than anybody anticipated. The men who stormed ashore in August to stay a few days climbed back aboard their transports six months later carrying a few souvenirs and plenty of malaria.

The doughty First Marine Division which had traveled from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where they lived under canvas, to the States briefly, where they lived under canvas, to New Zealand, where they lived under etc., etc., to Guadalcanal, where there was damn little canvas, was now under way to Australia to reform, under canvas.

The Second Marines, the West Coast regiment who sat in with the First Division during the invasion, was sent to New Zealand. The great battles during the war are the official property of the historians, let 'em

extoll the engagements all they want. The greatest liberty of the war for Marines was in '42 in Australia and New Zealand. Even the memory of free loading at Stateside USOs paled in comparison to what was discovered down under.

As they doped it out in the Second Marines:

"I know why those guys in the First and Fifth Marines were so damn anxious to win that scrap in 'Canal."

"Why?"

"They got here first

and they thought they were coming back after the fight."

Life, liberty and pursuit of steak and eggs in Aussie land secured all too soon, but there was a war on, as the folks at home frequently pointed out in the V-Mail.

The 'Canal campaign had worked the kinks out of the combat techniques. Yellow painted hand grenades were not the best things to toss in the jungle unless you were trying to start a game of catch. A lighter rifle was needed, and lo' one day carbines were issued around. The fast firing M-1 by now was thoroughly checked out and the acknowledged mainstay of the infantryman. Better tanks and artillery arrived to add to the fire power of Marine assault groups.

The Navy had thoroughly discouraged the Japanese fleet in the battles around the 'Canal; as a result the march up the Solomons moved in a hurry. The Third and First Divisions successfully went after Bougainville and Cape Gloucester and the first stage of the Marines' war in the Pacific ended.

Tarawa, the stronghold a million men couldn't take in 100 years, according to the Japanese commander, was next to fall. It went in three grisly days and along with it, Kwajalein and Eniwetok. This new phase slammed into the middle of Japan's island empire.

The enemy brass unhappily learned that the Navy and Marines had no intention of slowly grinding from

TURN PAGE

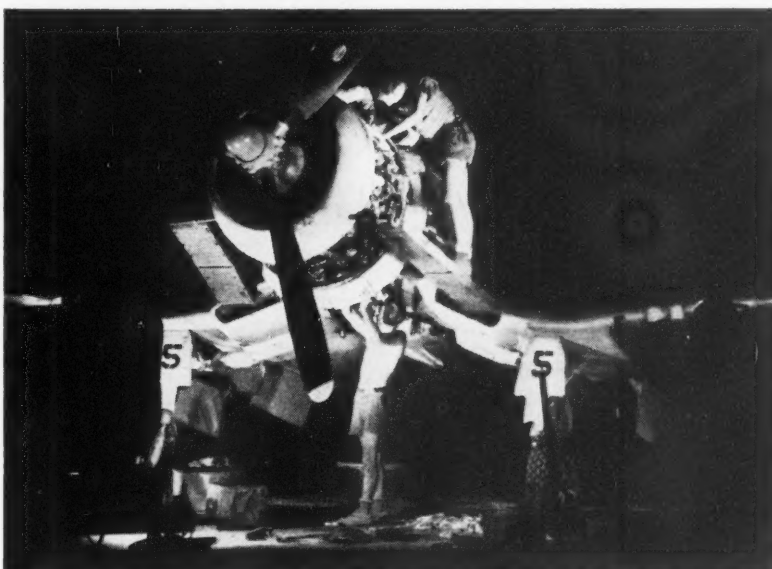


Photo by TSgt. Douglas Q. White

The thunderous march across the Pacific would have been stymied without the diligent ground men and pilots in the Marine Air Wings



Photo by Lou Lowery

The Third, Fourth and Fifth Divisions sailed to Iwo and ran headlong into an entrenched enemy

who was fanatical, cunning, and in possession of more weapons than a quartermaster has chits

1937 • 1947 (cont.)

island to island. The enemy had to defend each island but the Marines didn't have to attack each one. The plan was to hit the most strategic location, cut off the surrounding bastions and let them wither on the vine.

To handle the task, five rugged divisions were ready. That, plus the razzle-dazzle strategy, set up Saipan-Tinian and Guam for a quick KO.

The fall of Saipan, deep in the Marianas, placed the U. S. within heavy bombing range of the Japanese homeland and denied the enemy use of a vital staging area. Saipan and Guam place at almost equal strategic importance although Guam, southern anchor of the Marianas chain, was the largest piece of enemy real estate between Pearl Harbor and the Philippines.

Soon after the Marianas operation one of the war's meanest operations took place at Peleliu down in the Palau group. It was part Tarawa and part introduction to Iwo Jima. The conquest of Peleliu filled the final niche in the encirclement of the Japanese in the Central Pacific.

The eventual outcome of the war was as clear as the waters that flow over the coral reefs off Tulagi. The monster question that needed answering was: How soon?

Yesterday's jawbone-living privates



Official USMC Photo

The landing on Okinawa, April 1, 1945, was the last campaign in the Marines' Pacific war that started with Guadalcanal, August 7, 1942

were leading platoons and companies. In seven years they aged twice that span. Even the boots who had rushed to the colors after the call went out in early '42 were old veterans. Many had platoons of their own.

Even with improved rations, movies between operations and an occasional Coke or can of beer, boarding with the FMF for two years hardly has the same attraction as a stay at the Top of the Mark. That's why, when the Corps was able to put a rotation plan in effect, democracy's fearless champions hailed the idea as

the greatest thing since the drums rolled outside Tun Tavern:

"Say, Buddy, I hate to say this but I been picked for rotation. I'll sure miss you people."

"You feel so bad about leaving, supposing you stay here. I'll go in your place."

Marines returning Stateside soon learned that while they'd been rearranging the maps in the Pacific,

there had been large-size changes on the home front.

Letters from home had briefed them on rationing and conducting a leave under wartime restrictions. The alterations in the Corps were what snowed the troops the most. There was the sprawling base known as Camp Pendleton. This base actually featured live WRs walking around as big as life. Women Marines—the fable of the Pacific in '42—were an integral part of the Corps operation in '44. No two ways about it, they not only freed a man to fight, they were vastly more attractive behind a desk than the briny types who used to inhabit the administrative framework.

There were tests and physicals to take. Forms had to be filled out and special passes obtained. The Corps had taken up modern soldiering to a fare thee well. However, the machinery seemed enmeshed in red tape after the simple direct methods used in FMF companies and divisions.

Usually the first thing a returnee

did was have his division patch sewn on his left shoulder. Then he put on an air of casualness and faced the new Corps. When he wanted to ask a question he slipped up to another Marine wearing the same shoulder patch. It was a clannish sort of system, but it worked.

Whether he drew Camp Lejeune or Pendleton, a man on rotation realized that the Corps was setting a fast pace. High-pressure schools and intensive field work were carried out at the double. That held good for liberty too; it was eat, drink and try to meet Mary for tomorrow you might be taking that long boat ride again.

Those that took the boat cruise to Iwo Jima in February '45 joined in on an epic event when the flag was raised on Suribachi. They also took part in one of the bloodiest struggles in the history of warfare.

Three divisions, the Third, Fourth and Fifth, went after Iwo and they ran headlong into an entrenched foe that was determined, cunning and had per acre more artillery and

mortars than a quartermaster has receipts. No erratic banzai charges for these boys; they were told to hold the rock at all costs and the only effective dissuaders were the bayonets, flame throwers and rifles. The war was more than four years old and the Marines had yet to be kicked off a beach. They weren't about to start with Iwo. They plowed into volcanic ash and started forward constantly under observation and fire from Suribachi which flanked the landing beach. Twenty-six grueling days later it was over and the Corps had added an incredible page to American battle history.

The landing on Okinawa, April 1, 1945, brought to a close the last phase of the Marines' war in the Pacific which began in August '42 at Guadalcanal. The Marines' First and Sixth Divisions teamed with the Army for the last big fight. The Americans managed to get ashore unopposed. The First Division rapidly secured northern Okinawa. However, the enemy had set his main defensive effort in a deadly system of interlocking and mutually supporting strongpoints in the rugged terrain in the southern part of the island. The fighting raged from April to almost the end of June and the Eighth Marines moved ashore to bear a hand. Again the Nips' best defenses had proved insufficient to meet the thrust of American firepower and determination.

There was only one big landing left to make now, Japan itself. There were no (continued on page 109)

The eventual outcome of the Pacific

war was clear as the waters off Tulagi.

But the big question was: How soon?

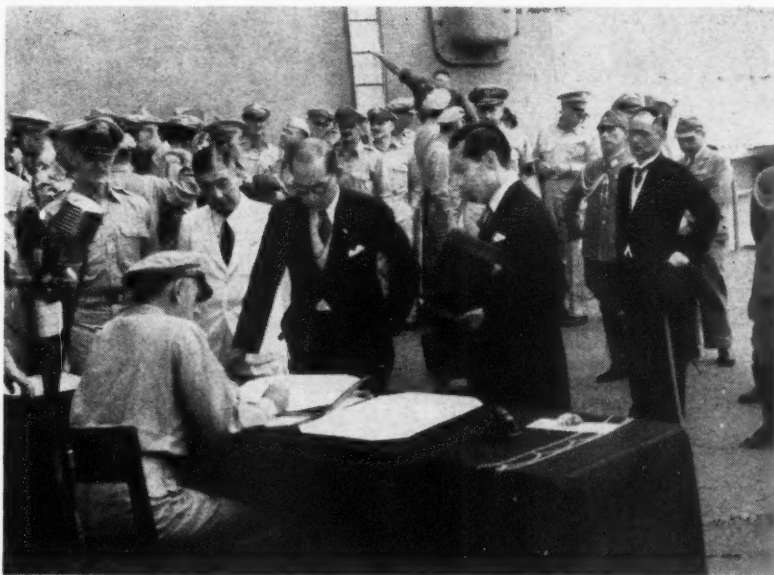
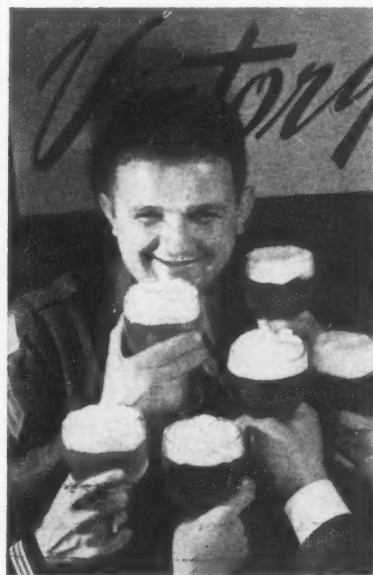


Photo by David Douglas Duncan

Less than a month after the first atom bomb leveled Hiroshima, the surrender papers were signed on the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay



Leatherneck Magazine

The big war is ended. Here's to the GI Bill and the future...

LEATHERNECK LAUGHS

WORLD WAR II



"Somebody else be the decoy!"



"Saki and rice, rice and saki—boy what I wouldn't give for a hamburger and a short beer!"

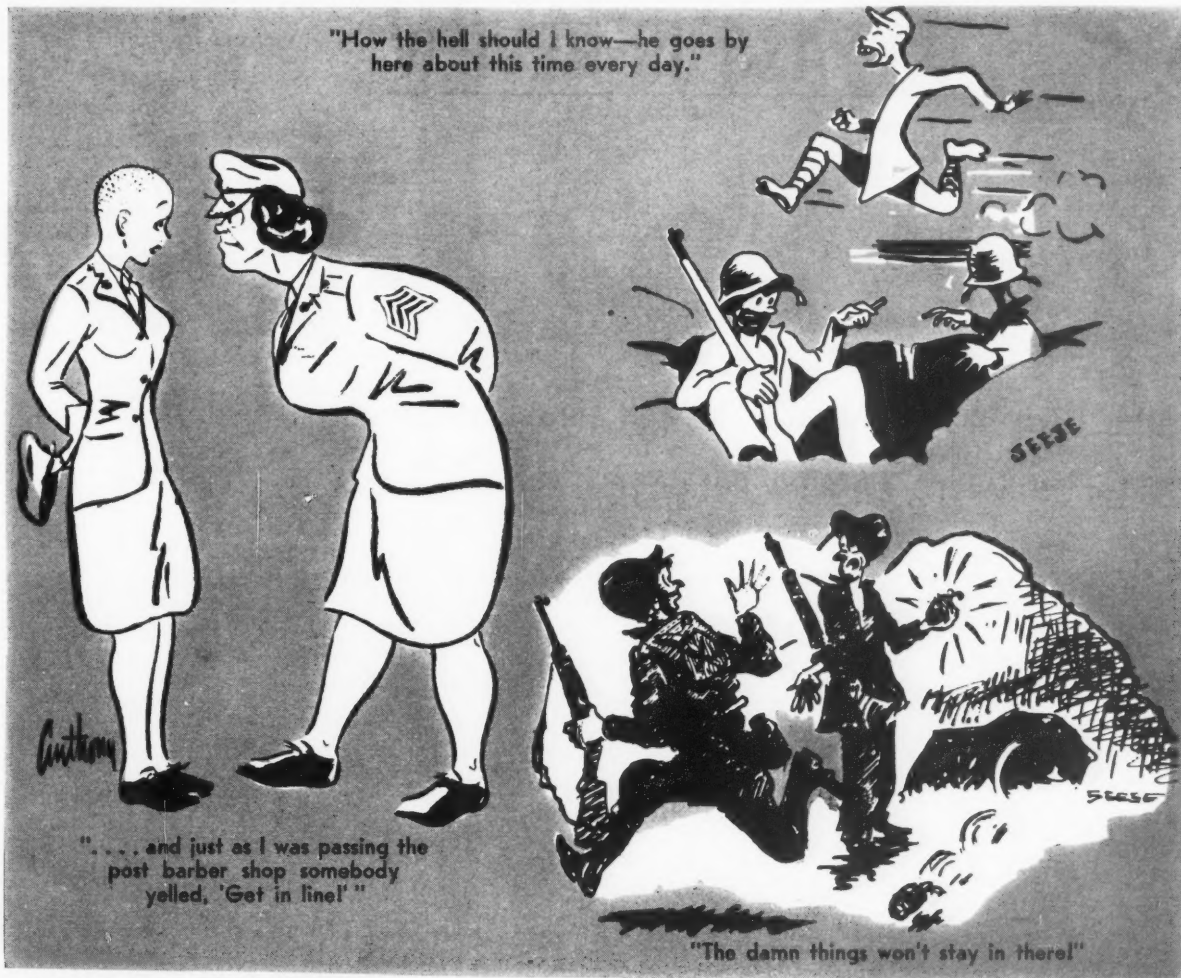


"I want a word with chute packer #604."



"Good news, Finigan—the island's been secured!"





40 YEARS

PASS IN REVIEW

1947-1957

The "New Breed" of Marine and new combat doctrine
were not found wanting during the Korean war



The fighting through the twisted, rubble-strewn streets of Seoul was vicious and deadly. The

Marines blasted ahead while volunteers took the North Korean Army prisoners to the stockades

by TSgt. Allen G. Mainard
Leatherneck Staff Writer

W E 10-YEAR Marines might get an inferiority complex sitting around listening to the "Old Breed" who won their stripes during WW II if we didn't have our memories of No Name Ridge, Inchon, Seoul, the Chosin, the Punchbowl, Vegas and a few dozen more. "New Breed" Marines may not have as many stripes

but we're as good as any who ever wore the uniform.

We didn't get that way by accident. There was a complete reorganization of the Corps from the end of WW II until the First Marine Brigade went into the Pusan Perimeter in August, 1950. The War II Marines headed home in droves and the recruiting posters were chanting, "Only 100,000 May Serve!"

Then, too, the *Bomb* and the helicopter caused a complete change in our mission and tactics.

There were pre-WW II Marines

still around and plenty of the men they had taken into that war. Between them, they rubbed the rough spots off us in the arctic and tropics. We still had our regular missions such as sea-going detachments and Naval Ammo Depots and the Barracks detachments in the Yards. But they were throwing in such duty as the American Embassies in every country. This duty, which took the lucky ones to Paris, Rome, London and other places, was much sought after. As a result, the First and Second Divisions and Air Wings were



Photo by TSgt. John Babjak, USMC

really trimmed down. But those who were left after the trimming were mostly lean, young and hungry, and a bit bitter that there was no action to break the monotony.

Not too much action, but maneuvers the like of which the "Old Corps" never saw. First off they loaded up some Marines on the *USS Beltrami* for a cruise up past Labrador. The crew was shorthanded and the Marines turned to, standing deck and wheelhouse guard, taking watches and lookouts, manning the galleys and, of course, the swabs. The troops were to



When the inmates rioted at Alcatraz, prison officials called for the Marines. Bazooka, grenade and small arms fire quelled the uprising



Official USMC Photo

Marines serving in China during the uneasy days of the civil war were viewed with interest by Communist troops when they paraded

test gear for cold weather operations which they did—but not without a bit of adventure.

Gunnery Sergeant Anthony Paradiso was driving a Weasel ashore when he got into an argument with a small iceberg. CWO James Farley, who was directing vehicle training, and Capt. R. E. Roach, sank with him. They commented on the coolness of the swim.

About the same time the Marines were boondocking in the land of ice and snow, the Marines Memorial Club was opened on Sutter Street in

San Francisco. The 12-story building is still playing host to all Marines, regardless of what vintage war they participated in.

A lot of the wartime camps were closed down but Pendleton was "home" for the First Division and Camp Lejeune still hosted the Second Division. El Toro and Cherry Point handled the Air Wings. What with Quantico, the Philadelphia Depot, Barstow and Headquarters, Marine Corps, just off the Potomac, those bases held the majority of the troops —when they weren't in the field.

TURN PAGE



Photo by TSgt. Donald L. Versaw

Nine days after the JCS ordered Marines to Korea, Gen. Shepherd bade them farewell on

the San Diego docks. After their first action, the enemy respected the "soldiers with leggings"

1947 • 1957 (cont.)

The people who did the big thinking knew that more was coming for the Corps and they kept busy on both coasts. The Marines at Pendleton annually froze in the arctic, got webbed feet from the Pacific surf and angled walks from the hills. Our troops at Lejeune didn't do too much up "Nawth" but we fried and tried at Vieques, enjoyed ourselves around the Med and could ooze through a swamp as quietly as a water moccasin.

The Seventh Marines came home in '47, five years after they shoved off for the 'Canal as part of the First Division. The regiment comprised practically a third of our troops still in China. There were still about 10,000 Marines there, but they left when the Commies won the civil war.

The first full-scale, peacetime maneuver was pulled off by the reorganized Second Division. First came a four-phase, 51-day TTU course as a prelude to the actual fleet maneuvers in the Caribbean. There was the chant of the beach-wise, WW II NCOs who took us in:

"When the ramp goes down, get the hell out of this boat and cross the beach. Don't be afraid to get your feet wet. Clear the boat and beach damn fast, or you'll tie up the next wave . . ."

We heard that at Culebra and Vieques and Alisio Canyon and Onslow and Coronado and Alaska and Labrador and Little Creek.

The Reservists got back into the act for the first time since the Organized Units were called up in 1940. Twenty-nine battalions and companies went to Quantico, Lejeune and Pendleton for the first annual Summer Camp. The majority were combat veterans.



Photo by Sgt. Frank C. Kerr

The brigade left the enemy broken and smoldering in their wake. They fought three major engagements and hit Inchon in 38 days

We were streamlining the Fleet Marine Force and *Leatherneck* said, "Streamlining the FMF places new emphasis on flexibility, mobility and striking power."

There were plenty of rumors about all this. We had seen pictures of the helicopters the Corps was testing at Quantico but the doctrine was still being worked out. We had the broad picture and industry was ironing out the details of the type transport 'copters we needed. We knew, too, that the *Bomb* had changed things considerably. We knew we couldn't get into the beach en masse the way we used to do it, but we did gamble one more time in Korea—and won.

But before that the troops got in a little peacetime combat.

There were quite a few hold-out Japanese scattered around the Pacific islands after the war but the most troublesome ones were on Peleliu. Thirty-three of these birds hadn't

gotten the word that the war was over and Japan had surrendered. They didn't go around trying to pop off the Marines in the barracks, even though they did flip a grenade at a couple of Marines on patrol.

The Marines under First Lieutenant Earl Cheal and CWO Jack Goodall were on almost continuous patrol duty trying to run them down in the swamps and the caves around Bloody Nose Ridge.

The hold-outs were headed by a Lieutenant Yamaguchi, who was from the old school. He recommended death for anyone who surrendered and suicide for anyone who was wounded. Even when a Japanese admiral was brought down from Guam to try to convince them that the war was over, Yamaguchi threatened to kill any man who wanted to surrender. Two Pfc's, Salvador Grijalva and George T. Monk, started the beginning of the end when they brought in a prisoner

from one patrol. Finally, the combined efforts of the Marines, Navy and Japanese brought the hold-outs to surrender.

The Marines did more shooting in the States. Inmates at Alcatraz rioted and the prison officials requested reinforcements. They got Marines. It took awhile to wear the convicts down with bazooka, grenade and small arms fire but the convicts finally decided it was better to surrender.

The "New Breed" of China had it toughest. They were hung up in the middle of a shooting war between the Chinese Reds and Nationalists. They tried to keep the railroads running and the ports open but finally had to leave for good when the Communists won the civil war. Seven Marines were kidnapped by the Reds while buying ice in the dirty little village of Hsi-Nan-Chuang in Communist territory.

The entire Seventh Regiment turned out but couldn't locate the missing Marines who were being bounced around from one village to another in an ancient ox cart. The ride finally ended up in the Chang-li district where the men were informed that they had been captured "to see and judge the Eighth Route Army." Negotiations finally got the seven released, but not until after a few mild attempts at brainwashing.

When Korea began, Lejeune looked like it had been swept by a tidal wave. Marines were selling cars for next to nothing and the siding down at the industrial area was swarming day and night. We moved out on the first trains and had the best cross-country trip anyone could remember



Photo by MSgt. W. W. Frank

The seawall at Inchon was no obstacle to the First Division men. It took them just 12 days to break the enemy and recapture Seoul

—including the old salts. The chow and coffee were good and our colonel had the beer trucks backed up for each stop. No brew for minors and we didn't have any fights or vandalism. At Pendleton we joined the rat race and even managed an L.A. liberty before we sailed.

The brigade was already in Korea by the time we got to Pendleton; it had done quite a bit of fighting by the time we hit Japan.

"Baker" Battery, One-Eleven, "The best damn battery in the brigade," according to Technical Sergeant Loren Beckley, claims the honor of firing the

opening Marine shot in Korea. The Marines in Lieutenant John Cahill's 1st Platoon, George Company, 3/5, might give them an argument. They were the first Marine foot troops to contact the Reds and lost two men wounded in the first exchange of fire.

The platoon had been routed out early in the morning of August 7, the eighth anniversary of the 'Canal, to relieve an Army outfit on Hill 342. They were given a guide from the 2d Batt, Fifth Army RCT, but in the darkness, they got on the wrong spur of the hill and were hit by mortar and small arms fire. Cahill waited until it was light enough to maneuver and took off up the hill with Sergeant Lee Buttner. Seventy-five yards from the top of the hill they came under fire. The heat and hill combination was taking its toll. By the time the platoon reached the top of the hill, heat and enemy fire had reduced them from 52 to 37 men. One man had been killed and six wounded—the rest were suffering from heat prostration or had been pressed into service as stretcher bearers.

Cahill and his remaining NCOs put a Marine in with each soldier around the perimeter. It was sound psychology. The infantrymen—each eyeing his Army or Marine neighbor—refused to budge an inch even though they were low on ammo and out of water.

The brigade fought three hot actions along the Pusan Perimeter. They fought at the Naktong River twice and at Chindong-ni. They still talk about the Marines in Captain

TURN PAGE



Photo by Sgt. Frank C. Kerr

The Marines decimated 12 Chinese divisions in 20 below zero cold during the bloody and vicious fighting around the Chosin Reservoir



Photo by Sgt. W. R. Keating

The free world was impressed when the "annihilated" First Marine Division broke through the encircling Chinese and out of the Chosin

1947 • 1957 (cont.)

Ike Fenton's Baker Company and the scrap at No Name Ridge. They told about a machine gun corporal, Leonard Hayworth, who dropped down the ridge to pick up ammo and grenades. It hit him pretty hard when they told him there was nothing left—no grenades and no more ammo. Dave Duncan, a former Marine and *Life Magazine* photographer-writer, was there and he wrote later in "This Is War" about the corporal.

"His eyes swung searchingly along the edge of the ridge, then up into the rainy sky. Slow heavy tears started down across his face.

"In a voice almost impossible to understand, for he worked over each word as though it was nearly beyond his power to form it upon his lips, he choked brokenly, 'Can't see 'em. Only two us still there. Can't see 'em. Rest dead . . . wounded. Grenades! Grenades! Can't see 'em in rain. Can't see! Keep killing us! Where hell mortars?' When told that all of the fire observers for the mortars had been wounded or killed, he sat numbly for a moment, then faltered on, asking for more grenades . . . mortars . . . even some rifle ammunition. He just wanted something to take back to his buddy up forward, still holding their position. The knowledge that he must go back

empty-handed was almost more than he could bear, but he locked his bayonet into place, then muttered, half to himself, 'Okay, I'll wait for 'em'."

Hayworth died across his machine gun in Seoul.

While the brigade Marines were bouncing from one fight to another, the rest of the First Division was en route to Japan. One battalion had to come all the way from the Mediterranean. They stuck us all over Japan. Divvy headquarters was out at Camp Sakai where the Twenty-seventh

Army Division had been quartered. The men in "Chesty" Puller's First Marines were up at Otsu and the Seventh was en route.

We watched the 3d Batt, Fifth, take Wolmi-do and then went in just at dusk on the south end of town while the remainder of the Fifth Marines went in on the left flank. There were some heroes that trip. Lieutenant Baldemero Lopez got it at Cemetery Hill, covering a grenade. Compared to Tarawa, Peleliu and Iwo, the landing was a snap, but we could have been in a real bind if the Reds had really expected us to take Inchon. It had been an open secret in Japan and we figured the Reds didn't believe we would attempt it. Even so, eight Marines were killed and 28 wounded out of A/1/5, the first few minutes on Red Beach.

The trip up the highway to Seoul had a few rough spots but no detours. The Reds came clattering around the bend outside Ascom City with six tanks and a couple hundred infantry. Lieutenant Lee Howard, who had the 2d Platoon, Dog Two Five, heard the tanks first, spotted them and passed the word up the line. The battalion CO took the news with a grain of salt until the battle opened. Howard let the tanks and their unwary infantry escort come right up to the front door before opening up. Corporal Okey J. Douglas moved part way down the knoll and cut loose on the lead T-34 with his 2.36 rocket launcher. Douglas killed the tank with two rounds fired from 75 yards. The main force of Marines opened up as Douglas crippled the second tank.

The Fifth Marines were on the left flank and the First Marines on the right with the Inchon-Seoul highway



Photo by Sgt. Bob Said

The Corps' new doctrine played havoc with the Commies. Marines leap-frogged their lines with helicopters and hit them from behind

as a boundary marker. The enemy tanks spilled off the curve into a rice paddy, only to be taken under fire by Lieutenant W. D. Pomeroy's platoon of M-26s. The T-34s didn't have a chance. Within five minutes the enemy armor was dead and the panicked NK soldiers were pelting back toward Ascom City.

Like all combat, things tend to get a little confused and after it is over, the mind retains some funny impressions. There was a buck sergeant from G/3/1, probably a squad leader, who was shot through the shoulder. He refused to let go of his M-1 even after they put him in the ambulance. He found a good deal of satisfaction in the knowledge that he had killed the man who shot him. . . .

Corpsmen and ambulance drivers—all armed with captured burp guns—riding shotgun on their wounded charges. . . .

NK soldiers peeling off their uniforms and fleeing in civilian clothing when a fight didn't go their way and the Marines picking off the ones carrying rifles. . . . The civilian correspondents, Alsop, Bill Blair, Marguerite Higgins and several others, who

refused to stay behind and went into Ascom City with us. The situation was extremely fluid and we were carrying on a running fight with the enemy troops on the hill to our right and the die-hards in the houses. Miss Higgins tried to run into one of the houses, only to be jerked down unceremoniously by a rifleman just as a BAR opened up inside. The BARman came around the house with two new notches in his weapon. . . .

A Marine threw a WP grenade into a house—which promptly blew away half the hillside. The concussion put one of the Baker Company tanks out of action. . . .

The First Marines got as far as Sosa-ri and the Fifth overran Kimpo airfield that day. The Reds tried a counterattack at the airfield about 0300 the next morning. First they hit Lieutenant Edwin A. Deptula's outpost at Soryu-li, north of Easy 2/5's lines. The Marines were outposted on either side of a road junction and let the enemy come almost within bayonet range before Sergeant Richard L. Martson leaped to his feet, bellowed "United States Marines," and opened up with his carbine on full automatic.

They killed a dozen Commies in the exchange but were forced to drop back when the gooks brought up a tank. Sergeant Ray D. Kearl, an engineer holing up at an underpass, intercepted a Red patrol and single-handedly killed the enemy officer and three soldiers when they tried to blow the bridge. They hit Easy and Dog Companies but gave it up after two tries.

Things were hot in the First Marines' area. The 2d Battalion was hit early the same morning by several tanks and a company of enemy infantry. Pfc Walter C. Monegan, Jr., who had moved in to point blank range with his rocket launcher during the fight at Ascom City, took on the new tanks single-handed. He killed the first tank and imperturbably walked toward the second, sighted-in and fired. Just as the third tank turned to flee, it cut Monegan down with a burst of machine gun fire.

While the Fifth Marines were crossing the Han, the First Marines went into Yongdungpo. As the lead elements of the 1st and 3d Battalions went into attack, they were met by South Korean civilians who stood around their positions and offered

TURN PAGE



Photo by MSgt. James Galloway

Thanks to the fast-moving evacuation helicopters and dedicated corpsmen, wounded Marines had a better chance for survival



Official USMC Photo

Pfc Ralph W. Barlow was one of the first Marines saved by body armor

The helicopter, the armored vest and the Navy medical men saved many lives



Photo by MSgt. R. E. Olund

Bunker warfare reached its peak in the last days of the Korean war. The Reds tried for five days to take Reno, Vegas and Carson

1947 • 1957 (cont.)

them beer from time to time. Able 1/1 sneaked around the left flank into town and holed up on a dike. That night the Reds sent a parade of five tanks to root them out. The tanks roared up and down the road in single file, firing from a distance of only 30 to 40 yards. After the hard-pressed Marines knocked out or disabled three of the five T-34s, the enemy gave it up. The company suffered only one killed and one wounded and later beat off five enemy infantry attacks.

Charlie Company tanks supported the infantry along the road and one did a bit of sharpshooting with the 90-mm. One NK soldier in a hole atop the dike kept poking his head up, grinning at the tanks and then ducking before anyone could shoot him. One tanker must have bore-sighted his position, for as he raised his head for a final looksee—much like a turkey—the big gun blasted and the Red's hat shot 40 to 50 feet

into the air. About the same time, a driver and assistant driver in another tank unbuttoned and then found that enemy machine gunners were making it extremely impractical to reach out and close the hatches.

Once across the Han and inside Seoul, the tempo of fighting increased. There is no combat like combat in a town. The enemy can hit you from every angle and three-dimensional fighting can wear a man down. We had heard rumors that we were supposed to destroy as little of the city as possible since it was the capital of South Korea, but when our casualties

began to mount in the narrow, twisting streets, the planes and tanks began leveling as much real estate as possible. Several books could be written about that fight.

There were instances, incidents and Marines who did great things in the rubble-littered streets of Seoul. Captain Bob Barrow, CO of A/1/1, took his men up the hill overlooking the marshalling yards and railway station—one of the key objectives. Rather than rush headlong into the apparently deserted area, he carefully searched the terrain and after one of his Marine snipers spotted an enemy soldier, he discovered more and more hidden throughout the area. His reluctance to send his troops into the unscouted area, and the discovery of the NK troop concentration, helped break the back of the Reds in Seoul.

It had been hairy, though, before Bob Barrow took "A" Company up the hill. The Fifth Marines had caught hell on the left flank and the 3d Battalion, First Marines, had been the recipients of a Commie counter-attack straight down Mapo Boulevard the night before.

Tenth Corps Headquarters had reported a large column of "enemy" troops and equipment fleeing north and assumed that it was the bulk of Seoul's Commie defenders. Lieutenant General Edward M. Almond, the Corps Commander, ordered a night attack straight through the city in an effort to cut them off. The Marines weren't a bit happy with the situation. The flanks between the First and Fifth Marines weren't tied in, and "Chesty" Puller ordered a patrol and



Photo by TSgt. Roland E. Armstrong
The Marines destroyed their positions when the war ended

Corporal Charles E. Collins took eight Marines out to make contact. He made contact, but with seven T-34 tanks, two self-propelled guns and about a battalion of Red infantry. Since it was a recon patrol, Collins had only eight rounds for his M-1 and no grenades—yet he stayed in the face of the attack in order that his patrol could escape.

The gooks came boiling down Mapo and opened up on the 3d Batt Weapons Company CP. Major Edwin Simmons and his radio operator were exposed and the first round killed the youngster. Simmons held his position and called in artillery and mortar fire for the rest of the fight.

The main obstacle in the way of the attack was a road block manned by George Company just outside a big schoolyard. There was a squad of Marines, plus machine guns and anti-tank weapons. For the next five hours that stretch of Mapo Boulevard was a living hell. We had all four battalions of the Eleventh Marines, plus one battalion of Army artillery giving us support. The lead tank was stopped just yards from the barricade, and so help me, there was a bullet hole sideways through the barrel of the T-34's big gun. We never could figure that one out.

Just to the left of the barricade were two large school buildings. One contained 120-mm. mortars and ammo and the other was a rice storehouse. All through that terrible night, South Korean civilians raced across before our guns, grabbed big sacks of rice and then recrossed the boulevard. We figured they'd rather die quick than

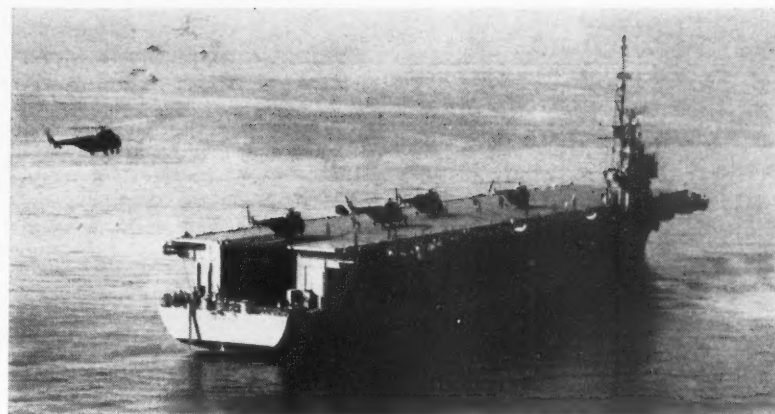


Photo by MSgt. H. B. Wells

The Marines were given new mobility when the USS Thetis Bay was modified to handle helicopters and a combat infantry battalion

starve slow. About dawn a South Korean woman approached the road block, and although the Marines figured it for a trick, they held their fire as she came closer. In pidgin-Korean, the hard-pressed Marines shouted at her. She answered, "You _____, I'm Collins!" Somehow the heroic corporal had managed to survive in the midst of the enemy and our artillery fire, and came back to our lines unharmed.

While the Fifth and First Marines were grinding their way through the city, the Seventh Marines made an end run north to intercept the fleeing Reds at Uijongbu. They made contact and had a couple of vicious running fights but the main force eluded them.

When we moved ahead the next morning through the path of the Commie attack, we went two blocks before seeing a complete body. More than 10,000 rounds of artillery had pounded the narrow gut during the night. Enemy dead and equipment littered the area.

The Reds made us pay for every inch of Seoul. When we couldn't break through a barricade, the tanks would move up and blast. We watched as the tanks and enemy guns killed each other at point blank range but the attack never stopped. Seoul was secured September 27, exactly 90 days after the Reds crossed the 38th Parallel. Syngman Rhee, General MacArthur and dozens of other VIPs gathered on the capitol steps for a ceremony but the majority of the First Marine Division was still mopping up what remained of the enemy.

With the capture of Seoul, the NK offensive fell apart and the Reds pounded north at high port. The First Cavalry Division relieved the First Marine Division and rumors began flying that we'd be home by Christmas. They put us aboard ship to make a landing at Wonsan up on the East Coast but the Reds had mined the harbor and for two weeks the ships played yo-yo up and down the coast. There were some guerrillas to be chased—which we did—and then they sent us farther north. The idea was to control the entire peninsula but the Chinese "Volunteer Army" put an end to our rotation plans.

The Seventh Marines had moved up to Sudong-ni, about 45 miles south of the Chosin Reservoir, and relieved a ROK unit. The South Koreans were strangely eager to quit the area and the Marines found out why when they met the first of the "Volunteers" over their sights in Death Valley.

TURN PAGE



Photo by MSgt. "J" "W" Richardson

New weapons such as the ONTOS and the "Honest John" guided missile have given the Fleet Marine Force added striking power



Photo by MSgt. H. B. Wells

Mobility, flexibility, compactness and striking power characterize the brigade today. All arms of the assault forces are in the unit



Photo by TSgt. Charles B. Tuler

Marines of the Third Division went overseas soon after the unit was reactivated. Now based on Okinawa, it's a "force in readiness"

ammo, dig in deeper and remember, we're all Marines and we'll fight like Marines. Good shooting!"

By 0400 a big Commie charge was expected and cooks, wiremen, stretcher bearers and every other available man was put into the line. Thirty minutes later Jones alerted the section with, "Here come the bastards!" Since the attack was over flat terrain, Capt. Davis had Corporal J. D. Farrell fire a flare shell. For 10 seconds, 110,000 candlepower illuminated the oncoming enemy and the Marines opened up. One dazed, scared enemy soldier remained alive. He surrendered.

The runner, Pfc B. V. Halvorson, and Capt. Davis corralled the Red and almost dropped—he was Chinese.

Col. Davis came running up to the position and wanted to know what the captain meant by shooting up ROK troops. But the captain had guarded Ambassador J. Leighton Stuart's Embassy in Nanking, China, in 1948 and '49 and knew whereof he spoke. It was then that the Marines realized that the Chinese Reds had really entered the war.

It turned out to be one hell of a two-day fight.

Colonel Homer Litzenberg had told his Seventh Marines that it was possible that the Chinese might come into the war and that it was extremely important that the Marines win the first battle. The results of the combat at Sudong reverberated around the

1947 • 1957 (cont.)

Corporal K. W. Beeler and Pfc D. J. Bain, A/1/7 mortarmen, got in some of the first licks against the Chinese. Their section was caught in the open and two dozen rounds from a 76-mm. field gun plastered them but they set up shop and returned the Reds' fire. A few rounds later they scored a direct hit on the enemy artillery piece which had been man-handled into position on a cliff about 800 yards away.

That night began the first of the many Chinese attempts to knock the Marines out of the war. And, with it, came one of the damndest stories of the Korean war. The gooks had hit the Seventh Marines shortly after midnight with the blowing of bugles and dropping of flares. Colonel Raymond G. Davis, who was to win the Medal of Honor during the campaign, was the 1/7 exec and he told his men, "The Reds are hitting the companies across the river. We expect an attack on this side momentarily. Check your

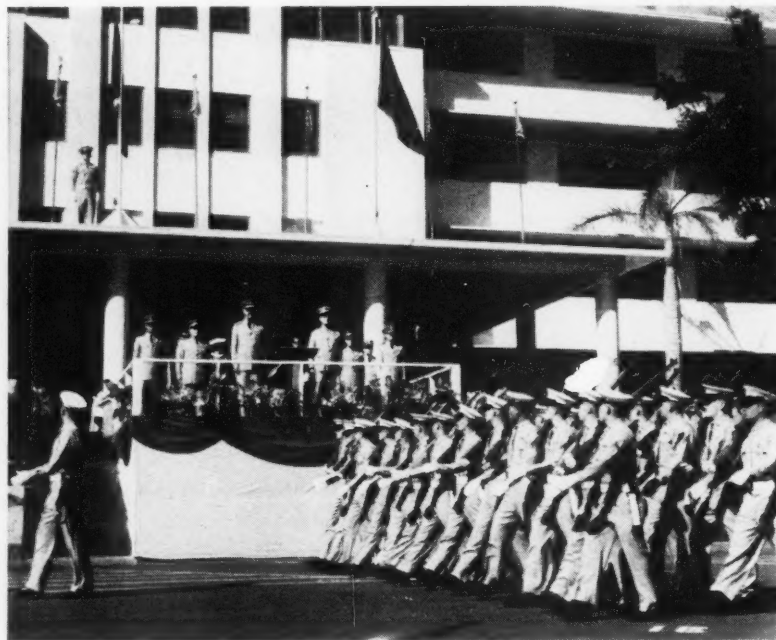


Photo by MSgt. "J" "W" Richardson

Two-thirds of the Corps' striking power is controlled from Camp H. M. Smith, HQ for FMF Pac. The camp was activated in 1956

world, to the discomfort of the Reds. The Chinese penetrated the perimeter at several points but the Marines held their positions and mopped up the next morning. They counted 662 enemy dead in the 1st Battalion's zone alone.

This was the beginning of the "hordes" and "human sea" tactics—so named by the newspapers. Usually the Chinese attacked in platoon or company strength after probing the line. After reading the newspaper accounts of the Chinese tactics, one rifleman was moved to ask, "How many hordes are there in a Chinese platoon?"

The Marines were spread along the main supply route from the bottom of Funchillan Pass above Sudong to Yudamni. The First Marines held the pass, Koto-ri and Hagaru-ri. Fox Company, 2/7, was isolated at Tok-tong Pass between Hagaru and Yudamni. The remainder of the Fifth and Seventh Marines and one tank were at Yudamni. It was 78 miles from Yudamni to Hungnam.

There's been a hell of a lot written about the Reservoir. *Time Magazine* said it had a little of Anzio, a little of Dunkirk and a little of Xene-

phon's Anabasis. All we knew was that we had temperatures of better than 20 below and more Chinese than we could kill. In the States the papers had us cut off and practically wiped out, and yet there was never a moment when we didn't figure we would come out of it as a division. Plenty of the Marines figured they might get it, but it just didn't enter their heads that the Reds could wipe out the First Divvy.

They couldn't.

But, lordy, how they tried!

They hit us with three Chinese armies composed of 12 divisions.

They killed 604 Marines, and wounded another 3800.

After the fighting was over, we figured we had killed some 25,000 Reds and wounded another 12,500.

At a ratio of 40 to one, even the mindless mass of troops they put against us couldn't hold long.

But what really hurt us was the cold. We had 7313 Marines put out of action by the weather, although two-thirds of them were back with their outfits before the fighting ended. What the weather did to the poorly clothed Chinese is only a guess, but we found them frozen to death more

than once. You can't explain that cold in words. You just gotta feel it. You have to hump your tail over a hill or two in 20 below zero cold, hit the deck for an hour and begin to freeze and feel the awful agony before you can understand.

When we got up to Koto-ri, we struck the first of the real cold and it hit the guys like a sledge hammer. It actually put some of them into mild cases of shock until we could get them thawed out and a little used to the idea. Captain Eugene R. Her-ing (MC) USN, the senior medical officer with the First Division, told us we were about six percent effective in that cold. Let's just forget it—you can't describe cold like that.

About 70 or 80 miles west of us the Eighth Army had been hit and was moving south, although we didn't know it. The Chinese thought they could roust us the same way and broke

(continued on page 112)

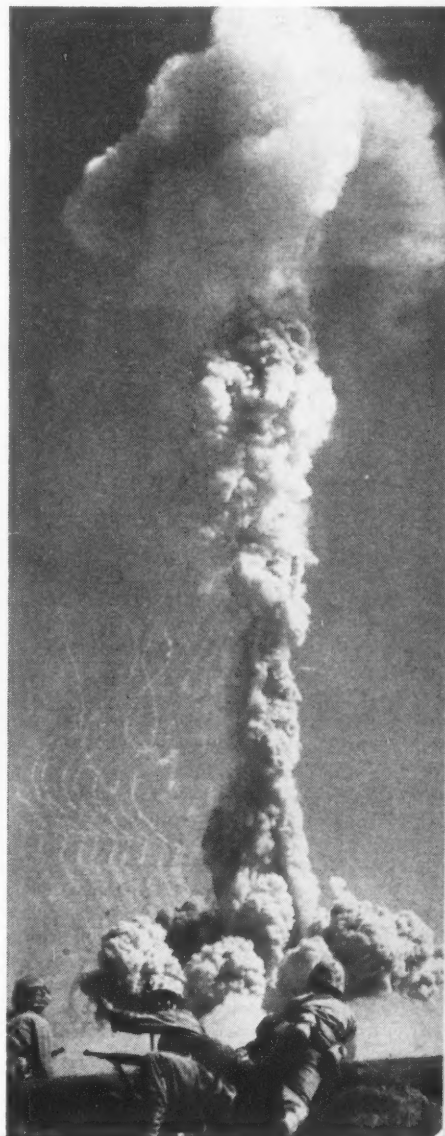


Photo by TSgt. Charles B. Tyler

"New Breed" NCOs, many of whom earned their stripes in combat in Korea, have the important task of training tomorrow's Marines

Photo by Cpl. Owen Preister

We are ready for tomorrow. Our doctrine, weapons and training will help us meet any future emergency





40 YEARS PASS IN REVIEW

World War I Marines went to Quantico, trained hard for combat, liberated in Fredericksburg and

Washington, then shoved off for the battlefields of France and the little wars that followed WW I

Official USMC Photo

POST OF THE CORPS

Quantico

by TSgt. Paul C. Curtis
Leatherneck Staff Writer

QUANTICO

*"There's a place in the heart of
every Marine
Which belongs to the USA
Tho o'er the world he'll roam
He'll come back home
To Quantico, Va.*

(From a poem by
Sherwood L. Waterman)

For us, April 6, 1917, was a day filled with speculation. Only one thing was certain; we had joined the war to make the world safe for democracy. Rumors traveled fast that day, and among other scuttlebutt that reached

us at the Marine barracks, Annapolis, was the word that Major General Commandant George Barnett had appointed a board to find a site somewhere near Washington as a temporary training camp and maneuver field for the Marine Corps.

The board, we discovered later, had been made up of Colonel Charles A. Doyen, Lieutenant Colonel George Van Orden and Captain Seth Williams. They had recommended a 6000-acre tract bordered by the old Washington-Richmond Road and the Potomac River. The place was called Quantico.

We moved in, bag and baggage, on May 14, 1917, pitched our tents and began intensive training. Major Chandler Campbell was the commanding officer by authority of a letter dated the day of our arrival. Our detachment of four officers and 91 enlisted men was the beginning of the great influx of Marines who have

since ebbed and flowed through the gates of Quantico with the changing tide of necessity.

We were soon followed by the 1st Battalion, Fifth Regiment, which arrived on May 25th under the command of Major Julius S. Turrill and the 1st Base Detachment which was assembled and organized on June 20th, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Hiram L. Beares.

During the first six weeks we had been at Quantico, construction contractors cleared about 100 acres of forest; wooden barracks were being built; water was flowing from artesian wells; the sewage system was in operation; and telephone lines had been installed. An electric light plant was putting out enough power to light the bivouac areas and the first street had been laid out and named "Barnett Avenue."

During the late Spring, Barnett

Avenue, other unnamed streets and trails, and the general training area were soon stomped into one big quagmire. We marched the mudhole dry during the pleasant days of June and trampled the sun-baked surface into crusty clouds of red dust under the blazing sun of late July and August. When the Fall rains came, our feet, eager to be climbing the gangplanks of ships bound for Europe and the equally muddy battlefields of France and Germany, churned the cantonment into a mudhole again. A front page item in the second issue of *Leatherneck* brought welcome news:

**SLIPPERY MUD IS
A THING OF PAST;
REAL ROADS HERE**

"Approximately \$250,000 is being spent at Quantico by the government in constructing some of the finest concrete roads in Virginia. In all, eight miles of roadway is being paved.

"Perhaps the greatest achievement is the building of a concrete road, three and a half miles long, from the head of Potomac Avenue at the river



Official USMC Photo

The Marines, schooling for trench warfare in 1917-18, dug a network of ditches and constructed sand-bagged machine gun emplacements

**The up-to-date home of the Marine
Corps Schools started with
a collection of tents in 1917**



Official USMC Photo

The "pugil stick" style of bayonet training was yet unborn. WWI Marines used '03 rifles, bayonets and burlap bags filled with sticks

to the Washington-Richmond highway. Other work includes paving of the company streets in the infantry and artillery camps and a concrete road all the way to the range.

"According to the Post Q. M., Major Roosevelt, all of the work except the rifle range road will be finished by Christmas. The road construction has been found absolutely necessary for transportation of supplies for such a large military camp.

"The road connecting with the Washington-Richmond highway begins at the post garage and extends a short distance northward and thence due westward. It is a much favored road for hikes. During the heavy rains it has been almost impassable.

"Already three of the company streets have been paved and all work is progressing rapidly. Quantico soon will no more be known as 'Slippery Mud, Va.'"

Marine Barracks, Quantico, had been established as a wartime expediency and the cheapest form of temporary construction was used to develop the camp. Wooden-staved water mains were hurriedly installed to carry water from the newly-dug artesian wells; the barracks were built from good grade lumber but were quickly put together; mess halls and bath houses were designed and constructed for temporary service.

The long, one-storied, green barracks (some of which had been ferried across the Potomac from Marine Barracks, Stump Neck, Md.) were

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

Barnett Avenue, in the 1920's, was lined with low, wooden buildings

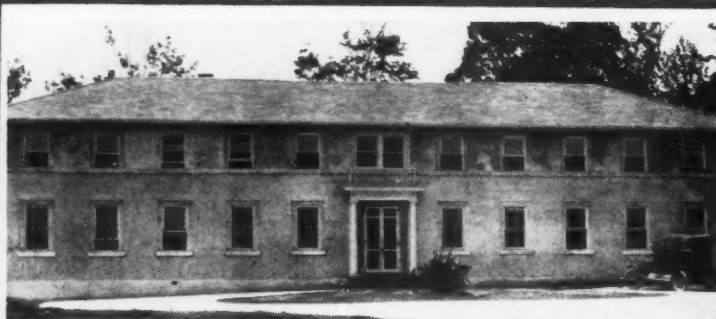


◀ Barnett Avenue as it looks today. It's a modern, divided boulevard

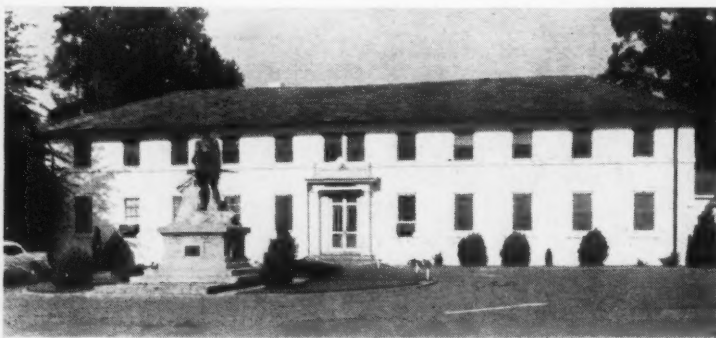
QUANTICO (cont.)

ready by August. Lieutenant Colonel Albertus W. Catlin, who had taken command of the establishment on June 13, 1917, reported on August 6th, that "all men who were quartered under canvas, with the exception of the Barracks Detachment, were removed to the buildings recently constructed and tents were struck." The buildings, roughly constructed, provided little comfort for their occupants and required a tremendous amount of upkeep through the years but they were the first major step toward the permanency of the Quantico Post. Many of the original buildings lasted through the expeditionary campaigns of the late Twenties and early Thirties and a few are still in use. Two of the long, low barracks are used today as warehouses in the "Cinder City" area. They are still painted green.

Quantico was initially established as an advanced training base for thousands of recruits who poured forth from the newly established recruit training center at Parris Island, S. C., and the older "boot camp" at Mare Island, Calif. It served its purpose well. So well, in fact, that the December 22, 1917, issue of *Leatherneck* headlined:



This building, constructed shortly after World War I, was used as an Administration Building at Quantico until the early 1940's



"Iron Mike" now stands in front of the original Administration Building, which is soon to become a Marine Corps Museum



Quantico's original purpose was to serve as an advanced training base for recruits who came

from the newly established boot camp at Parris Island and the older "boot camp" at Mare Island

PERMANENT POST TO BE NAMED SOON MAY BE QUANTICO

"Will Quantico be a permanent camp? That is the question Marines and especially civilians are asking. And the answer will soon be forthcoming, it appears from developments in Washington.

"The establishment of a permanent brigade post on the east coast for overseas shipment of Marine expeditionary forces has been recommended to Congress by the Major General Commandant in his annual report."

Despite objection from some quarters that Quantico was not suitable because transport ships of the usual size could not navigate some parts of the Potomac River, Congress approved the site as a permanent base and in July, 1918, appropriated the money to purchase the land which had formerly been under lease.

Although little was done during the

next decade to replace the temporary construction with more permanent installations, Quantico functioned exceptionally well as the home port of the Marine Corps' east coast Expeditionary Forces. Marines funneled into the newly-established base from all over the Corps—schooled for warfare by digging trenches and sandbagged machine gun pits, constructing barbed-wire entanglements and boondocking throughout the rugged hills and deep ravines that hemmed in the main area. They worked to improve the main installation, libertied in Fredericksburg and Washington, and shoved off to fight in World War I and the several little wars that followed. Some were left dead on the battlefield and in the jungles of Haiti and Nicaragua; others returned to Quantico as heroes.

In 1927, the 69th Congress appropriated more than two million dollars to improve the existing facilities at

Quantico. There was enough money to build three triple-decked enlisted barracks (combined they were large enough to house a regiment); three storehouses; one commissary, bakery, ice plant and cold storage house; a repair shop and a new powerhouse. There was also enough money for five new apartment houses, of six apartments each, which were designated as officer quarters.

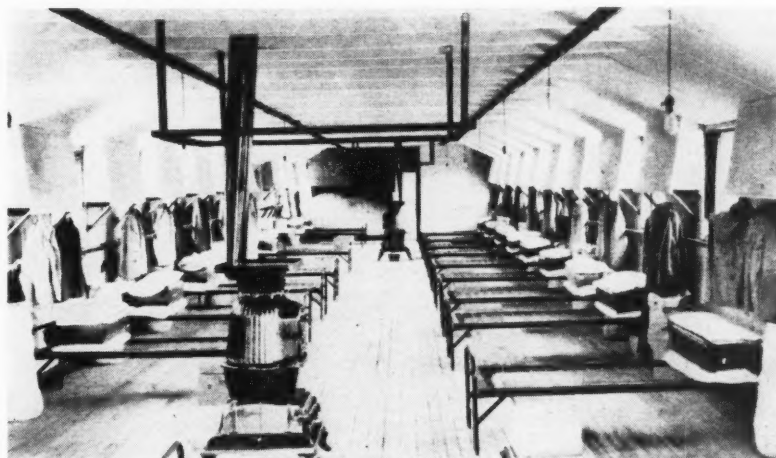
The latter helped, to some degree, to alleviate the pressing need for suitable living quarters for the married officers.

By August, 1929, most of the new construction started in 1927 was rapidly nearing completion. *Leatherneck's* August, 1929, issue hailed the new Marine Barracks:

"A military post where no one will ever have to peel a potato and where dishes will be washed by machinery may sound like a dream to those who recall with loathing the 'kitchen police' of their wartime days. But it is a dream which will soon be translated into reality at the Marine Barracks in Quantico, Va. Down at the big base on the Potomac 1500 Marines have moved into a group of new buildings which engineers and quartermasters agree are the most modern barracks ever occupied by the men of the service.

"The set of structures consists of three barracks, each capable of housing a peace strength battalion of 500 men. These buildings stand out boldly on a hilltop overlooking the Potomac River. Their three stories of brick and concrete tower above the squat wooden shacks in which Marines have lived since the stirring days of 1917. The old wartime barracks were not intended by their builders to stand more than five years but they have served their purpose for better than twelve.

"But smothered in the dirt and
TURN PAGE



Quantico's wartime barracks left something to be desired. Stoves at each end provided little warmth and there were no wall lockers



In August, 1929, Leatherneck Magazine hailed Quantico's new barracks as: "A military post

where no one will ever have to peel a potato and where dishes will be washed by machines."

QUANTICO (cont.)

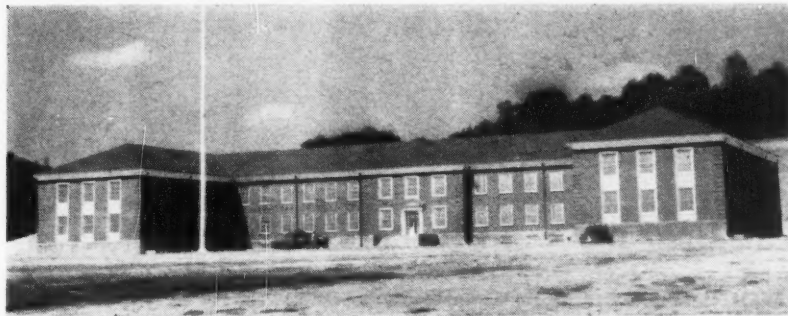
ruin that a decade has heaped upon the floors of those old buildings are many little wooden plaques giving the name of the Marine who once slept in a certain bunk in that room. Then beneath the name is the age-old disposition of a soldier: "Killed in Action, Blanc Mont, October 3, 1918."

Sentimentality notwithstanding, the old Quantico continued to slowly fade out of existence and the new Quantico kept on rising "Phoenix-like" from the ashes. Shortly after the first three new, brick barracks were finished, four more were placed under construction. A new administration building was built, more streets paved and quarters for married staff noncommissioned officers took their places in the same general area of the officers' quarters. These quarters were of the same three-storied brick construction with practically the same floor plan. Most of the improvements and permanent additions to the growing Marine Corps installation were paid for with monies appropriated by Congress with a dual purpose in mind. They not only provided the much needed facilities at the increasingly important military establishment but they also were a part of the depression-born

The first major construction replaced wooden barracks with structures of steel and stone in 1929



The new Medical Facility Building is a great improvement over the inadequate wooden structure which formerly housed the dispensary



World War I Devil Dogs would be awed by the new Ad Building

Marines at Quantico will attend services in the new post chapel



Public Works program and provided employment for the growing army of men out of work.

While the face of Quantico was changing, its primary purpose for being was also slowly evolving. Shortly after the post had been established as an advanced training base for infantry troops, a basic school for newly commissioned officers was organized. The first class was composed of officers commissioned directly from civilian life but later classes consisted mostly of enlisted men who had been selected for commissions. The Civilian Officers' Training School was organized in July, 1917, under the command of Major H. C. Snyder. And the first Officers' Training School for enlisted men was begun in April, 1918, with Major P. M. Rixey in command. More than six hundred enlisted men attended the first class, of which 391 received the bars of a second lieutenant.

A Marine Corps Schools Detachment was organized at Quantico on September 1, 1920, with Lieutenant Colonel John C. Beaumont as the first Commandant. The detachment included the Basic School, a Company Officers' School for first lieutenants and captains, and a Field Officers' School for senior captains and majors. To this basic framework, other specialized and technical schools for both enlisted men and officers were added as the need for them arose. After years of steady and controlled growth, the Marine Corps Schools Detachment by virtue of its size and importance became the tail that wagged

the dog. Other factors contributed to the evolution of Quantico from its original purpose of mass training of field troops to specialized, technical, individual instruction.

For one thing, the Fleet Marine Force was outgrowing the facilities then available in the original purchase of land. The Marine Expeditionary Force was redesignated as the Fleet Marine Force in 1933 and with the threat of war hanging darkly over us during the late '30's, more room was needed for the expanding FMF. The Fleet Marine Force units started moving out of Quantico in 1939 and by 1942, the post was left wholly to the Marine Barracks and the Marine Corps Schools. The official designation was changed to Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., in 1948.

According to Lieutenant General Merrill B. Twining, the present Commandant, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, the period just prior to World War II was the most critical in the history of the installation. There was some conjecture at Headquarters, Marine Corps, as to whether or not the post had served its purpose. Much of the land included in the original purchase was too rugged to be developed and the needs of the expanding educational units forced consideration of other locations for providing instruction for both officer and enlisted personnel. General Twining, General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.,

(later to twice serve as Commandant of the Schools as well as Commandant of the Marine Corps), and Major General Robert E. Hogaboom surveyed and staked out some 50,000 acres of suitable terrain that adjoined the reservation west of Highway One. This tract of land, called the "Guadalcanal Area," was purchased in 1942 and has been extensively developed since that date. The area now contains the Basic School, the Rifle Range, and training and maneuvering grounds for student officers and for testing and developing new equipment and concepts.

The story of Quantico could not be complete without some mention of the Marine Corps Air Station. MCAS, Quantico, while a distinct and separate facility, is an integral part of the overall activities and missions of the Post. It was the cradle of Marine Corps aviation and, at one time, was the only operating station within the continental limits of the U. S., reserved for the exclusive use of Marine aviation.

The July, 1941, *Leatherneck*, in a then up-to-date article about the entire installation, gave a brief account of the development of the air station:

"Aeronautical activities at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, had their inception in July, 1918, when the Marine Aeronautic Section operated two kite balloons (continued on page 107)

*Oh, I'm not a wheel, as you can
see;
I'm just a peon in the infantry.
I never fought the Jap or the
Kraut,
But I fought the battle of Brown
side out.
So pull up a sea bag, my clean
Marine,
And I'll tell you the story of
Brown vs. Green.*

BROWN

**Mention the word "blanco" and the hardest
campaigner will break into a cold sweat**

THE FIRST TIME I heard this bit of doggerel, entitled "Brown vs. Green," it started a chain of thought that took me back through the years. Brown vs. Green . . . a battle that drove more Marines berserk than all the Asiatic duty in the book.

I suppose most of you men think that the controversial issue started back in World War II with the advent of camouflaged helmet covers, ponchos and shelter halves. Most old timers do too, until they hear the word, "blanco."

Blanco! Mention the word and the hardest old campaigner will break into a cold sweat and reach for the snake bite remedy.

What was blanco? Well, that will take a little explaining, but the most important thing to remember was that it came in various shades of brown and green. It was in cake form, and it dissolved in water like white shoe polish. Applied to web gear, such as packs or leggings when wet, it dried evenly, giving all the web gear a uniform appearance.

At least, that was the theory.

Oh, it dried evenly enough, and while the gear remained in the squad room it looked perfect. The smooth coat of brown (or green as the case may be) covered all old scars and discolorations.

Give the gear five minutes under a hot sun, however, and every spot of

grease or oil on the pack came up through the blanco and stood out like blotches of measles. The dry blanco rubbed off on anything that touched it, and if you were unfortunate enough to get caught in the rain with blancoed equipment, you surveyed the suit of khaki or sent the greens out to be cleaned.

The first pack I drew had a large oil spot on the meat can pouch. At our first inspection my attention was called to the fact that my pack "looked like hell." Inasmuch as the first sergeant immediately jerked my liberty card, I decided to stay in and wash the pack that evening.

I scrubbed it with a brush that night and, on subsequent evenings, I boiled the pack in hot water, boiled it with washing powder, and finally in desperation, boiled it in a strong solution of chlorinate of lye. The pack



VS. GREEN

by Fred Stolley

Reprinted from the
September, '52 Leatherneck



came out as clean as a second lieutenant, but the oil spot remained—even after the pack was blancoed. It seemed as though I never would get into Honolulu on liberty.

After a week or two of this sort of thing I suddenly noticed that my bunkie hadn't been receiving any blasts from the "Gunny." I also noticed that he was going on liberty every night while I was washing my pack. Finally I collared him.

"Skolski," I demanded, "what's with your pack!"

Skolski was from a little village outside of Chicago called Cicero. He answered me in Cicero-ese.

"What's wit' my pack?" he grunted, "nuttin's wit' my pack. I ain't had no trouble wit' it since I soaked it in gasoline."

Well, gentlemen, it worked like a charm. I scrounged a can of gas from the garage and soaked my gear. The gasoline dissolved the oil and spread it evenly throughout the equipment. True, out in a hot sun the pack did turn a little darker than the others but it was an even shade, and although the inspecting officer muttered something about "let's see if we can't get everyone the same shade of blanco," I passed inspection.

My victory was short lived. Im-

mediately after inspection the CO decided that the detachment would change to green blanco. I had plenty of company that night as I scrubbed and dubbed.

Those were times to try men's souls. Marines said many unkind things about the British who developed blanco.

I don't know whether Warrant Officer Frank Rentfrow was the first to immortalize the struggle in verse or not, but these lines were published in *Leatherneck* many years ago:

*With fingers weary and worn,
With savage and scornful
mein,
A Leatherneck sat in a squad-
room bare
And blancoed his haversack
green.
It's O! For the field again
Where blancoing shall cease,
If war should come, I shan't
complain,
If this be the price of peace!*

Rentfrow, who was a gunnery sergeant when he wrote the piece, played it cool. Mindful of the storm the verse was sure to arouse he used a pen name and signed his contribution "J. Oliver Remington."

Exponents of the other side of the argument, those who claim the helmet cover, poncho, shelter half war was more exhausting than the blanco campaign have a point. Although the blanco wars took more physical effort, the reversible deal is a private sort of nerve warfare.

My first experience with it after WW II came in Camp Pendleton. We were in a replacement draft going

TURN PAGE



BROWN vs GREEN (cont.)

through training, and the first morning the company fell out some of the men wore the green side out; others wore the brown. Platoon sergeants immediately took steps to see that their platoon at least was uniform. Of course, the four platoon leaders didn't meet first to choose a side to be worn out. Two of the platoons turned up green and two were brown.

As the platoon leaders paced up and down glaring at one another the company gunnery sergeant arrived.

"Say," he said, collaring the first sergeant, "what's the dope? What side out?"

"Well," said the first sergeant, "here's a battalion memo, been out for some time, which says brown side out, but I don't know . . ."

At that moment the skipper discovered that the company clerk had made a painful mistake in his income tax return. The clerk was Corporal William X. Green of Itasca, Ill. The

captain opened the door of his tent and bellowed for the clerk.

"GREEN," he shouted.

"Well," said the first sergeant quaking a little at the sudden shout, "I guess that settles it."

Well, I rolled my roll all nice and neat

I was sweating blood from head to feet,

And just about then the Gunny came in

And said, "Oh men, it's green again."

"Green again!" cried a voice from the rear,

"If we roll it much more we'll wear out our gear!"

"Cut out your choppin' and rearrange,

"You KNOW the word is subject to change!"

The two verses of the poem denote the passing of time while the men reversed their fields.

We finished, and were standing there, as green as green troops can be, when the skipper came out to take

over the company. When he saw us:

*His face turned red—from his mouth came a shout,
"The word has been changed,
it's BROWN side out!"*

That day the first sergeant, who was supposed to be permanent personnel, put in his letter for Korea.

We came through tent camp in fine shape and only lost three or four men to the psycho ward. They split the draft in half and sent us to Korea in two different ships.

Just before we got to Korea the Colonel who commanded our half of the draft called me to his stateroom.

"Chipmunk," he said, "it's winter in Korea. There will be patches of white snow on the brown hillsides, that calls for brown side out."

It was good sound reasoning and I agreed. But aboard the other ship of the draft the CO's logic followed different lines. In Korea the hills were covered with pine trees. Pine trees were green. So . . . "Green side out" was sound reasoning, too, but the draft sure looked funny coming ashore half and half.

*Roll it tight and play it cool,
And don't forget that entrenching tool.*

I had been on the lines in Korea about six months when a strange order came out. We had been taking a beating from gook mortars and artillery and most of us were a little sprung anyway. We were about due for relief on the lines, and an Army outfit was to relieve us.

The strategy was sound, but no one cut us in on the dope. THEY reasoned rightly, that Marines were identified on the line by the helmet covers they wore. (THEY, is the mysterious group behind operations and orders. Marines on line seldom say G-1 did this, or G-3 ordered that. Everything that happens is blamed on one agency, THEY.)

Following a line of reason that Marines are identified by their helmet covers, THEY decided—remove helmet covers under darkness. The next day the enemy seeing men on the lines without helmet covers, will think a fast relief had been effected.

It was good strategy, but no one explained it. The order read simply:

"At 0001, 1 April, 1952, ALL helmet covers will be REMOVED!"

We had reached the ultimate—NO side out!

*"Now this ends my story, without a doubt,
"The bloody battle, of Green side out."* **END**

BIRTHDAY CAKE

FAMILY SIZE

by MSgt. Robert E. Johnson
Leatherneck Staff Writer

AT THE RISK that someone might ask, "How gung-ho can you get?" we are printing a recipe for a Marine Corps birthday cake to assist wives in preparing a home celebration. At no time during the calendar year, other than on November 10th, is so much emphasis placed on a single inanimate object.

It is realized that any good cook book can explain the making of a white cake, but for the formula of the official anniversary cake, one similar to the cakes which receive annual Corps-wide honors, Marine bakers were consulted. They came up with the instructions printed in the U.S. Marine Corps Recipe Manual (NAV-MC 1067-SD, dated 1952). Most bakers throughout the Corps use this manual.

One hitch developed, however. The

recipe was for 100 portions and the 20-pound monstrosity measured 16"x 25". Breaking down five pounds of sifted flour and three and one-half pounds (56) egg whites to a single family portion (two 8-inch layers) caused us mathematical concern. However luck was with us and a small-portion recipe was found. It's one of many high ratio recipes which will be published in the near future when the present Marine Corps cooking manual is revamped.

It reads as follows:

- ½ cup shortening
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 4 egg whites

Cream shortening, sugar and salt until light and fluffy (about three minutes by machine at medium speed). Combine flour and baking powder, and add alternately with milk

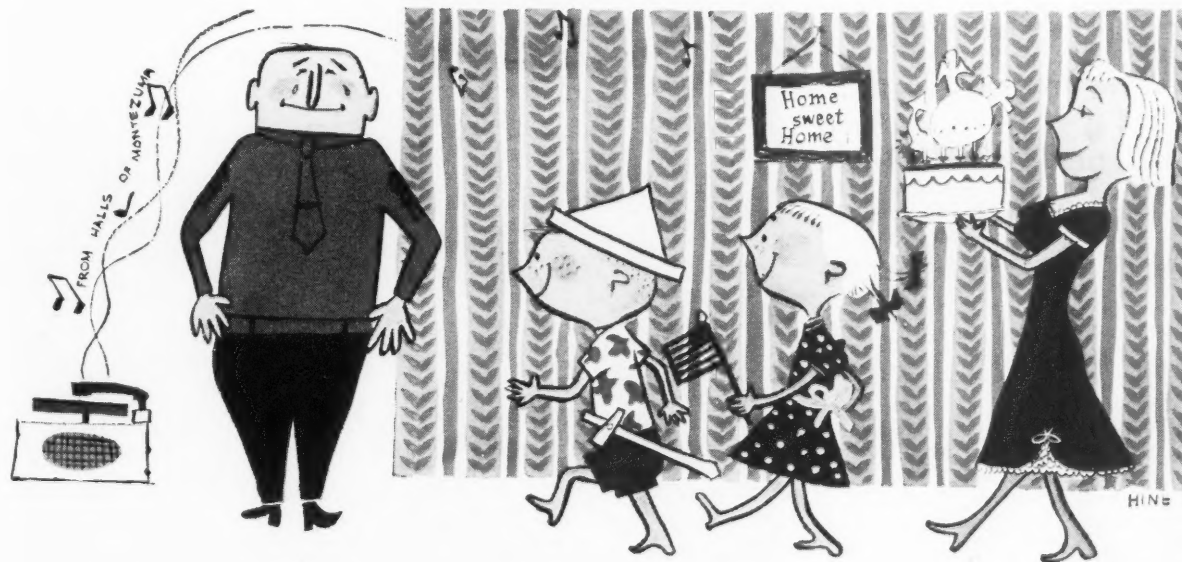
and vanilla to shortening mixture (mix about four minutes by machine at low speed). Beat egg whites until they will hold in peaks; fold into batter. Pour into two 8-inch layer pans (½" deep) which have been rubbed with shortening and lined with heavy waxed paper. Bake in a moderate oven (360 degrees F.) about 30 minutes.

While your cake is in the oven we'll give you the proper protocol for serving.

During the official Marine Corps' ceremony, the "Foreign Legion March," "The Marines' Hymn" and "Auld Lang Syne" are played.

To follow accepted procedure, "On signal from the husband, the doors to the dining room are thrown open, the music sounds attention, and the children march in while the "Foreign Legion March" is played. The wife carries in the birthday cake as the phonograph blares out, "The Marines' Hymn." Finally, "Auld Lang Syne" is sung while the first slice of cake is being cut.

END





Official USMC Photo
Sgt. Opha Mae Johnson was
the first Marineette in WW I

**Women became an
integral part
of the Marine Corps
In June, 1948**

Official USMC Photo
The Woman Marine of today
wears a snappy blue uniform

40 YEARS

PASS IN REVIEW

Women Marines





Official USMC Photo
Col. Ruth Cheney Streeter led
the WW II Women Marines



Official USMC Photo
Col. Katherine A. Towle was
the second Director of WMs



Official USMC Photo
Col. Julia Hamblet is present
Director of Women Marines

by TSgt. Virginia A. Pickel

HISTORY BOOKS are filled with the names of Marine heroes, campaign victories and military achievements but less than two score years ago, the Corps launched one of its most successful "firsts"—the enlistment of women in the Marine Corps Reserve.

With World War I raging and the need for more "fighting men on the front" intensified, the Honorable Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, recognized the advantage of having women handle the paper and clerical work on the home front, thereby releasing the men for combat or field service. An authorization was signed and a group of women—soon to be known as "Marinettes"—was enlisted.

Recruiting officers were instructed to accept only those individuals of "excellent character, neat appearance and preferably with a knowledge of business and office experience." The first Woman Reserve was Opha M. Johnson, who enlisted on August 13, 1918. Although the Marinettes numbered less than 300, they fulfilled their mission of "free a Marine to fight" during the year in which they served. While on duty, they were governed by the same rules and regulations as the men. They were authorized special pay and allowances, medical treatment and hospitalization and they were eligible for promotion to Pfc, corporal, and sergeant.

The Marinettes' uniforms were well tailored: green for Winter and khaki for Summer, specially designed overcoats, chambray shirts, regulation ties, campaign hats, overseas caps—and

the long skirts reached their high-buttoned shoes.

Office routines, typing and clerical work were not the entire picture for the women who were stationed at Headquarters Marine Corps in Washington, D. C. Their schedule included close order drill and each morning between 8:00 and 8:45 A. M., the women in green marched in front of the Navy Building. Male noncommissioned officers were assigned as Drill Instructors to teach them the rudiments of drill and military courtesy.

These were the women who also participated in various parades, bond drives and ceremonies. And these were the women who, at the 4th of July, 1919, ceremony in the Nation's Capital, received the District of Columbia Medal for their outstanding contribution to the war effort.

Although the Women Reservists were demobilized in 1919, many were retained on an inactive status until their four-year cruise was completed. The Marinettes had performed their duties so proficiently that many were retained at Headquarters Marine Corps in a Civil Service status.

For 22 years the Marinettes were but a pleasant memory for the Corps. Then came that fateful December 7, 1941, and once again the Corps had to prove its combat readiness. As the war clouds blackened in the Pacific, it became more and more apparent that "desk" Marines would have to be released for overseas duty. On February 13, 1943, the Marine Corps opened its ranks again to women but this time it gave them their first opportunity to serve as an integral part of the Corps.

Mrs. Ruth Cheney Streeter, of

Morristown, N. J., was appointed the first Director of the Women's Reserve Corps—as a major. She served for two years, during which time she attained the rank of colonel. Under Col. Streeter's skillful guidance and keen administrative supervision, the WR's functioned efficiently and established a firm basis for permanency. It was largely due to her efforts that these high standards were maintained. In December, 1945, Col. Streeter was succeeded by Colonel Katherine A. Towle.

With an authorization of 18,000 enlisted women and 1000 officers, the WR's plunged wholeheartedly into their role of Marines. They, unlike the Marinettes, were no longer restricted to billets of clerical and office work, to limited promotions or duty stations. The capabilities of the Women Reserves were recognized and upon completion of boot training at Camp Lejeune, N. C., many qualified for assignment in highly technical and scientific fields.

It was not uncommon to enter a classroom at Cherry Point or El Toro and discover that the gunnery instructor was an attractive, confident, well-versed Woman Marine. In the radio control towers, pleasant feminine voices could be heard directing traffic on the landing strips or broadcasting the most recent weather forecasts. Women Marines also replaced male telephone operators, fingerprint experts, artists, parachute riggers, draftsmen, cooks, bakers and clerks. It was during Col. Streeter's directorship that Congressional legislation created, in September, 1944, another "first" for the WM's—overseas duty.

At the beginning of 1945, the first contingent of "ladies in green" landed

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo
Male NCOs were assigned as instructors for the Marinettes of World War I. They drilled each morning, between 8:00 and 8:45

WOMEN MARINES (cont.)

in the Territory of Hawaii. A group of five officers and 160 enlisted women formed the nucleus of a detachment which was to eventually number more than a thousand. While at Pearl Harbor and the air station at Ewa,

they were billeted much as they had been in the States. But their primary mission of freeing a Marine to fight remained unchanged.

Following the cessation of hostilities with Japan, a demobilization system, with a terminal date of September 1, 1946, was established. Those who remained after July 1, 1945, were

volunteers. As the many organizations were being deactivated throughout the United States, the mission and its accomplishment by the Women Marines, was echoed in the words of a song written especially for them—the "March of the Women Marines." The march was composed by two members of the U. S. Marine Band: music by Louis Saverino and lyrics by Emile Graser. The words exemplify the purpose of the WR's:

"Marines! We are the women members of our fighting Corps. Marines! The name is known from burning sand to ice-bound shores.

Marines! We serve that men may fight in air, on land and sea.

Marines! The eagle, globe and anchor carries on to make men free."

In June, 1946, Col. Towle resigned and Colonel Julia Hamblet was recalled to active duty to become the third Director of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve, a position she held until November, 1948. During the 1946-1948 interim, a small number of WR's remained on active duty at HQMC.

By an act of Congress, approved on June 12, 1948, the Women's Reserve became a component part of the Regular Marine Corps. The Recruit Depot at Parris Island, S. C., was designated as the training station and the 3d Recruit Training Battalion was activated for the basic training of women recruits.

General Clifton B. Cates, Comman-



Photo by Sgt. D. J. Davis
More than 1000 Women Marines were in Hawaii at end of World War II. They served at Pearl Harbor and at the Ewa Air Station



Official USMC Photo
WMs overseas billets are in Hawaii, Paris, Naples, London



Photo by Cpl. John Neff
Women Marines of WW II were no longer restricted to clerical work. Many qualified for assignment to technical or scientific fields

dant of the Marine Corps, initiated the new program with the enlistment of eight former members of the Women's Reserve into the Regular Marine Corps on November 10, 1948.

Once again Col. Towle assumed the directorship. Five years later, in May, 1953, she retired from the service to become Dean of Women at the University of California. Both Col. Towle and Col. Streeter were awarded the Legion of Merit for their "outstanding performance and distinguished service."

When the Republic of Korea was invaded by the Reds in June, 1950, former Women Marines, from almost every state in the Union, again proudly donned the forest green. Throughout this period of national emergency, a high degree of efficiency, quality of performance and esprit de corps personified the WM's who assisted the Corps in maintaining its constant state of readiness.

In May, 1953, Col. Hamblet, then officer-in-charge of the Women Officer's Training Detachment, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., was re-assigned to Headquarters Marine Corps and appointed Director of Women Marines. Positions of command and leadership were not new to the colonel, for during World War II she had commanded the Aviation Women Reserve Group -1 at the Marine Air Station, Cherry Point, N. C. In addition to HQMC and Quantico, Col. Hamblet also completed a tour of duty in Honolulu, where she served on the staff of the commanding general, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific.

Prior to joining the first Marine

Corps Women's Reserve Officer Training Class in 1943, Col. Hamblet received her Bachelor of Arts degree at Vassar. In 1951, she earned a Master of Science degree at Ohio State University. She resigned her position with the U. S. Information Services in Washington to enter the Corps.

As the present director, Col. Hamblet's utilization of her varied civilian and military experience has been an instrumental factor in maintaining the excellent reputation and high standards of the Women Marines. Periodic visits to the various Marine installations make it possible for the director to obtain a first-hand knowledge of

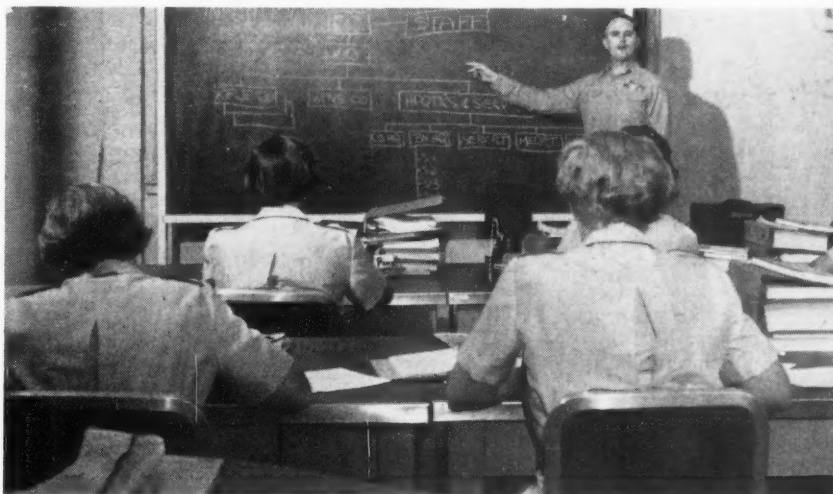
the administrative and personnel needs of every command.

Today's Woman Marine is now considered a potential "career Marine." No longer is she confined to the continental limits or the Territory of Hawaii; she may apply for overseas assignment to Naples or Paris, or for the lone billet in London, England. If she is interested in specialized training, and is qualified to meet the prerequisites, there are numerous service schools available to her. One school, in particular, is almost a "must" for every WM of the rank of sergeant or above—NCO Leadership School. The school is located at Quantico, Va., and its mission—and the job of its carefully selected instructors—is to "provide sufficient instruction to train an efficient and continuing staff of women noncommissioned officers for the duties and responsibilities commonly associated with troop leadership and to provide a source of potential officer candidates from the enlisted ranks." Continuous four-week sessions are held throughout the Winter months.

Also located at Quantico is the Women Officer's Training Detachment. This course is conducted for 12 weeks each Summer and it is composed of selected college and enlisted women who meet the necessary requirements for officer candidates.

What role the Women Marines will play in the future missions of the Corps is not a matter of supposition, because the basis of the Corps of tomorrow has been firmly established by its record of past and present accomplishments.

And the Women Marines can rightfully say, "We helped." **END**

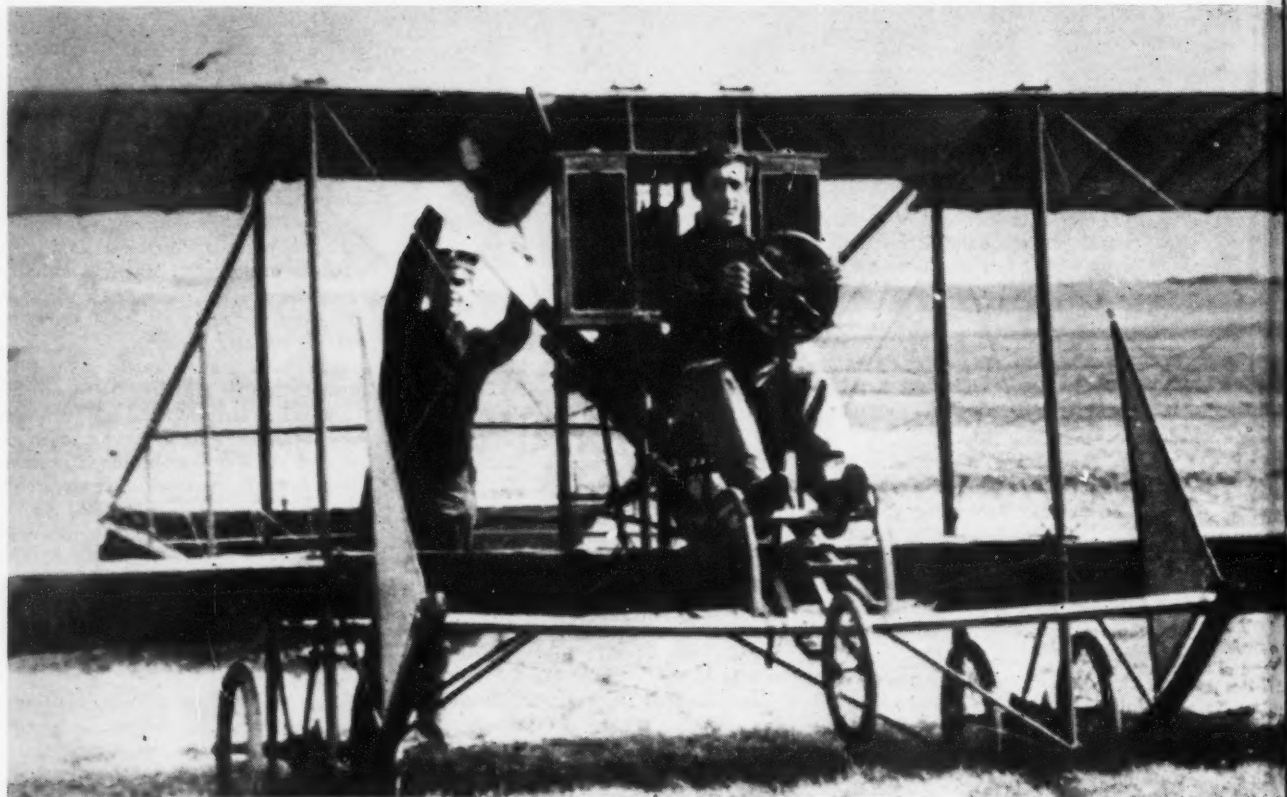


Official USMC Photo

Selected candidates for commissions, from the enlisted ranks and colleges, attended the Officer's Training Class at Quantico, Virginia

40 YEARS PASS IN REVIEW

MARINE AVIATION



The runway was a cleared strip in Philadelphia. The daring pilot was Lt. Alfred A. Cunningham.

Year 1911; the plane, Noisy Nan, a rented craft which never flew but made history, regardless

THE FIRST scrambling attempt to get the Marine Corps airborne was, aeronautically speaking, a failure. "Noisy Nan," the first Marine plane, never attained the clouds. Her lines more nearly resembled those of a grasshopper than an eagle. Still, she was the grande dame of all Devilbirds, the Corsairs, Panthers and Tigercats that clawed through the skies over Korea.

Nan's pilot, Lieutenant Alfred A. Cunningham, was determined to get in the air. After days of tinkering and experimenting with Marine plane No. 1, rented from a local inventor for \$25 a month, he decided to try another tack. He returned the ship to

The first devilbird was a real dodo but she started the modern-day legend of Marine Air

its disillusioned owner, then coaxed the Navy and Marine Corps into sending him to Annapolis for flying duty.

The following year Lt. Cunningham was ordered to report to the Naval Academy for "duty in connection with aviation." He became the first Marine officer to be designated a Naval Aviator. This meager begin-

ning in 1912 was the birth of Marine Aviation. The same year, Lt. Cunningham climaxed an intensive course of instruction lasting exactly two hours and 40 minutes by making his first solo flight at Marblehead, Mass.

Shortly after this, the Corps' first aerial pioneer was joined by Lieutenant Bernard L. Smith, Marine Avia-



Photos by USMC and Douglas Aircraft Co.
From the lumbering Falcons of '33 to today's supersonic Skyrajs, aviation has set a swift pace in the last 24 years

tor No. 2, who later became renowned in aviation annals. Two months later Sergeant James Maguire, a hard, adventurous type, reported in at Annapolis. Among other things he was a mechanic and the first enlisted Marine to be connected with Marine air.

For a period of almost one year this trio was Marine Aviation. Then late in 1913 Lieutenant William M. McIlvain became Aviator No. 3. This vastly expanded organization rocked along until the last day of that year. It was then that Lts. Smith and McIlvain were designated an "aviation detachment" and ordered to Culebra for duty with the Marine Advance Base Brigade. The congestion caused

by having so many Marine pilots around Annapolis must have been greatly relieved when two thirds of the complement sailed for Puerto Rico in 1914.

It was during this time that military and naval aviation in the United States was having trouble cutting its teeth. The European nations had seized on the fighting possibilities of aircraft. France, Germany, England and Russia were allotting millions for developing their respective military aviation departments. The Congress of the United States, however, was appropriating only a few cents by comparison. The ruling body was not wholly to blame. At the time of aviation infancy, the high brass of both

the Army and Navy regarded it with less than mild enthusiasm. Aircraft were looked upon as little more than expensive toys. With all of Europe on a short fuse, neither service was interested in the purchase of playthings. The admirals and generals wanted to beef up their battle tested existing weapons and ignore the creation of punier new arms.

The attitude was one of, "Play with your kites boys, but keep out of the way of the big guns." The answer from the fledgling air service came in a whisper, muted, but determined. Besides keeping their crates in the air, the pilots had something to prove. Men on flying duty became tub pounding, militant crusaders for

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

Marine pilots have established several speed records through the years. Lt. Lawson H. M.

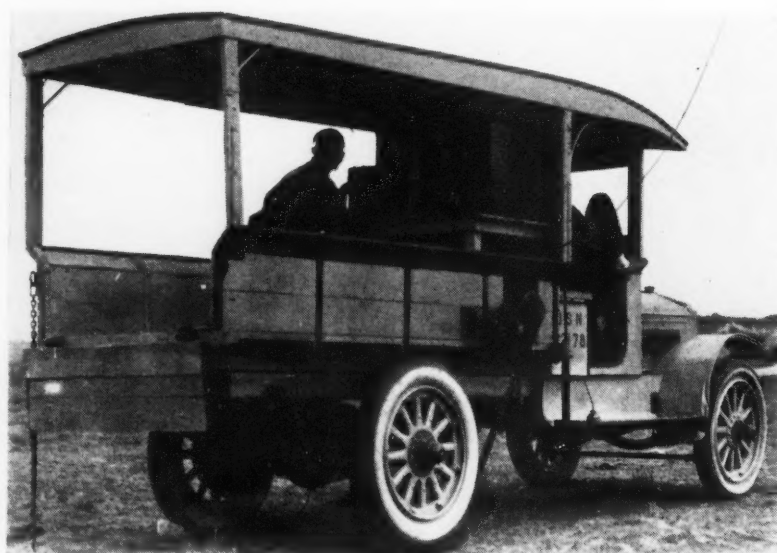
Sanderson made headlines in the late '20s when he set out for a record in the "Mystery Plane"

AVIATION (cont.)

their jobs. No risk was too great to make a point. Within the Marine Corps, Lts. Cunningham, Smith and McIlvain were vigorously thumping their own drums. The aggressiveness of these early sky men, their do and be damned spirit, was the first tradition of the new arm. It has continued down through four decades of service, three good sized wars and innumerable smaller campaigns.

Difficulties with Mexico broke out in 1914. Marines and bluejackets landed at Vera Cruz. Navy and Marine airmen stampeded over each other to get permission to go along. Here was a chance to demonstrate service aviation! A fistful of pilots got an okay from headquarters and went in with the landing force. For several weeks they made flights into the interior of the country surrounding the Mexican port city, scouting out hostile build-ups. The reconnaissance flights were the first actual proof of the value of aviation in a field campaign. The fliers were rewarded for their feats in the campaign by a large ho-hum on the home front. By participating in the Vera Cruz action, however, a wedge had been driven in the dike of prejudice against military flying.

This and other considerations caused Congress, in a magnanimous gesture the following year, to set the air strength of the Marine Corps at "12 officers and 24 enlisted men." At the start of World War II, 26 years



Official USMC Photo

Almost as soon as the Marines were airborne, the need for close air-ground control was manifest. Here is the first mobile unit

later, the strength was 653 officers and 5313 enlisted men.

Much in the manner of the guy who fired an arrow into the air then lost it, the Navy was experiencing troubles around the start of the century in observing the fall of shot from its ships. Ordnance advances had out-paced observation. Ships could toss broadsides over the horizon, but it didn't do much good if the gunners couldn't find out if the shells were landing on the target. Observers high in the cage masts couldn't keep track of the salvos.

There followed a long period of experimentation. A man-carrying box kite trailing off the stern of a battle-wagon was tried. This met with little approval either from the admirals or the captains, and none from the hapless character who jiggled beneath the kite in a bosun's seat. Balloons were next on the list. The cables anchoring the bags to the mother ship showed a strong tendency to part, leaving balloon and observer to drift over the seas.

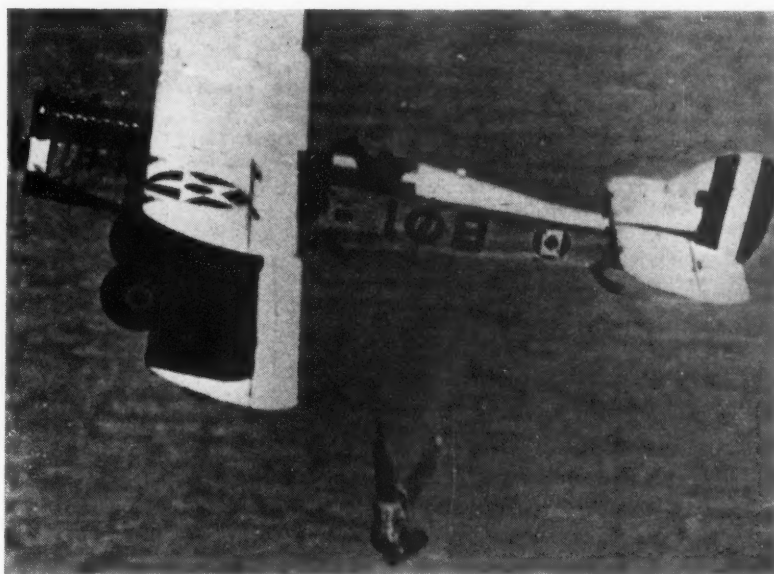
Finally the air men were privileged to get in the act. They rigged jury

platforms atop turrets on the dreadnaughts by utilizing the lately invented radio-telephone. A few accidental dunkings later, the system worked after a fashion. The next move was to install a catapult. In 1915 Lt. Cunningham became the first Marine pilot to catapult from a battleship under way. He was tossed off the stern of the *North Carolina* in a Curtiss flying boat. The catapult fouled up, however, and Cunningham went into the drink. The crash broke Cunningham's back, but with his torso heavily taped, he was back in the cockpit a few days later. Records show that he never lost a day of duty as a result of the accident.

Less than a year later he was chalking up another first. He became the first Navy or Marine aviator to fly a land plane. Prior to that, Naval flying had been limited to pontoon type craft. The Marine Corps was establishing its hallmark of versatility.

Lieutenant Francis T. Evans, Marine Aviator No. 4, refused to accept the word of the experts who said that a seaplane couldn't recover from a loop, a stall or a spin. Lt. Evans took up an N-9 seaplane and ran through the book. He got the Distinguished Flying Cross—some 20 years later.

During the days before World War I, the future of Marine Air had its ups and downs. Corps air might was an unknown quantity from day to day. In 1916 Gunnery Sergeant Walter



Official USMC Photo

Lt. H. E. Kelsey attained a degree of fame by becoming the first Marine to parachute from a plane. He made his hop near Quantico

E. McCaughtry flew a plane at the Navy's Aeronautic Station, Pensacola, Florida, and became the first Marine enlisted man to solo in an aircraft. A husky, fair lieutenant named Roy S. Geiger appeared on the scene and commenced his heroic aviation career at Pensacola shortly before Sgt. McCaughtry's epic flight.

When the war kicked off, the total strength of Marine aviation com-

menced feverish preparations for combat. All 35 officers and men expected to be rushed to France immediately to head off Kaiser Bill. But it didn't happen that way. The first group of Marines to leave the States, tagged the First Aeronautic Company and numbering 12 officers and 133 enlisted men, sailed from Philadelphia for the island of Sao Miguel in the Azores where they pulled anti-submarine patrol duty. This was January, 1918!

It was Major Cunningham who took charge of expanding the Corps air arm at the start of the war. After the program was underway he went to Europe and studied operating conditions. On his return, in his usual forceful manner, he strongly recommended that Marines take a hand as the Day Wing of the Navy's Northern Bombing Group.

Squadrons A, B, and C, plus Headquarters Company of the First Marine Aviation Force looking for a fight or frolic, unloaded at Brest, France, on the last day of July in 1918. They found both in a hurry. Sky scrapping was at a peak and while the Marines arrived sans flyable aircraft, they begged operational hops from the Allies. Senior Marine pilots flew for several weeks with the British and French squadrons over Belgium and Germany.

Early in September the Marines logged their first enemy kill. Sergeant Thomas L. McCullough was over Coremarch, Belgium, when eight German Fokker pursuits hopped him. McCullough smoked one German



Official USMC Photo

The Marine Base, San Diego, housed more than recruits when this photo was made in '26. Pilots are McKiltruck, Moore and Schilt

TURN PAGE

AVIATION (cont.)

then hauled for home when his machine gun jammed. Less than three weeks later, Lieutenant Everett Brewer and rear gunner, Sergeant Harry Wershiner, tangled with 15 enemy scout planes. They managed to slap down three Germans then Wershiner got a slug in the chest and Brewer caught another one in the hip. Both men returned safely to their field.

A French regiment, cut off near Stadenburg, afforded the Marines their lone chance to make an air support mission in the war. Captains Francis Mulcahy and Robert S. Lytle, Lieutenant Frank Nelms and Gunner Sergeant Amil Wiman loaded their bombers with groceries and skimmed in over the besieged *polius*. Despite a pasting from German machine gun and artillery fire the Marines successfully completed four drops. In October the Marines had enough De Havilland-4 bombers to start combat operations as squadrons. At the war's end the Marines had unloaded 52,000 pounds of bombs, made supply drops, and destroyed 12 enemy planes in 57 missions. It was the beginning of three decades of fighting and combat support missions for Marine aviation units.

Peacetime brought a forced landing to the hopes of expansion and im-



Official USMC Photo

During the Korean action, Marine planes flew over 118,000 sorties, delivered 91,000 tons of bombs and fired 192,000 aircraft rockets

provement of the air arm. The "Banana Wars" brought more experience to Marine aviators but little in the way of new advanced equipment up until the time of Pearl Harbor. For years, in operations against insurrectionists in Haiti, the Dominican Republic and in the Pacific and China, the Marines patched and flew their battered War I DH-4s.

The technique of dive bombing was worked out by Lieutenant Lawson H. M. Sanderson in action against the Cacos in Haiti during the fighting in 1919. Lt. Sanderson perfected his new system by manufacturing a bomb rack from a gunny sack. For a sight he used a rifle barrel. Although the

low cost equipment was primitive, it worked with astounding accuracy. Sanderson's squadron immediately took up training and until the Cacos were subdued in 1921 the fliers employed a sort of modified dive bombing with excellent results.

The Stateside squadrons of the Marines were also setting new records after the war ended. Two DH-4s made the longest round trip flight ever recorded in 1921. They flew 4842 miles from Washington, D. C., to Port au Prince, Haiti. Later that same year Marines successfully completed their first night flight in a Vought and DH-4.

When trouble broke in Nicaragua in 1927, the Marine air arm rushed in with advance ground forces. It was the biggest show the Marines had been dealt in on since the end of the first World War. Major Ross E. Powell leading a flight of six bombing planes used true dive bombing tactics for the first time against a group of 500 Sandinistas who were attacking a tiny Marine garrison force at Ocotal. They drove off the bandits in short order killing 40 and injuring many others. The garrison of 37 Marines and 47 Nicaraguans was saved by the Devilbirds' deadly bombing and strafing.

Another Marine group was hit by 800 bandits near Quilali immediately after that. The enemy forced the Marines back into the town and laid siege. A hasty landing strip was made by burning and leveling part of the town. A daring Marine pilot made ten trips carrying supplies and evacuating the wounded from the fight while under heavy enemy fire. Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt was awarded the Medal of Honor for these exploits at Quilali. He was to become one of the Corps' foremost aviation generals.

By 1928, airmen had flown 11,375



Official USMC Photo

Close air support, as demonstrated by the Corps' planes in Korea, prompted infantry commanders to rely heavily upon Marine pilots

hours in Nicaragua and made contact with the enemy 88 times. The flying conditions were as hazardous as the fighting. When a flap was on and the field was too small for safe take-offs and landings they flew anyway. Mechs were stationed at the end of the runway with a pot of dope and fabric patches to put the planes together after they overran the runways.

Pilots were often forced down in the deadly Central American jungles. They struggled back to their bases with stories that rivaled those of their aerial feats. Methods of air evacuation of wounded, message drops, air supply and reconnaissance were refined during the Marines' five-year tenure in Nicaragua.

By the end of 1932 the Marines had made their last flights over the jungles. Peace returned and the

Second Marine Brigade pulled out of the country.

Just before the kickoff for World War II, the Marines completed two decades of combat experience. But while they were long in field application, they were still anemic in strength. In 1921 the Corps' air arm numbered 1000 men. In June of 1940 there were less than 2000 air personnel in the ranks. The DH-4s were gone and biplanes were fading fast. Replacing them slowly were the Brewster Buffalo low wing monoplanes, sleek in line but slow in speed, and fabric covered Vindicator dive bombers. Both of these types were to see heavy service during the battle for Midway two years later.

In December, 1940, with Europe once again locked in combat, the Corps called up 11 scouting squad-

rons and two service and supply squadrons from the Reserve. This time expansion got a little edge on the start of hostilities. By Pearl Harbor day the strength of Marine air had more than tripled the 1940, figure.

The opening stanzas of World War II saw a lot of Marine heroes made, but during the first few months the Devilbirds got their wings heavily singed by the offensive air power of Japan. The planes were older and slower and the Marines were strongly outnumbered during the battles for Midway and Wake. In the best tradition of Cunningham, though, they started their comeback. Pilot training programs and courses were set up overnight. The Hellcat and the Wildcat made their debut in the Pacific. Marines became navigators after two weeks of forced fed training then went off on 5000 mile operational hops. It took scarcely longer to make men aerial photo interpreters or mechanics or ordnance men.

While thousands of Marines were starting to put new return addresses like Cherry Point, Edenton, Miramar, El Toro and Ewa on their mail, veteran pilots like Captains Hank Elrod, Hank Freuler, Marion Carl and Elmer Glidden were dunking enemy planes and lowering the boom on Japanese naval units off Wake and Midway Islands. Although they were consistently outnumbered in the early months of the big war they exacted a heavy toll from the enemy. At Wake Island (continued on page 111)



Photo by TSgt. E. L. Jarrard

Since Korea, Marine Air has worked unceasingly to develop and improve rotary wing aircraft along with vertical assault doctrines



Major John H. Glenn, Jr., became the latest Marine to set a speed record when he flew

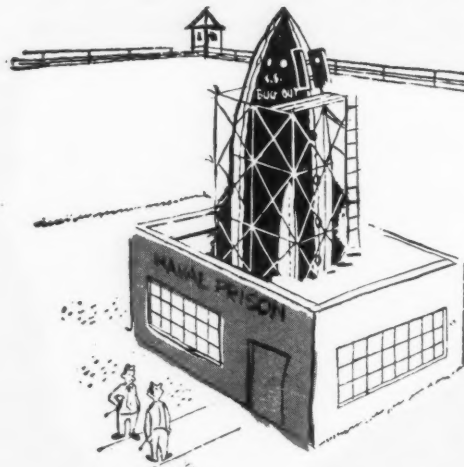
across country in an F8U-1 Crusader in less than 3 1/2 hours; faster than the speed of sound

Official USMC Photo

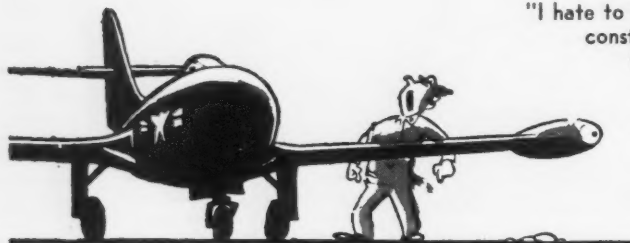
AVIATION LAFFS



"Operations? I'd like to speak to someone about those helicopter maneuvers!"

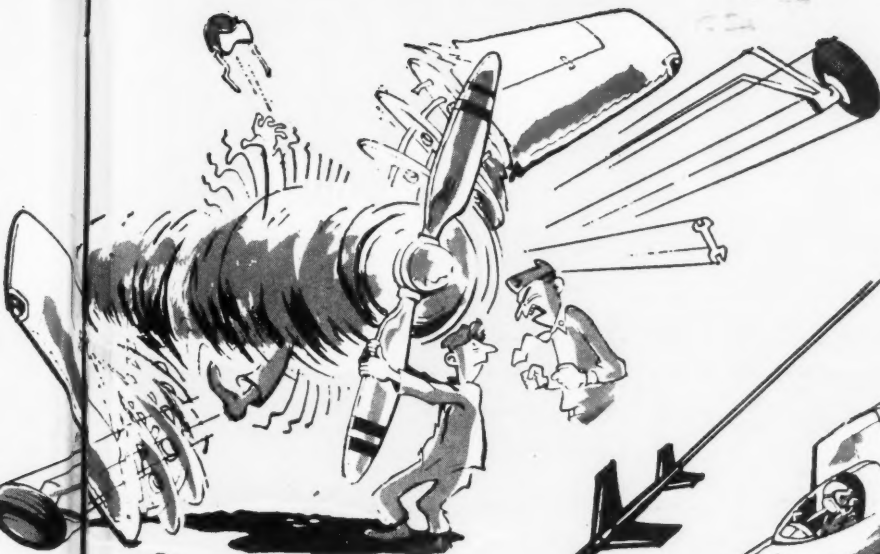


"I hate to discourage the prisoners doing constructive work during their free time but . . ."

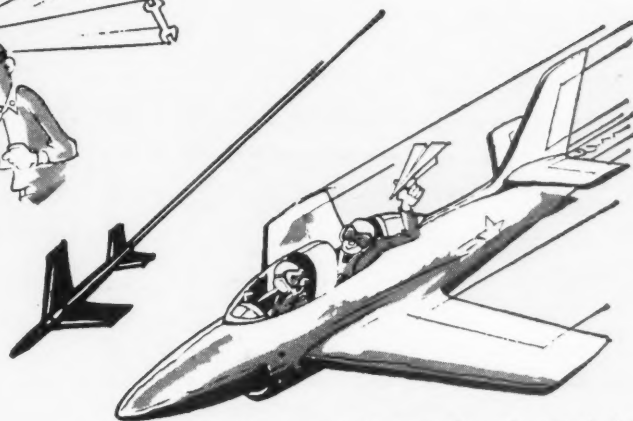


"Not that switch, you idiot!"

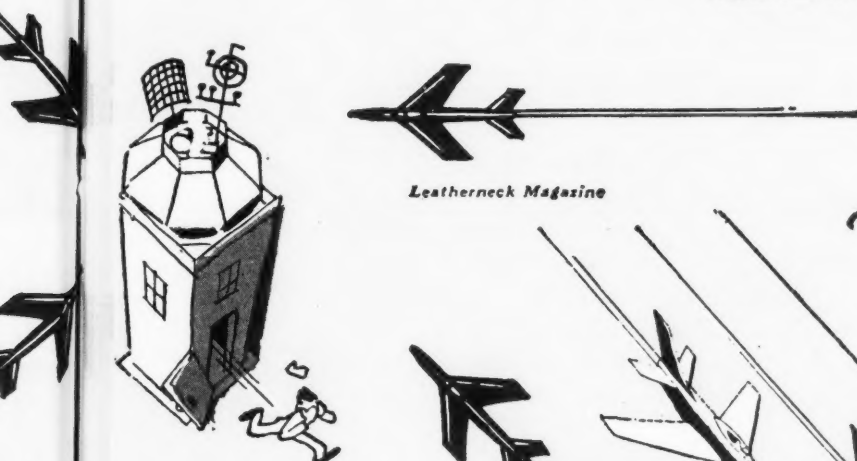
CIVILIAN
EMPLOYEES



"Dammit, man, when the engine starts, leggo of the prop!"



"Watch this one—right onto the colonel's desk."



Leatherneck Magazine



"I don't see why they have to start those engines every day when we go out to lunch!"



"Next time BuAir says they have surplus gear . . ."



Marine pilots are good, but they never get us herel"

Light of Day

by Ernest Frankel

Reprinted from the May, '53 issue of Leatherneck

"A FLARE! Let's have a flare out there!"
The boy waited, tense. No answering "thunk" from the mortars. No matchlight arc of a rifle grenade. The forms in the holes around him were like stones in a windy graveyard.

"They're coming in again!"

Speros, dozing beside him, whispered, "Knock it off. You wanna advertise where we're sittin'?"

"But, I can hear 'em again."

Another voice: "Shut up, Maxwell. Shut up or I'll clobber you!"

Now Speros put his gloved hand to Maxwell's mouth, pulled him from the parapet, down into the jagged hole. "That was Goldie, man. Don't pay to argue with him."

"But honest, they're moving in again."

"Stay loose. They're just millin' around a little now."

"They'd stop if it would only get light!"

"We'll make it. It's after three now."

(text continued on page 78)

If you're not confident about the kid

in the outfit, give him a break; he'll prove himself



"But how much longer will they keep it up? They've been at us for hours."

"Don't you know what this is, fella?"

There was sarcasm in the question. "Why this," Speros continued, "is a probin' attack. I got a letter from my old man. He says he's glad there's nothing going on here. He's gotta look on page five for the war news; and the papers say we're just havin' probin' attacks. I hope to hell I'm home when we start makin' page one!"

"When do you go home, Speros?"

"June. I got, lessee, tomorrow's Saturday, or is it Sunday?"

"Sunday."

"I got 56 more days to do."

"Last year, this time, I was home."

"I was in Diego, waiting to ship out. What a time! I met this gal and we went over to Tijuana . . ."

"Peg and me went to a sunrise service. It was nice. Real cool. Early in the morning. And there was a choir. And an organ. And the preacher talked some from The Bible. Funny. Never thought about prayin' outdoors before."

Speros shook his head. "I remember when we come back I felt lousy. And this babe takes me to church with her! I wrote my folks about goin' to church . . ."

"I never thought about where I'd be in a year," Maxwell said. "I never even thought about there being a war and guys being in Korea and me being at home."

"A year's a long time."

"Here an hour's a long time."

"Better cut it," Speros told him. "Goldie don't like no talkin' loud."

Golden slithered up to them. "All right, Greek, they're making noises like they're coming again. Keep your BAR covering Carney. He's over there with the light gun." He pointed a skinny arm to another figure, stretched across the ground, behind a machine gun. "And you, Maxwell, for Pete's sake, shoot! Don't sit through it with your thumb in your mouth again!"

"We moving back?" Maxwell asked quickly.

"There's nothing between us and the rest of the outfit but real estate. As soon as it gets light, they'll send in a platoon to relieve us. Meanwhile, I'm telling you for the last time, we hold!"

"How much longer you think we can? You already got Boone killed. Holmes and Schwartz are . . ."

"You talk too much, Maxwell. Shut up and do what you're told."

A bugle shrieked through the darkness. A frenzy of voices joined it. Golden started off to the center of his feeble line.

The Dragon Fear clawed at the boy. "They're coming again. They're screaming!"

"You got lungs," Golden yelled. "Scream back!"

What was a shadow became a form. Forms became figures. And the figures were men. Carney's machine gun beat its weird rhythm and the orchestra of BARs, rifles and grenades thundered dissonance at the night.

"Fire! Fire!"

The huddle was closer, moving in, spreading, breaching the wire.

"Fire!"

Speros grabbed another magazine, thrust it home, tapped it.

Maxwell's memory spoke, "Fire!" His fear, his torment, his senses repeated, "Fire!" "Fire!" "Fire!" He lay there, like a stagehand caught by the rising curtain. He was aware, wildly aware, of all around him. And he wanted to be somewhere else, anywhere else.

The padded figures below moved forward, stumbled, fell, rose again, moved closer. Maxwell's rifle was still silent. "Fer Pete's sake, shoot!"

"Fire!"

" . . . with your thumb in your mouth . . ."

A group of three turned, climbed furiously toward Carney's gun. Maxwell could see them, struggling forward. Now they paused to reach for grenades. Speros screamed a warning. Two of the Reds went down. Golden's rifle butt smashed the last shadow.

"Fire!"

" . . . do what you're told."

They were trying again, this time on the flank. He heard movement behind him. He turned. A scared, weak, tired, cold face sped toward him.

"Fire!"

His M-1 went off in his hands. The ragged bundle piled into the ground. It moved. Maxwell emptied his weapon. He heard the clip zing.

"They're beatin' it!"—Speros.

"Keep pourin' it to 'em!"—Golden.

Maxwell cried in his hole.

Speros watched him. "Funny kid," he told himself. "Hey, Maxwell," he said, "you did real good."

"The one over there," Maxwell nodded his head toward the crumpled bundle behind him, "I shot him."

"You'll never mind doing it again, kid."

"He was scared, Speros, real scared. I could see his face."

"Everybody's scared. I suppose. They're human."

"You ever been scared?" the boy asked.

"Listen, even Goldie gets scared. But you just don't let it lick you. You can't get clutched up!"

"Never thought I could shoot somebody like that, Speros."

"Don't get all mixed up thinkin' about it, kid. It cuts down to somebody gettin' it; and you don't want it to be you."

"I know."

"It's gonna be gettin' light. We'll be pullin' out of here, all right," Speros told him.

"Sure."

"Better get some rest, fella. I'll keep an eye open."

Maxwell stretched himself on the cold earth. He lay there, looking up into the void of a starless sky. "Speros?"

"Yeah?"

"You got a girl?"

"Sure. Two."

"I mean one special."

"Naaah."

Golden began his grim housekeeping. It was a mechanical task, perfected by repetition, done automatically, patterned on memories of yesterday and the day before and six months ago. But it was efficient, pre-



cise. It was accomplished without emotion.

He crawled across the face of the ridge. He checked each position, bandaged Leroy's arm, O'Donnell's shoulder. "Take care of your men; and they'll take care of you." It was something he had learned long ago.

He set up another watch, moved his men into a tighter perimeter. "Every unit is responsible for its own security."

He ordered them to dig deeper, to prepare positions to which they might move. "A defensive position is never completed."

He surveyed his ghostly band. Only six left in decent shape—and Maxwell couldn't be counted on. Daylight, he thought, how soon will it be light? Golden moved across the pinnacle to where the badly wounded lay. He used his last two morphine syrettes, wrapped ponchos more tightly about the two quivering men, spoke to them, moved on.

Maxwell shifted his legs under him, then sat up. He looked at Speros, crouched with automatic rifle in his lap, watching the darkness. "I'll take it now, if you want."

"Okey."

The boy crawled up beside Speros. "See anything?"

"Nothin'."

"Think they're comin' back?"

"Can't tell," Speros answered as he slumped into the hole.

Maxwell sat alone in the cold and silent night. He saw Golden move down the flank. He watched Carney arranging his belts of ammo. He heard a flight pass overhead and followed the hum out into the distance. He listened to the muffled thud from a cruiser, far off, as it lobbed fire into the rear. He searched the distant sky for a hint of light.

"Speros?"

"Uh huh?"

"I been thinkin'. When it gets light, Speros, and if we get out all right . . ."

"Maybe there'll be a chaplain and we can have a service."

"We're gonna get out all right."

"Okey kid. We go. I'm gonna feel like prayin'."

"Suuuuwish!" Golden turned, saw the round strike about 100 yards to his rear. Strange, he thought, how you learn to tell which way they're going. Just a shadow of a difference in the sound. But one was comfort. The other was warning. He turned to watch his front, hoping the next round wouldn't be there—but sure that it would. "Suuuuwish!" The blast echoed again. This time, short.

Got us bracketed. Golden's mind raced. The next one may be in on us! Already the two replacements were climbing from their holes, moving back toward the promising safety of the reverse slope.

"Get down. Dammit!" he shouted. "Get down in your hole." He rushed toward them. "You wanna let them move up on us while we're sitting on our hands back there? I'll brain the next one that moves!"

"Suuuuwish!" Golden dived into the nearest hole. The light of the blast was still short, but much closer.

"Hey, pull your foot from out of my middle," Speros told him.

Golden turned his body, got up on his knees.

"Fine," said Speros. "You're now welcome to our humble home."

"You think they got our range?" Maxwell asked Golden.

"Don't know. They can't see us. They're firing from some reference point or by map or by guess."

"Suuuuwish!" Closer.

"Oh, mama," Speros yelled, "don't let that gunner lower the tube!"

Now the needles of steel were

stitching the base of the ridge. The men, huddled low, could only see the fingers of light, reaching, pointing, nearly touching them.

Golden called out to his men. "Stay on the ball. They may try to move up under this." He searched the front by the mortarlight. Saw nothing that moved.

The gunner was beginning to comb the ridge.

"How you doin', kid?" Speros asked Maxwell.

"Okey."

"Put a clip in your piece," Golden told him.

"Goldie, he got him one before. Not five feet away and he got him."

"Good. But don't let them in that close again."

The ridge exploded with fire and thunder. The probing fingers were now a doubled fist smashing, pounding, crushing. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. One blast rose on the echo of the last. And above them all, one many-lunged scream. The suuuuwish-karoomb, the blast, the light, diminished, spent. A bugle, frantic, crazed, joined the cacophony. Again the enemy was moving in.

"Here we go," Goldie said. "Hold your fire till Carney opens up again. He'll blast them when they hit the wire."

The forms moving below were bold shadows. Their shouts grew louder as they moved toward the concertina of wire. But then, though the bugle and the insistent shrieks continued, the forms stopped. They dropped down when Carney's gun kicked slugs at them. They moved no closer.

"They're like a mob down there," Speros yelled as he emptied a magazine at the padded clot to their front.

"I'd give my first Stateside liberty for a mortar now," Golden hollered back.

Maxwell kept his eye to the sight. He lay there, methodically squeezing off the eight rounds, putting in another clip, firing again. He looked to see if Golden was watching him.

Now the line before the wire began to fire, too. The air sang with lead and ricochets and screams.

"They're trying to pin us down in our holes," Golden told them. "Some smart Commie has decided to envelop us."

"Then they'll try coming up the draw on the left," Speros said.

"O'Donnell and Anderson are over on that side. We'll hear . . ."

His words seemed to have been a cue for the enemy. They heard the "whooshrack" of a grenade, then another. Then two rifles firing rapidly.

"They've hit us on the flank. I've got to

(continued on page 108)



"He can't make it," Maxwell insisted. But Speros was there, down beside the machine gun. He and Carney were pinned against the hill



I'LL NEVER

The rules for getting along are simple. Don't touch his mail, personal pictures or weapons

by SSgt. Jack Slocum
USMC Combat Correspondent

*Reprinted from the Nov. '45
issue of Leatherneck*

THE MARINE with whom I live today is a character I'll never forget. He answers to many names and at times I've put my head on a pillow and prayed I could wake tomorrow and find him gone. I've grown sick of his face, sick of his voice, sick of his family. Still every day he grows nearer to me, and every day I'm more sure that I'll never forget him nor lose my affection for him.

I don't suppose anybody really cares what I think of him, least of all, he himself. My country, suffering from an analytical binge, has described him a hundred different ways. He used to be considered as simple as a problem as two plus two, but he has grown as complex as relativity. Suffering from nothing worse than a cold in the nose, he is being treated for lobar pneumonia. He has a sense of humor that enables him to laugh out loud at the amateur psychiatrists who plague his life. The tear-jerking commercial advertisements that have flooded his reading matter verge on a stupidity that is mildly amusing. When politicians have the disgustingly poor taste to resurrect his former tentmate, call him GI Jim and be presumptuous enough to get out a crystal ball and read his mind, he is insulted. However, he also enjoys this Americana—in much the same way as he would the circus.

He laughs at the story that tells him the country has provided a flock

of new national cemeteries for himself and his loved ones and with mock sincerity he congratulates himself upon his luck.

He isn't a dashing devil-may-care hero. Nor is he a frightened, worried creature. He has long realized that the thin line which supposedly separates genius from insanity is even thinner when it gets in between bravery and stupidity.

At times he can drive you to near insanity. On occasions he can prevent you from reaching that goal under your own power.

His complaints have received nationwide attention. His little wants are supposed to be the wishes of a nation. In truth, nine-tenths of his complaints spring from boredom and an ever-present sympathetic audience. He has proved that his complaints diminish with enemy activity. His beefs and desires grow with inactivity.

He doesn't like death but he can grow more upset about a cut finger or a sick pet at home. He has been heard to say after the death of a friend, "Well, we aren't playing for marbles."

In his foxhole he wonders out loud as to what manner of maniac would make a one-man bombing attack on a clear moonlit night. For the life of him he can't figure the mental operations of his opponents, but laughingly he admits that it doesn't make a helluva lot of difference whether he

kills them or they kill themselves.

Trouble doesn't mean too much to him because its familiarity has bred contempt. You may wear his clothes, spend his money, borrow his books and share his food.

You can't touch his personal pictures, you can't bother him when he has mail from home and you can't touch his personal weapons. The rules for getting along with him are simple and easy to follow.

Sometimes his voice gets loud and stern but you never see him raise his hand in anger against his companion. Silent contempt is just about his strongest attack in his own group.

He wants to return home, but not as a conquering hero, nor like a person who has been away on a long fishing trip. He doesn't think the country owes him anything, and he'll tell you that there isn't enough money in the nation to pay a man for the type of work he has been doing. The one thing he doesn't want is to be treated as a laboratory test tube.

He can laugh or be grouchy and wonders why that should surprise anybody. He can be hungry, thirsty or romantic, but there is nothing new in that. Loyalty and cooperation have become second nature to him.

He wants a few mental problems to face for himself because he is tired of other people doing nine-tenths of his thinking. He has no complaint about the fellow who didn't get into the war and often sympathizes with his repressed enthusiasm. In spite of all of his complaints he considers himself lucky to be part of the big show.

His life is like a game of cards and he has to play what is dealt whether he likes it or not. When his time is up he can leave the game and that means either death, or home.

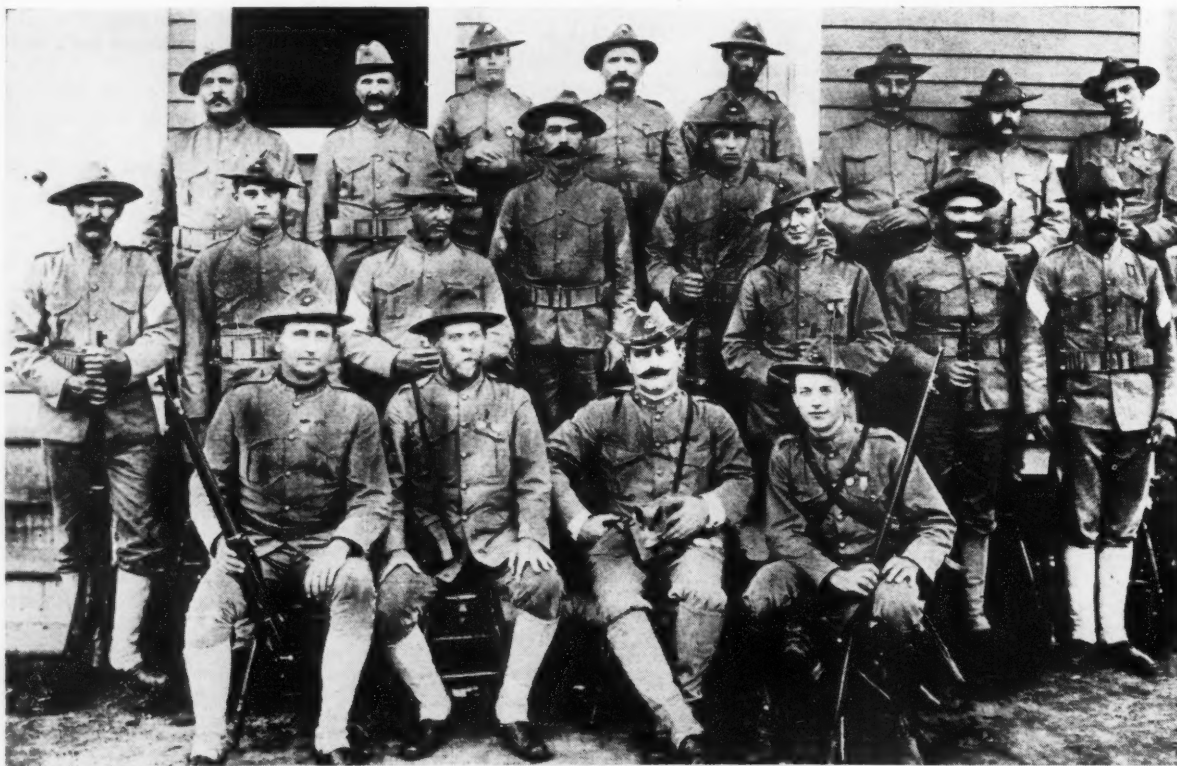
His great wish is that he be excused from the role of guinea pig by a country full of amateur and professional psychoanalysts. He wants his family again, but until war's end he didn't want them as much as he wanted his country to win this war.

I'll never forget him, and neither will you. **END**

FORGET HIM

40 YEARS

PASS IN REVIEW

*Official USMC Photo*

The 1903 Marine Corps Rifle Team that fired in the Sea Girt, N. J., matches. Seated in the front

row (l to r): Capt. R. C. Dewey; Cpl. S. I. Scott; Lt. Col. C. Lauchheimer, and 1st Lt. T. Holcomb

From 1911 to 1940, the Marine Corps won 15 out of 24 National Rifle Team Matches

"THE MARINES are considered a sort of elite Corps, designed to go into action outside the United States. The high percentage of Marksmen, Sharpshooters and Expert Riflemen, as perceived among our prisoners, allows a conclusion to be drawn as to the quality of the training in rifle marksmanship that the Marines received. The prisoners are mostly members of the better class, many of them artisans, and they consider their membership in the Marine Corps to be something of an honour. They proudly resent any attempts to place their regiments on a par with other infantry regiments. . . .

Their training in rifle marksmanship is remarkable. Once they broke through our left flank and settled down behind rocks and by their rifle fire broke up every counter-attack . . ."

From a captured World War I German war document

IN THE SUMMER of 1901, a letter postmarked Trenton, N. J., was delivered to the desk of Commandant, General Charles Heywood. It was from the Governor of New Jersey inviting the Marines to fire at the Sea Girt Range. The occasion: the first firing of the national matches. And, except for war and depression, the tradition has continued since.

To find his team, Gen. Heywood scanned the records of all (139) qualified marksmen that year, then ordered the best to Sea Girt. Major Charles H. Lauchheimer was designated team captain. Among those who made the first team that year was a future Commandant, Lieutenant Thomas Holcomb who, in 1902, incidentally, was to win the world's individual rifle title in the International Palma Match.

After the smoke had settled from the Hilton Trophy Match on Septem-

MARKSMANSHIP

ber 2, 1901, it would be good to say, "Naturally—the Marines won"

But they didn't.

In 1901, the Corps' team could do no better than sixth. The Army placed seventh, and the Navy 13th among a field of 15 entries. First place went to New York's crack National Guard team which won by a whopping 86 points over its traditional New Jersey rivals.

One reason, perhaps, that the team fared no better than sixth, could have been that the .30 caliber Krag Jorgenson was new. It had replaced the Lee Rifle in 1900. But the Marines offered no alibis.

by MSgt. Paul Sarokin

Leatherneck Staff Writer

They were determined, however, to win a national trophy, and were not above engaging in a few little shenanigans to do it. The best coach available in 1903 was a 56-year-old dentist from Sandy Springs, Maryland, Dr. Samuel T. Scott. The Marines enlisted the doc as a private, got him into uniform in time for the 1903 matches, then discharged the dentist

as a gunnery sergeant, after the 1905 matches ended.

The following year, Congress ok'd from one to three dollars extra per month for qualified marksmen in the service. One dollar went to marksmen; two to sharpshooters, and three to expert riflemen. This added some incentive to individual shooting accuracy as Marines vied with each other for easy "beer money."

Determined Marines continued their quest for shooting laurels annually and sent teams to the National Matches. During the era from 1903 to 1909 however, they never placed higher than fourth. When the Matches

TURN PAGE



U. S. MARINE CORPS RIFLE TEAM SQUAD 1909

REAR ROW—left to right: 1. Private Peter J. Goliwas. 2. Corporal Ernest E. Eiler. 3. Private Watt G. Higgenbotham. 4. Corporal James E. Snow. 5. Private George W. Farnham. 6. Corporal William A. Fagner.

MIDDLE ROW—left to right: 1. Gunnery Sergeant Peter S. Lund. 2. Sergeant John J. Andrews. 3. Captain D. C. McDougal. 4. Captain William C. Harlee, Team Captain. 5. First Lieutenant W. Dulty Smith. 6. First Sergeant Thomas F. Joyce. 7. Sergeant Frederick Wahlstrom.

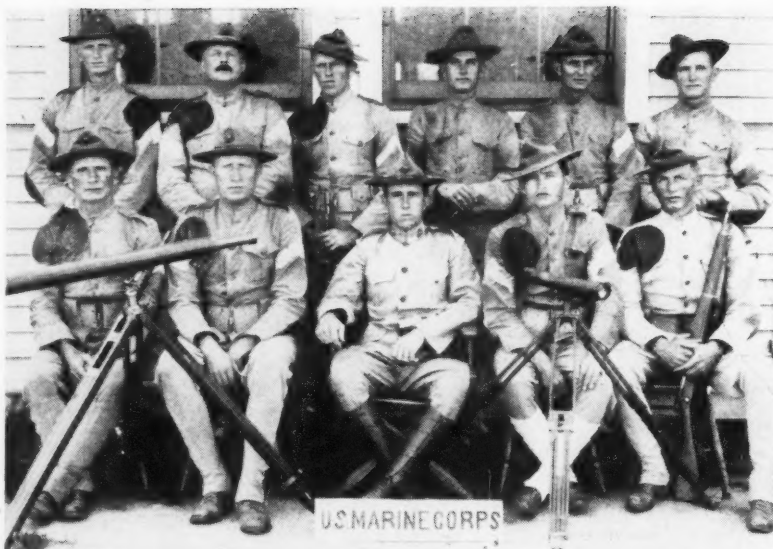
BOTTOM ROW—left to right: 1. First Lieutenant Randolph Coyle. 2. First Lieutenant Sidney A. Merriam (Spotter). 3. Gunnery Sergeant Henry Baptist (Coach). 4. Private George W. Stevens. 5. Private John D. Worsham.

MARKSMANSHIP (cont.)

moved to Camp Perry, Ohio, in 1907, Marines didn't win there, either. In 1910, however, armed with the new .03 Springfield, the Corps placed second. That year Corporal G. W. Farnum was the first Marine to win the President's Match. The following year, under Captain Douglas C. McDougal the Corps finally took its first National Match. Corporal Calvin A. Lloyd equalled Farnum's feat and took the President's Match that year. Marines won the national matches again in 1916.

When World War I erupted, the shooting was in earnest, and no matches were held in 1917. Interest in marksmanship though, didn't lag. Despite the doubling of the Corps' size, 82.8 per cent of all Marines qualified in 1918. Some of the credit for this high shooting must go to the rumor then current that no Marine would be sent overseas unless he qualified with the rifle. The year 1918 also marked the opening of the Quantico range.

The matches were resumed that year as Congress authorized the National Matches. What the Marines accomplished in the shoot that year was a harbinger of what was ahead. The team headed by Major H. L. Smith and coached by Captain Joseph



Official USMC Photo

The Corps' 1914 Rifle Team that participated in the 1914 Sea Girt Matches. Lieutenant Calvin Matthews, center, was the team captain

Jackson took first place. At Caldwell, N. J., the following year, the Marine team won again, defeating an AEF team which carried five Marines as shooting members.

The year 1919 saw the Corps go all-out to get an outstanding team. That year, *Leatherneck* carried the following article:

BIGGEST RIFLE MATCH PLANNED

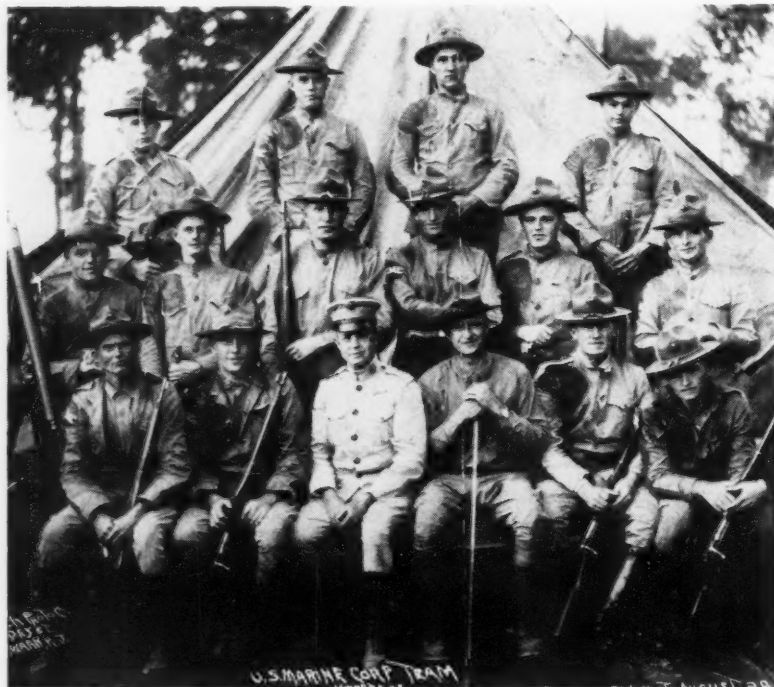
"This year's National Rifle Match is expected to be the largest that has ever been held. Cooperation of all officers is requested in the selection of the very best personnel to represent the Marine Corps.

"All officers, particularly those in charge of rifle ranges and target practices, are requested to submit to the Inspector of Target Practice, at any time between now and June 1, the names of men whom they believe to be qualified to try out for the Marine Corps team. As a guide to recommendation, men should be of good character, and 'good sports.'

"No alibi artists are desired. Consistently good shots are needed, who can make 270 or better over the Army Course, with a score of 45 or better at 600-yards, slow fire. It is also desirable to select men who accept conditions as they are and make no alibis."

Then in 1920, the Marines dropped to third place in the matches. But the following year, unforgettable shooting history was made. It was the year of the Big Team of 1921—and in shooting circles, they still talk about it.

The Corps' Golden Age of Marksmanship dawned that year. The record all-time high set then has never been equalled before or since. The amazing Marines competed in three matches: Wakefield, Sea Girt and Perry. They won 44 out of 71 events including the National Individual and Team Matches and set seven world records.



Official USMC Photo

The Marine Corps team that fired in the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, in August, 1919. Major H. L. Smith was the CO

The blitz was launched by Gunnery Sergeant Thomas J. Jones at Wakefield. He fired 132 consecutive fives into a 10-inch A-target at 300-yards. Then Captain Joseph Jackson, fired eight consecutive possibles, 80 shots in a 300-yard rapid fire match—and quit only because he got tired of working his bolt.

At Sea Girt that year, Gunny Jones fired the first possible ever made in the 15-shot Libbey Match at 1100 yards. He kept on firing for more than two solid hours, putting 68 consecutive fives in the 36-inch bull's-eye for what on-the-spot observers called the greatest exhibition of long-range shooting in history.

For good measure, Marine Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd fired 101 consecutive bull's-eyes at 600-yards, and Sergeant Edward F. Holzhauser scored 41 straight hits at 1200 yards. The *American Rifleman* called this feat "the most sensational shooting under match conditions ever recorded."

Then the awesome Marines moved into Camp Perry. First Sergeant John W. Adkins continued the unprecedented pace by scoring 75 consecutive hits at 1000 yards in the Wimbledon Cup Match, and followed that up by a string of 80 bulls in a row at 900 yards. Gunner Lloyd fired 83 straight at 800 yards, but that record fell when his team-mate, Sergeant Theodore B. Crawley fired 176 straight hits. Two years later, however, Sergeant Edgar J. Doyle, also at Sea Girt, ran a string of 201 straight bulls at 500 yards.

After that, officials decided to change the targets.

In 1922, new V-rings appeared in the official targets. Still in use today, the V-ring is, in a way, a silent tribute to the amazing Big Team of 1921 which helped give the Corps its reputation as the Shootin'est Service.

The year 1922 was also one in which *Leatherneck* gave marksmanship its greatest coverage up to that time. Here are some typical articles of that year:

RIFLE AND PISTOL COMPETITIONS FOR THE YEAR

"The following rifle and pistol competitions will be held during 1922 at the designated times and places: Eastern Division Rifle Competition: Quantico, Va., May 15. Southeastern Div. Rifle Competition: Parris Island, May 10. Western Div. Rifle Competition: Mare Island, Calif., May 8. West Indies Div. Rifle Competition: Guantanamo Bay, May 1. Eastern Div. Pistol Competition: Quantico (to be announced). Southeastern Div. Pistol Competition: Parris Island. West Indies Div. Pistol Competi-

tion: Guantanamo Bay. Marine Corps Rifle Competition: Quantico, Va., May 22. Marine Corps Pistol Competition: Quantico, Elliott Trophy Match: Quantico. San Diego Trophy Match: Mare Island, Calif. Lauchheimer Trophy Match: Quantico National Matches: Camp Perry, Ohio, September 2-28"

* * *

MARINE RIFLEMAN ESTABLISHES RECORD

"In winning first place in the Marine Corps competition held at Quantico last week, Sgt. Major Leo P. Cartier, who also captured the Eastern Division competition,

set a new record for the course. Sgt. Cartier made a total of six-hundred and sixty-seven (667).

"The names, post, scores and medals of the first eight in the Marine Corps competition, follow: Sgt. Major Leo P. Cartier, Quantico, 667, Gold Medal. Capt. Emmett W. Skinner, Quantico, 653, Silver Medal. Sgt. Stephen J. Dickerson, West Indies, 653, Silver Medal. Corp. Oliver P. Dailey, West Indies, 652, Silver Medal. Pvt. James A. Wilkins, Mare Island, 649, Bronze Medal. Pvt. Alfred L. Shannon, Quantico, 644, Bronze Medal

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

The Olympic Rifle Team at Antwerp, 1920. Major W. D. Smith, and Sergeants O. Schriver, M. Fisher, and R. Henshaw, were members



Official USMC Photo

The U. S. International Rifle Team at Quantico, in 1930. Morris Fisher is at left in second row. Dr. E. Swanson: right, rear row

MARKSMANSHIP (cont.)

Sgt. Carl R. Fuqua, West Indies, 644, Bronze Medal
Gunnery Sgt. Bill E. Clary, Boston, 643 Bronze Medal."

The August issue of *Leatherneck* that year also covered the Corps' activities in the International competitions:

TWO MARINES WIN PLACES ON INTERNATIONAL TEAM

"In the competition for places on the international rifle team which was held last week on the Marine Corps range at Quantico, places were won by two Marines, one Navy rifleman, one Army, and two civilians. The Marines winning places were Sgt. Morris Fisher and either Capt. Joseph Jackson or Marine Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd, both of whom made the same score in the tryouts. Major L. W. I. Waller will act as team captain, and Lieutenant Commander C. T. Osborn, USN, will be team coach.

"The team will sail for Europe on the *SS Blue Hen State* on August 22. The matches will be fired at Milan, Italy, from September 12-20.

"The scores in the tryouts were higher than those made in competition last year when the American team won the world's championship. This indicates that the American riflemen have greatly improved in the standing and kneeling positions. . . ."

The following month, *Leatherneck* printed a follow-up on this team's progress:

AMERICAN TEAM WINS INTERNATIONAL MATCH

"The Rifle Team representing the U. S. in the International Matches just fired at Milan, Italy, successfully defended the championship won last year. Until last year the famous Argentine Cup, the trophy awarded in the International Matches had been held by Switzerland continuously from the time it was placed in competition.

"Last year American riflemen lifted the cup and this year, retained it.

"The highest score for one day's shooting was made by Marine Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd.

"The Swiss team was the nearest competitor and the margin of victory was small, the American team winning out by less than fifty points."

In October, 1922, this brief item was listed:

MARINE RIFLE TEAM WINS NATIONAL MATCHES

"This makes the sixth time that the Marine team has won the National Match, having finished first in 1911, 1916, 1919, and 1921."

Leatherneck's last issue of 1922 cited the resume for the Corps' marksmanship that year:

"During the months of May, June, July, August and September," the

magazine reported, "8492 officers and men fired the Army course for qualification. Of these, 81 per cent qualified as marksmen or better. Seventeen per cent of the total number firing qualified as expert riflemen."

In this era, the Marine who amassed the most amazing marksmanship record is undoubtedly Gunny Morris Fisher. Fisher stands out like a giant among his competitors. He twice won the individual Olympic rifle titles, won five world's individual shooting crowns, and earned a place on eight International Rifle Teams. He was also a member of five Marine Corps Rifle and two Pistol Teams. For nine years, no U. S. team was complete without him. During this period he was awarded more than 100 medals and shooting trophies.

Morris Fisher got off to an inconspicuous start. No one in his boot camp in 1911, could have had the slightest premonition that he'd become one of the world's greatest shooters. Least of all his coaches. Fisher failed to qualify the first time he fired! The 18-year-old kid from Youngstown, Ohio, had had no previous experience with weapons and took little interest in shooting. It was not until he had been transferred to Pearl Harbor from PI, that he grew serious about the rifle and pistol. He tried out for the team at the insistence of Captain McDougal, CO, MB, Pearl Harbor, who said: "We are going to have a team." So was born the country's greatest international rifle shot.



The Marine Corps 1938 Team at Camp Perry, Ohio. General T. Holcomb, then Commandant,

is in the center of the first row. The team took second place in the national matches that year

Official USMC Photo

Then, from the early '20s and until 1930, Fisher was a shooting member of every U. S. team. He competed in France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, and Belgium, doing some of his greatest shooting abroad. At Camp Perry, his followers called him the best shooter in the nation. In 1923, Fisher broke by 15 points the record of 1075 made by a Swiss rifleman, using the Springfield.

And he didn't neglect the pistol. Fisher became distinguished with this weapon in 1923 and in 1931 he won the Lauchheimer Trophy, awarded for combined rifle and pistol skill. Today, Fisher lives quietly in California.

In 1923, *Leatherneck* noted with considerable pride that a renowned marksman was shooting for a commission:

WELL KNOWN RIFLEMAN BECOMES CANDIDATE FOR COMMISSION

"The latest member to join the class of candidates for commission now under instruction at the MB, Wash., D. C., is Sgt. J. W. Adkins, who is well-known in shooting circles as the holder of two world's records. Sgt. Adkins holds the world's record for consecutive 'bulls'-eyes' at both 900 and 1000 yards having made 80 at the shorter range and 75 at the longer.

"Sgt. Adkins was late in reporting to class because he had been detached from his regular post to accompany the rifle team to Wakefield."

Although the rifle competition became an annual event in the nation after the 1901 Sea Girt tournament, it was not until the beginning of the 20s that the *Pistol Team Match* was first included in the program. Within two decades after it was launched the match was won nine times by the Marines. The Corps also won consistently *individual* events, copping the National *Individual Rifle Match* nine times and winning the National *Individual Pistol* event five times. The winning of all *four* National match events in one season by any one team has been accomplished only twice, and each time by Marines.

Marines, about this time, were also doing quite well in international competitions. *Leatherneck* had this to say in 1924:

US RIFLEMEN WIN INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

"A cablegram was received at HQMC on June 17, 1924, from

Major L. W. T. Waller, Jr., now at Rheims, France, stating that the U. S. Rifle Team had won the International Championship with a total score of 5284 points.

Gy-Sgt. Morris Fisher of the Marine Corps again captured the individual championship of the world with a total of 1075 points in standing, kneeling, and prone positions. He won the kneeling championship at 300 meters by making 365 points. Gy-Sgt. Fisher held the individual championship last year and was the only man to go over with the team this year who did not have to participate in the tryouts for a place on the team. The Marine Corps is proud to claim Gy-Sgt. Fisher and is most appreciative of his wonderful shooting for the Corps and the U. S.

"The results of the shoot at Rheims are as follows:

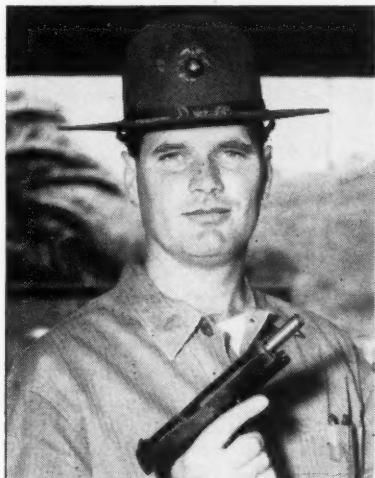
US, 5284
Switzerland, 5184
France, 5097
Argentina, 5093
Denmark, 5071
Finland, 5036
Italy, 4872
Sweden, 4861
Holland, 4860
Haiti, 4819
Norway 4764
Belgium, 4617
Roumania, 2950

Also in 1924, the Marines lost their three-year hold on first place in the National Matches and slipped to second position.

Under the guidance of Major H. L. Smith and Capt. Jackson however, the Corps bounced back into first in the National Rifle Match of 1925.

MARINE SHOOTERS SWEEP WAKEFIELD RIFLE MATCH

"The record books for 1925 will be overflowing after Old Man
(continued on page 120)



Official USMC Photo
Lt. McMillan was first Marine
to win the National Pistol title



Photo by SSgt. Hal Briggs
SSgt. M. Pietroforte won the
1957 Service Rifle championship

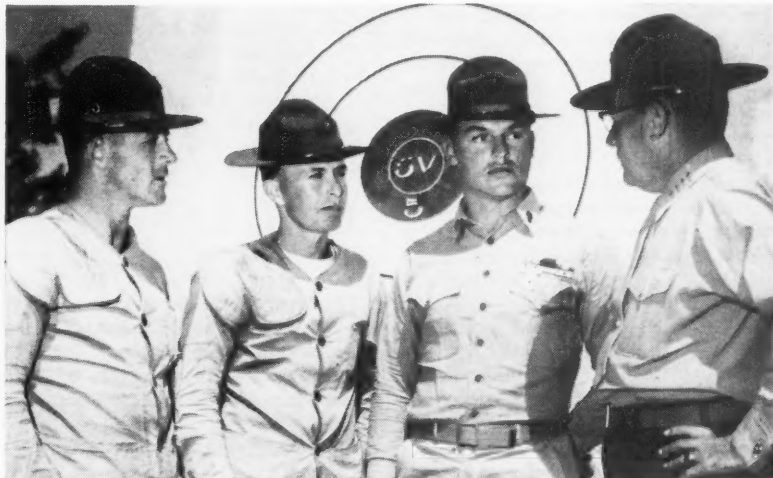


Photo by SSgt. J. Heard
TSgt. J. A. Zahm, SSgts. E. D. Duncan, A. A. Estes, all winners
at Camp Perry, Ohio, were congratulated by General R. McC. Pate

Leatherneck

Edited by MSgt. Paul Sarokin

SALUTES... the four-star generals who have served as Commandants of the Marine Corps



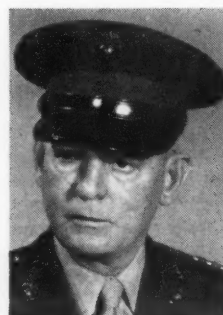
General Holcomb



General Vandegrift



General Cates



General Shepherd



General Pate

Thomas Holcomb

WHEN THE 2d Battalion, Sixth Marines was being organized at Quantico, for AEF duty, its leadership was given to Major Thomas Holcomb. His unit, together with the Fourth Brigade, went into action near Verdun in March and April, 1918.

The 2d Battalion, Sixth, captured Bouresches and held that position for three days, then took part in the historic battle of Belleau Wood. Holcomb also fought in the St. Mihiel, Battle of Blanc Mont Ridge and Meuse-Argonne battles.

For his outstanding World War I service, Holcomb received the Navy Cross, Croix de Guerre; French Legion of Honor; Silver Star; French Fourragere, and Purple Heart.

Lt. Col. Holcomb was a member of the Operations and Training Division at Marine Corps Headquarters in 1925. Two years later, however, he was in China and commanding the Marine Detachment, American Legation at Peking. He was promoted to colonel three days before Christmas of 1928.

Promotion to brigadier general came

on March 13, 1935, and the next year President Roosevelt selected him to be Commandant of the Marine Corps.

As Commandant, Holcomb was deeply conscious of the requirements that the forthcoming major war would demand. He foresaw the necessity of seizing Pacific bases and he knew that a hard-hitting, well-balanced force of all arms had to be built.

At 64, Holcomb asked to be retired. The President reluctantly agreed. But first Holcomb was to serve as Minister to South Africa. After four years there, General Holcomb retired to the leisurely life of a farmer. Today he relaxes on his St. Mary's, Md. farm.

* * *

A. A. Vandegrift

IN 1909, Alexander A. Vandegrift received an appointment as a second lieutenant. He was in action in the Nicaraguan campaign the following year, then fought at Vera Cruz, Mexico.

Later, he also took part in the fighting against Cacos bandits at LeTrou and Fort Capois, Haiti.

He was selected as military secretary to the Commandant, General T.

Holcomb, in June, 1937. His promotion to brigadier general came in April 1, 1940, and with it an assignment as assistant to the Commandant. He held that billet until November the following year, then reported to the First Marine Division. He was promoted to major general on March 20, 1942 to command the first Marine division ever to leave the shores of the U. S.

The division's mission then was to seize Guadalcanal and it marked the first large-scale offensive against Japan.

In 1944, he was selected to succeed General Holcomb as Commandant. He led the Marine Corps as its 18th Commandant throughout the remainder of World War II. During the last 18 months of World War II, the Corps reached unprecedented strength and power. At its peak, Vandegrift was promoted to full general, the first Marine general on active duty ever to reach four-star rank.

General Vandegrift retired on December 31, 1947, to his Charlottesville, Va., home, after almost four decades as a Marine. Among his decorations are the Medal of Honor, Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Medal and a

number of foreign government decorations.

* * *

Clifton B. Cates

WHEN WORLD WAR I came, Clifton B. Cates closed his law books and followed the career of a professional Marine.

His first assignment, as a second lieutenant, was to Parris Island. He received additional training at Quantico, and then was assigned to the 96th Co., 2d Battalion, which reached Europe on February 5, 1918.

He came out of World War I with the Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Cross, Croix de Guerre with two palms and Gold Star, and two Purple Hearts, then spent several months with the German Army of Occupation.

Cates later became Aide-de-Camp to the Commandant and then was selected as an Aide to President Woodrow Wilson.

In the 1920s and '30s, Cates made the rounds of various posts and stations, including a tour in China, where he gained a valuable opportunity to study at close hand the Japanese military machine.

When Japanese bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, Cates was in charge of the Basic School at Philadelphia. A few months later, he commanded the First Marine Regiment at New River, N.C. There almost 50 per cent of the officers were recent graduates of his school in Philadelphia. The Marines who sailed for Guadalcanal with Cates were superbly trained.

After the Canal operation, Cates became Director of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico. He had been promoted to brigadier general by September, 1944, then commanded the Fourth Marine Division through Tinian and Iwo.

On New Year's Day, 1948, President Harry S. Truman appointed General Cates to be the 19th Commandant.

The outbreak of hostilities in Korea posed a problem for the 75,000-man Corps but General Cates had the First Provisional Marine Brigade on its way to the Far East nine days following the order for its activation.

In his military career, General Cates commanded, under fire, every tactical unit from a platoon to a division. He retired on June 30, 1954.

* * *

Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.

LEMUEL C. SHEPHERD, Jr., earned his second lieutenant's bars five days after the U. S. entered World War I.

Lt. Shepherd made it to France in

time for the intensive fighting in the Verdun sector. In June, 1918, at Chateau-Thierry, his troops helped stem the German charge which was threatening Paris. In that fighting he was wounded, but declined medical treatment and continued to lead his men. In the furious counter-attack at Belleau Wood, however, he was severely wounded and evacuated. He rejoined his Marines in August, and fought with them through the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne (Blanc Mont) campaigns, until he was again hit. Shepherd was decorated with the Navy Cross, Silver Star, Purple Heart, French Croix de Guerre and the Montenegrin Medaille pour la Bravoure Militaire for his World War I service.

He was selected to be an Aide to the Major General Commandant, John A. Lejeune. Then he moved on to the White House as a Junior Aide to President Warren G. Harding.

In April, 1927, he was with the Expeditionary Force in Tientsin, China and was later Regimental Adjutant of the Fourth at Shanghai. He was overseas again a few years later as District and Department Commander in the Garde d'Haiti. While there he was promoted to major, and in July, 1935, he was selected for lieutenant colonel.

Four months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Col. Shepherd was C.O. of the newly activated Ninth Marines, later a nucleus for the Third Marine Division. Col. Shepherd trained his men hard at Camp Pendleton for nine months, then led them overseas in January, 1943, to New Zealand and Guadalcanal. He soon was promoted to brigadier general and transferred to the First Marine Division.

In the New Gloucester operation, the general commanded the task force operating in the Borgen Bay sector, site of some of the heaviest fighting.

From there General Shepherd returned to the Canal to command the newly organized First Marine Brigade. He helped plan the recapture of Guam then led his command in seizing two beachheads.

When he returned to his Guadalcanal base, the Sixth Marine Division was activated, and General Shepherd was promoted to major general and given the command. Its task: prepare for the assault on Okinawa.

After the successful Okinawa campaign, the general took his division into North China, where he received the surrender of the Japanese forces at Tsingtao on October 25, 1945.

He received his third star in June, 1950, then flew to Pearl Harbor when the Korean fighting began. There he helped the Commander-in-Chief,

Pacific Fleet, plan the battle strategy. As a member of General MacArthur's staff he also helped plan the Inchon-Seoul operation. When the Chinese Reds closed in on the First Division at the Chosin Reservoir area, he flew to Koto-ri to be with the Marines.

In the Fall of 1951, General Shepherd's selection to be the 20th Commandant was announced. He took office on New Year's Day, 1952.

He completed his tour as Commandant of the Marine Corps on December 31, 1955, was retired and appointed Chairman of the Inter-American Defense Board, which position he now holds.

* * *

Randolph McC. Pate

GENERAL Randolph McC. Pate qualified for a second lieutenantcy in the Marine Corps in September, 1921, and was assigned to Quantico.

His first foreign service was at Santo Domingo and Haiti in 1923-24. From there he moved on to China in 1927-29. In the Orient he served in the International Settlement at Shanghai with the Fourth Marines. When Pate returned from China he was assigned to Parris Island.

During the early part of World War II, he served at Camp Lejeune (then called New River) as Assistant Chief of Staff, G-4, for the First Marine Division. For his intricate planning of the amphibious assault on Guadalcanal, he was awarded the Legion of Merit by the Commandant, General Vandegrift.

The year World War II ended, he was Director of the Division of Reserve, facing the crucial task of rebuilding the Reserve program.

In November, 1951 General Pate was re-appointed Director of the Division of Reserve and served there until his promotion to major general in July, 1952. He then commanded the Second Marine Division at Camp Lejeune.

After this, he led the First Marine Division in Korea, then returned to Washington where he was promoted to lieutenant general, then became Assistant Commandant, under General Shepherd.

On October 17, 1955, President Eisenhower, appointing his first Marine Corps Commandant, selected General Pate to head the Corps. He took office as the 21st Commandant on New Year's Day, 1956, for a two-year term. On September 27, 1957, the President reappointed General Pate as Commandant for two years beginning January 1, 1958. **END**



Official USMC Photo
When the Korean emergency hit, Reserve elements, like the battalion in Washington, D. C., were on station and standing by in 53 days

THE THIRD

**Mobilized in '40, again in '50,
the Reserve has learned a lot; all of it
is in the current mobilization plans**

by Robert W. Tallent

YOU CAN'T MAKE things too tough for Marine Corps Reservists. At least, that's what a recent survey seems to indicate. This is a good thing; based on past performance and future possibilities, tough times for the Reserve are no further away than the next breach of world peace.

About this survey: It was conducted in New York by a civilian research organization noted for making a penetrating analysis without fear or favor. They asked over 1000 Marine Corps Reservists what they looked forward to when joining. Tough discipline was listed as one of the most attractive features. Many said that they believed training and discipline both could be tougher.

The result of the interviews will probably have no drastic effect on Reserve training plans. Those charged with the job indicate that training and discipline are generally tight enough since a Reservist has to lead a somewhat dual life, making his living as a civilian and keeping up his military proficiency on the side. The outcome of the survey, however, will no doubt be taken into consideration as new programs are formulated at Marine Corps Headquarters.

M

One of the gratifying results of the probe is that it shows there has been little change in the attitude of Reservists in recent years. The opinion sample reveals that the organization is just as ready and willing to take on anything as it was 20 or 30 years ago.

This is about the only item that has remained constant within the Reserve in the last four decades. Everything else has been altered, overhauled or scrapped.

Years ago the Reserve was a pretty free wheeling outfit. Reservists came and went as they chose, unit training was based almost entirely on the discretion and experience of the commanding officer. If an emergency suddenly loomed and the Commandant said go, the Reservist packed up and went.

There have been big changes since then, and more to come. One consideration has brought this about: *Mobilization.*

The Reserve has already undergone two mobilizations in its short history and the third could come tomorrow or next week. Although it is an unpleasant fact to have to live with, the Reserve exists for the one purpose of

meeting the initial expansion of the Regular Marine Corps in time of war or national emergency.

Twice in the past 27 years the Reserve has been called on to fulfill the task. The first time, 1940, the call-up was rather leisurely. On the second time out, 1950, the muster was sudden. The third mobilization, according to the best estimates both in the Marine Corps and the Department of Defense, is likely to be damn near instantaneous. Naturally it is this third "M" that is causing all the headaches, legislation and administration.

The Corps has a plan for utilizing the services of every Reservist; how it works will be explained later, but it is based on two considerations—experience and expectations.

The experience portion started back in 1925. There had been a Marine Corps Reserve before that but it was a temporary expedient brought about by World War I. Men who served for the "duration" were Reservists. After the war the Reserve became a paper organization; there were names on the rolls, but there was no real plan for regular training or for mobilization. With the passage of the Naval Re-

serve Act early in 1925, the Marine Corps started to form the Reserve more or less as it is known today.

The formation was put on something less than a "crash" basis judging from the minutes of the Major General Commandant's conference held November 13, 1925.

First, Captain Joseph J. Staley reported on how Reserve recruiting was progressing, then the mission of the Reserve was discussed. At this point General Eli K. Cole suggested to the Commandant that if Headquarters had a definite plan in regard to the use of the Reserve in a national emergency, it would be well to let them know about it. That is, let Reservists know, if practicable, where they were to report, to what organization, etc., whether men with special qualifications would be transferred to organizations where their special knowledge could be made use of, etc., etc.

General Lejeune stated that he thought the Reserve proposition would be successful, that the whole thing was "taking shape" and that just as soon as plans were completed they would go out to the service.

A further dictum was laid down by the Commandant at that meeting

TURN PAGE



From Philadelphia to France, goat and all, in '17. Those who signed for the duration in War I

were Reservists. The Reserve later became a paper outfit until Congress took action in 1925

Official USMC Photo

THE THIRD M (cont.)

from which there has been little deviation through the years. The Commandant said that the thing the Corps had to be most careful of in connection with the Reserve was not to make it expensive. "We have to be very careful in all our plans to avoid anything which will involve the expenditure of very much money."

Since the entire enlisted striking force of the Reserve at that moment numbered 1247 men, it is doubtful if the group was too great a strain on the Corps' finances.

The years rocked by and the Reserve started to grow, and a few touches were added here and there to strengthen the organization. There were hard times and good times. For awhile there was no pay for attending Summer training; again Reservists had to buy their own shoes, but these grim periods passed. In 1935 the Reserve came into its own as a vital portion of the Corps. That year the Corps authorized a strength of 485 officers and 6500 enlisted in its units with an additional 2155 officers and 16,050 enlisted in the volunteer (non-drill pay category) Reserve.

As the pace of international events increased from 1936 on, so did the training and build-up of the Reserve. In 1938 the President asked for a "two ocean Navy." Then in September of the following year Britain and France declared war on Germany and many Reserve leaders believed it was only a matter of time until the summons to duty would arrive.

Activity at the training centers increased. More and more training was required of recruits and salts alike. The one night of drill a week was not enough. Many outfits set week-end schedules which included firing the rifle ranges, training on automatic weapons, even cruises aboard the Navy's eagle boats were added. All this was without pay but with a very definite purpose.

The order alerting units for mobilization came out in October, 1940, about the same time the country registered 17,000,000 men for selective service. On November 7, the organized units of the Reserve mustered at their home armories and took off for what was then visualized as a "short period of active duty." As it worked out five years were to elapse before they could return to civilian life, yet in many ways it was the happiest of the two duty musters.

Of the 23 battalions and 13 squadrons which mustered, the 12th Battalion in San Francisco probably had the best deal.



Official USMC Photo

Home town pride is one of the things that has never changed in the Reserve. Boston advertised thusly during Summer training in 1930



Photo by SSgt. Woodrow W. Neel

The rickety training center in the sticks is practically a thing of the past. Marines have 120 modern plants such as this one in Chicago

They formed up almost at the foot of Market Street on a chilly, overcast Thursday morning. With their leggings, packs, greens and 'iron kellys' the scene was reminiscent of some of the better Hollywood epics of World War I. It was so impressive in fact that somebody decided to tell the newspapers and a photographer arrived to record the event for posterity.

If the outfit looked a little jaded it wasn't from worry about mobilization; since October going-away parties had been the order of the day. The band struck up a military number and the men started to file aboard the buses. Wives, girl friends and relatives bravely waved good-bye and the

battalion was off—30 miles to Mare Island. There was liberty that night but practically everybody stayed aboard to rest up after the big ceremony.

The battalion trained for two months at Mare Island and commuted back and forth to home for the holidays, more good-bye parties and the Marine Corps Birthday. After the festive season they boarded the *USS Biddle* for a casual cruise to San Diego.

Once at San Diego the unit was assimilated into the regiments of the Fleet Marine Force. Several of the battalion were in action at Pearl

Harbor and the Philippines, but it wasn't until the landing at Guadalcanal, 22 months after mobilization, that the majority of the battalion came under fire.

The Korean call-up was another story. The organized Reserve was mobilized within 53 days between July 20 to September 11, 1950. Four days after that 5800 Reservists, now members of the First Marine Division and First Marine Aircraft Wing, were taking part in the march on Seoul, Korea.

This time the suddenness of the muster left no time for extensive good-bye parties or long periods of training; despite this fact the Reserve was equal to the task which was thrust on them. Thanks to almost five years of preparation and training for such an emergency, in less than two months from the time the summons was issued 1550 officers and 28,633 enlisted were ready to go; many had already gone.

When World War II ended the Re-



Official USMC Photo

Traveling 300 miles to Summer training was a big event in the '30s. Now, Reserve units make cross country hops to their training sites

serve went back into business. The rebuilding followed much the same plan as before, only this time the Reserve was given a greater strength.

As time went on and the regular strength of the Marine Corps was decreased, the loss in strength was offset by increases in the Reserve.

As an example,

June 30, 1947	
Regular—92,222	Reserve—54,536
June 30, 1949	
Regular—79,103	Reserve—123,817
June 30, 1950	
Regular—74,279	Reserve—128,959

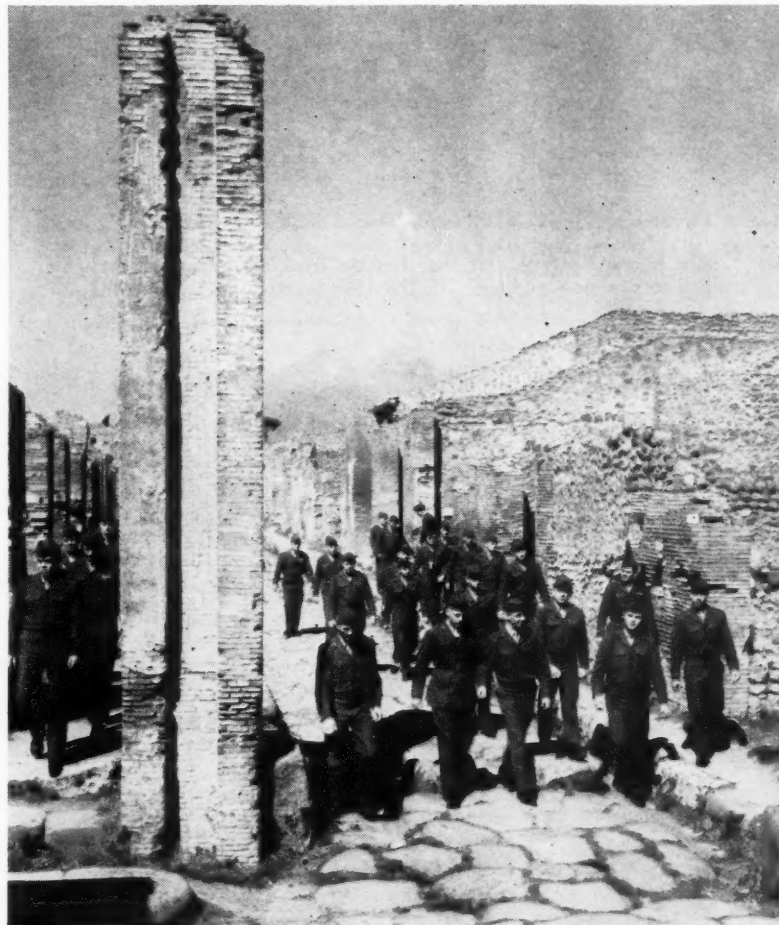
The Reserve figures naturally represent the organized and volunteer Reserve. Of the two groups the volunteer Reserve, those Reservists who are not affiliated with organized units, has always been the largest. In the past the organized units were first to be called, with the volunteers generally only a step behind. Within eight months after the outbreak of the Korean hassle 51,942 of the 84,821 Reservists on active duty were volunteer Reservists. Practically all the officers and 77.5% of the enlisted in this category were veterans of World War II.

While the majority of the Reserve strength was still on active duty storming the hills of Korea or traveling back and forth from the action, plans began for the latest edition of the Marine Corps Reserve.

Experience had shown that intensive training was vital. With faster, deadlier weapons debuting on the international scene almost monthly, expectations were that any future all-out mobilization would make the Korean summons look incredibly slow by comparison.

The shape-up for the third "M" has been constantly moving ahead since 1952 when the Reserve started rebuilding. Sundry laws, regulations, and policy have complicated planning to a fare-thee-well. Tomorrow's mir uteman requires hours and days

TURN P/



Reservists get around as easily overseas as Regulars. More than 80% of them have served at least a two-year hitch on active duty

THE THIRD M (cont.)

administrative attention today, which he is receiving—probably unknown to him. The Corps has a workaday mobilization plan ready to put into action even as you read this. In this plan there is a spot for every Reservist.

The mobilization blueprint is basically simple yet it provides the decentralization necessary to meet the conditions expected to exist in an unlimited war.

First of all, Marine Corps Headquarters knows exactly how many Reservists it will need during the first month of mobilization. The number is not figured in just "warm bodies", it is broken down by job and rank.

This list has been parceled out to the directors of the seven Marine Corps Reserve and Recruitment Districts in the United States, the Commander Marine Air Reserve Training, who keeps all the records for air Reservists, and the two Marine Corps Reserve Districts overseas.

The directors and COMART are constantly screening and selecting individuals to fill the requirements of this list on a day-to-day basis. Now, if an emergency strikes, the Commandant of the Marine Corps merely has to order the commands to execute the Mobilization Plan and they will automatically prepare and issue the necessary orders to the personnel on the list.

The orders the individual Reservist receives will tell him to report to a

mobilization station which will be located fairly close to his home. At the station the Reservist will be given a physical examination to determine if he is ready to go, and all his records will be checked.

After processing he will be directed to report to the station of initial assignment. The bulk of ground Reservists will be directed to report either to Camp Lejeune or Camp Pendleton, one of the Sea School Detach-

Headquarters has a place for every Reservist on the team if war should strike



There is one Reserve unit that has no trouble finding a beach on which to practice landings. It's the 15th Infantry Battalion in Hawaii



Lack of space doesn't slow training. Members of Birmingham's 3d 105-mm. Howitzer Bn. use

Photo by SSgt. Woodrow W. Neel
the National Guard Rifle Range at Lewisburg, Ala., for gun drills and displacement training



Official USMC Photo

Reserve training, air and ground, has to keep abreast of the times. There will be no time for prolonged training if an emergency comes

ments, or a security detachment. Aviation Reservists will report to either El Toro or Cherry Point.

As the requirements for the first 30 days are being met, Marine Corps Headquarters will be preparing the requirements for the second month. This cycle will be repeated until the requirements have been filled or the entire Corps Reserve has been mobilized.

This plan of course does not call for mobilizing entire units as in the past. At present it is doubtful if entire units will be mustered for the third "M", however the possibility has not been ruled completely out.

On the face, the plan may appear grimly impersonal, but this is dictated by the times in which we live. Allowances are incorporated in the blueprint which takes into consideration prior service, combat time and training so as not to work too great a hardship on any individual.

If possible a Reservist will be given at least 30 days between the date he is advised of an impending call to active service and the date of reporting for such service. This is a part of law; however, the Secretary of the Navy may determine that military conditions do not permit such warning. The best thinking at Marine Corps Headquarters indicates that the conditions which initiate a general

mobilization would undoubtedly require such a determination.

Individual protection is incorporated in the plan by a system of priorities. If it isn't necessary to call up all ready Reservists, the mobilization requirements will be met by calling to duty the required number of ready Reservists in accordance with four priorities. Personnel with a lower priority will be called only if a suffi-

cient number of men in the next higher priority are not available in the required rank and military specialty.

On general mobilization, necessitating the ultimate call of all ready Reservists, individuals will be summoned by month in accordance with the priorities. All ready Reservists in the Marine Corps have a mobilization priority. The system is based on the following:

Priority 1: Reservists who have performed less than two years of active service in the armed forces.

Priority 2: Reservists who have served on active duty in the armed forces for two or more years.

Priority 3: Reservists who have served in the armed forces in combat for which they have been awarded one or more engagement stars, as evidenced by the Service Record Book or Officers Qualification Record.

Priority 4: Reservists under 20 years of age who are pursuing a full time course of instruction in high school or an institution of learning at an equal level.

That's the big plan for the third "M" in a nutshell. Incidentally, to accommodate hot-to-trot Reservists like the 1000 New Yorkers mentioned at the beginning of this piece, the recall policy does not prohibit the acceptance of qualified volunteers from any recall priority.

Those who have drafted the plan hope it never must be used, but it won't have to be dusted off if it does. The plan is ready, and after enjoying the longest peacetime period in 17 years, the Marine Corps Reserve is ready; a major part of the Corps' Force-in-Readiness Concept. **END**



Photo by MSgt. Paul Sarokin

Even in peacetime, Reserve outfits stand by for emergency calls. When Dickson City Pa., was flooded, they delivered drinking water

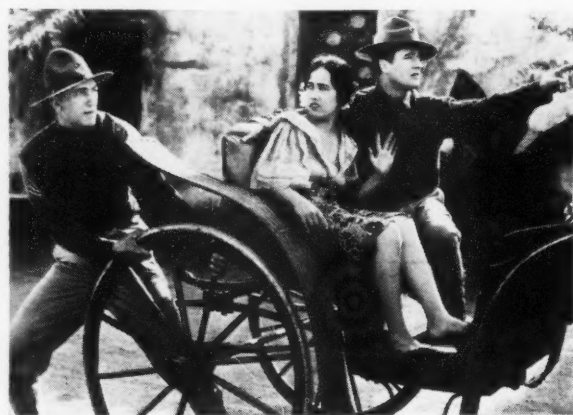


20th Century Fox Productions
Dan Daley was "Sgt. Quirt" in the most recent remake of the WW I flick, "What Price Glory"



20th Century Fox Productions
Hollywood "took" Henderson Field as a salute to First Divvy Marines in "Guadalcanal Diary"

IT IS DOUBTFUL if Hollywood, or anyone else, will ever be able to capture the true picture of combat or Marine Corps life, although it hasn't kept them from trying over the years. Some films, such as the recent Jack Webb release, "The D.I.," have been excellent, as were Lon Chaney's of yesteryear. Chaney was the first "Marine's Marine," followed by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe in "What Price Glory," and John Wayne in "Sands Of Iwo." Pictures about the Corps will continue to be made as long as we continue to make history.



20th Century Fox Productions
Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe were at odds with each other in "Women of All Nations"



HOLLYWOOD MARINES

Marines have supplied many plots for Hollywood movies

Universal Pictures Co., Inc.
◀ "Gung Ho!" a film based on Carlson's Raiders, featured Randolph Scott in the role of a hard-bitten colonel

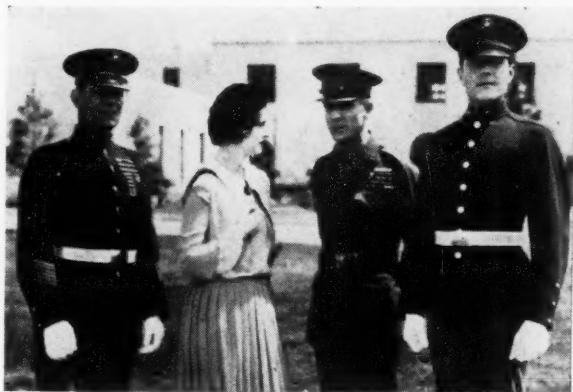


Photo courtesy of Mr. Ray Stuart
Lon Chaney (L) and Smedley Butler met when
"Tell It To The Marines" was being produced



Photo courtesy of Mr. Ray Stuart
McLaglen and Lowe starred in the first "What
Price Glory." They made several Marine films



Metro Goldwyn Mayer
John Wayne led the "Flying Leathernecks." The film was
about Marine aviators in the Pacific during World War II

RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
Wallace Beery went into action with his "Oh-Three" as a
retired master sergeant in film, "Salute To The Marines"



20th Century Fox Productions
Richard Widmark was in "Halls of Montezuma."
Jack Webb had a minor role in the production



Mark VII, Ltd.
Jack Webb starred in "The D.I.," one of the
best films ever made about the Marine Corps

THE FIRST PRISONER ON IWO

This Japanese lay partly buried for a day and a half before being seen

Reprinted from the June, '45 issue of Leatherneck

Photos by

Louis R. Lowery

Leatherneck Photographic Director

THIS JAPANESE lay for one and one-half days only 100 yards from the front lines of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, Fifth Division. He had charge of a machine gun crew which was hit by one of our artillery shells, killing the four other men in his outfit. He lay partly buried and played dead when any Marines used the shell hole for a fox hole. Finally one of the Marines noticed that he was breathing faintly. The Japanese had a live grenade about five inches from his right hand and we were afraid that he was just waiting for the chance to use it. After knocking the hand grenade to the bottom of the hole, the Marines still were afraid he might be booby trapped underneath. After he promised an interpreter that he would offer no resistance the Marines threw him a rope and dragged him free of the earth covering him. Then a stretcher was thrown down and he rolled on it and was taken from the shell hole. He had minor wounds on his legs.

Marine suspects prisoner is a booby trap

Note grenade by Nip's right hand



Wounded man motions he would like a cigarette



Suspicious Marine keeps weapon out of reach



In case Japanese is mined, he is pulled free by rope



Still suspicious, Marines stay away from enemy



Corpsman checks prisoner's wounds



Marines leave under enemy fire



Prisoner volunteers information

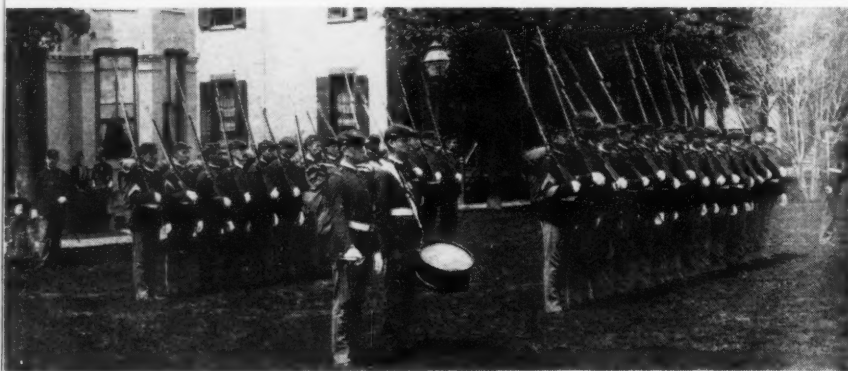


Connie Byard



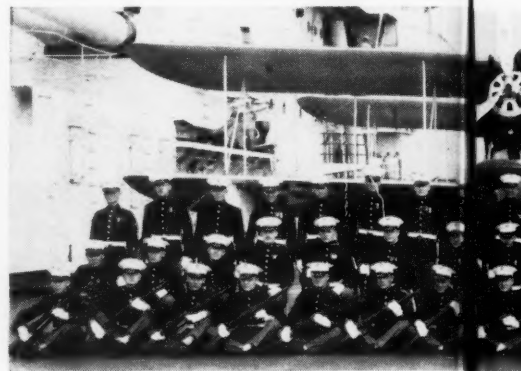
The Marine Detachment at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1918. The barracks shown in the background

had just been built. Marines didn't have control of the prison then, but provided security guards

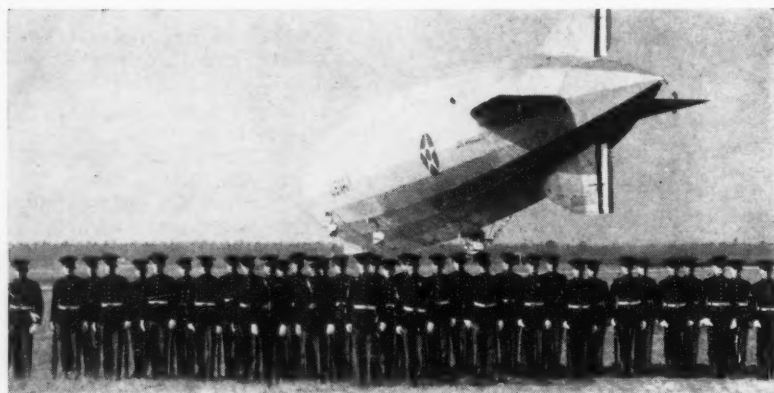


Submitted by TSgt. Lynwood Ward

Marines of the MB, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, during the 1870-'80 era. This photograph was found in an old trunk



CORPS ALBUM



Submitted by Dan H. Roulston

Lakehurst, N. J., Marines in 1927. The dirigible was the Navy's USS Los Angeles, built in Germany in 1924 and flown to the U. S.

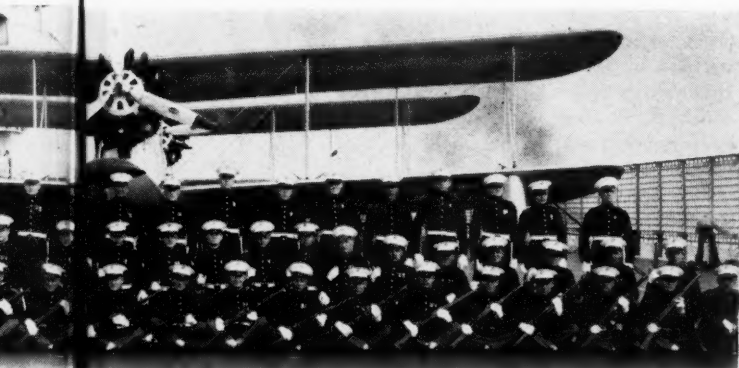
HERE ARE some more of the Old Corps photos which we will print as a regular feature. *Leatherneck* will pay \$15.00 for old photos of this type accepted for publication. Please include date, outfit, or any other available identification. Mail your Old Corps photos to CORPS ALBUM EDITOR, *Leatherneck Magazine*, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. All photos will be returned.



Submitted by Anthony Sitarz



Submitted by Henry F. Wolfgang



Submitted by George A. Rennacker
The Marine Detachment aboard the huge aircraft carrier USS Lexington. Photo was taken in 1932



Submitted by Cpl. A. B. McCarty
A group of Marines who were stationed in the Philippine Islands at Olongapo, during 1906-1907



Submitted by Charles B. Scott
A photograph of Fox Battery (90-mm. anti-aircraft), 2d Defense Bn., Second Marine Division at Betio Island, Tarawa, in December, 1943

The avalanche of interesting, rare and unique photographs we have received for this department has been both overwhelming and gratifying. However, among the submitted pictures we are finding that many readers are sending old photo postcards and clippings from magazines and other publications. Unfortunately, we cannot undertake to reprint this type of material because, in most cases, it is protected by prior copyright.

Then, too, readers have been sending fragile, brittle photos. Although every care is given to these age-old mementos here at the office, some of them have been damaged in the mails before they reach us. For this reason, we suggest that all submitted photos for Corps Album be carefully wrapped and well-protected by heavy cardboard backing or tubing.



Company K, 13th Regiment at Quantico, Virginia shortly before the unit departed for overseas in

September, 1918. The organization's company commander at that time was Captain Daigler

IF I WERE COMMANDANT

Checks for \$25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. Leatherneck will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Write your suggestions in the form of a double-spaced typewritten letter of not more than 300 words, and mail to Leatherneck, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Be sure to include your name, rank, and service number.



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would promulgate a change to MCO 1133-1A. A requirement whereby a Marine with two or more letters of indebtedness during his current enlistment would disqualify the individual for reenlistment without prior approval of CMC.

Many Marines, striving to attain a higher standard of living, have a tendency to spend more than they earn, which results in these letters being received.

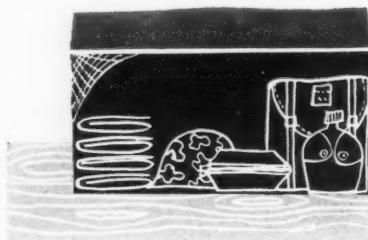
Although indebtedness is a minor infraction of the law, it is in fact negligence, and subject to disciplinary action. In order to reduce this great administrative burden in all echelons of command, why shouldn't they be handled by other means than just a statement from the individual promising to contact the concern and try to liquidate the indebtedness, which it was his duty to do in the first place, as an enclosure to a letter to CMC with the original complaint.

Seemingly, these letters are always on the same person or persons. So, when a man's first letter of indebtedness is forwarded to CMC, an entry to that fact would be made on page 11 of his service record. If a second letter is forwarded to the CMC, another such entry would be made on

page 11 to the effect that the man should not be reenlisted unless a waiver is granted by the CMC.

It is felt that this requirement would (1) Help the individual to refrain from over-spending. (2) Reduce the number of this type of letters being received and be a great saving to the Marine Corps in the number of man hours spent on these letters. (3) Result in a higher caliber personnel reenlisted without gravely affecting this program and greater efficiency of accomplished work for the Marine Corps.

SSgt. Robert R. Watson
1102563



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would establish a policy whereby personnel of air wings, air stations or similar duty stations would not be required

to draw individual equipment unless it was to be actually put to use.

The practice of providing every man with a full issue of so-called "782" gear is impractical. In most cases the equipment is not used, nor cared for except in preparation for parades, inspections and annual firing of T/O weapons. Often, equipment, seldom or never used for its intended purpose, is accounted for as unavoidably lost or missing. Maintaining proper records necessary for such issues is time-consuming work. Many man hours are spent abstracting receipts and verifying validity of same. Personnel often spend an entire tour of duty with the same locker box full of the same "782" gear without ever using more than the cartridge belt, bayonet and scabbard, and medical container.

If I were Commandant, I would abolish the present system for issues of individual equipment into the hands of wing and station personnel, and in its place, establish a basic minimum issue. Such an issue would consist only of those items most frequently used; cartridge or pistol belt, bayonet and scabbard (if rifle is T/O weapon) and medical container. In keeping with the need for constant combat readiness, all other items normally issued would

remain as open stock on the shelves of the material sections; ready for immediate issue to personnel should the need arise.

SSgt. Joseph C. Niedzinski
1121439



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would put out an order making it possible for a person with dependents to be allowed to have his name put on the housing list of his new duty station ahead of his actually reporting in to that station. I would make this a Marine Corps regulation applying to all posts and stations where dependents are allowed and not just a ground rule applying to *some* posts and stations.

As it is now, most posts and stations will not allow a Marine to have his name put on the housing list until actually reporting in. By making this change it would not give any one person an advantage over another person; all new personnel reporting in to a new station would have the same opportunity.

I would set up a time limit of say 30, 60, or 90 days that a Marine's name could be put on the housing list of his new duty station before the actual date of reporting in. To verify the final date that the Marine must report, a certified true copy of his orders could be sent to the housing officer of his new duty station, along with a letter stating the number of bedroom housing requested and also the type of housing requested (furnished or unfurnished).

SSgt. Jack M. Ford
1090603

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would change the order in which proceed, delay and travel are granted to delay, travel, and proceed.

Most Marines who are in receipt of permanent change of station orders have their families and household effects ready to move on the effective date of their orders. They

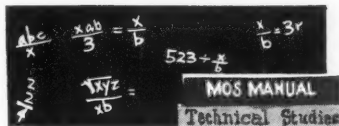
therefore use the four days proceed time granted as either travel or delay en route. Upon reporting to their new duty station they find that an extra two or three days is required to find housing and accomplish the many incidental things that have to be done upon moving into a new area. Most commanding officers, in the interest of unit morale, will grant a Marine a few extra days upon reporting to get his personal matters taken care of and put into proper order. This is in addition to the time that he has already been granted by reason of his orders. Therefore, the Marine Corps loses valuable man hours.

A Marine would be able to accomplish his delay and travel, report to his new duty station, and then take his four days proceed time to get his family settled in their new home without having to request additional time in which to do so.

As an example: Staff Sergeant Jones is transferred from MCSFA, San Francisco, to MCRD, San Diego. He is authorized 10 days delay, two days travel, and four days proceed. The effective date of his orders is the 31st of July. His orders read that he is to report not later than 12 August to further report for duty by 16 August.

At the end of his proceed time he would be able to report for duty without having personal problems on his mind, and he would be of more value to the Marine Corps.

Sgt. William A. Grubbs
1453726



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would allow enlisted personnel who have indicated their intention to be career Marines by "shipping over" or agreeing to "ship over" to further increase their usefulness to the Corps by attending additional service schools without changing their original primary MOS.

Many Marines would like to advance their technical studies in their specialties and related specialties but are reluctant to apply for schools that would change their MOS to

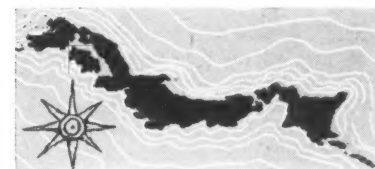
specialities in which a promotion is apt to be slower than in the MOS they now hold.

It is hardly expected that a Marine in a "wide open" field, promotion-wise, will apply for training to qualify him in a related specialty that is relatively "closed."

These persons should be allowed to pursue their technical studies and be allowed the option of retaining their original primary MOS or change to the MOS their new or additional training has qualified them for. If the option to retain the original MOS is selected, then a secondary MOS(s) would be assigned to show that the Marine is qualified in the new added specialty.

The additional training would broaden the Marine's primary specialty qualifications. He would also be available for duties prescribed in his secondary MOS(s).

TSgt. Maurice Corbett
623170



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would review the assignment policies for Women Marines with a view toward the possibility of assignments to areas now closed to them.

Many Women Marines feel a sense of inequality with the Women Components of the other branches of the Armed Forces, as their assignment policies permit diversified and varied assignments far beyond those afforded the Women Marines.

While it is true that necessary limitations preclude assignments comparable with the other Armed Forces, it is considered that certain areas in the Far East, Europe and perhaps the Middle East could be made available for assignments.

Many of the Women Marines now leaving the service would consider reenlistment for a chance to "see the world," as do our brothers in arms, and march with them "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli!"

Cpl. Marilyn Hancock
W705933
END

[continued from page 31]

were chief of police, administrator and advisor to the natives.

We got along fine on our pay on this foreign duty and even when, during the depression years, they gave us a 15 percent cut in salary, we made out fairly well.

In those days a private's basic pay was \$21.00. They took 20 cents a month for hospitalization and after the cut hit us that left the private drawing \$17.65—and there were a lot of privates then. It was not uncommon to have a man with a clean record ship over to get Pfc's stripes.

Back in the States the young Fleet Marine Force was flexing its muscles and perfecting the techniques with the First Brigade operating on the East Coast and the Second Brigade on the West Coast.

We had made so many maneuvers on the island of Culebra most of us knew every rock on the place and there was talk of finding a new training area in the Caribbean. We also got to know our transports. The *Kittery*, the *Henderson* and the *Chau-mont*. In those long trips from one coast to the other through the Panama Canal we learned to bathe, shave and wash clothes with one bucket of water.

The July, 1934, issue of *Leather-*

neck summed up our feelings in the matter after we returned from Caribbean maneuvers that year.

"The men . . . eagerly await the modern facilities of the barracks at Quantico, which, after managing in this sort of thing for eight months or so, will seem like a transfer from a Bowery flophouse to the Blue Room of the Waldorf."

If you were in the FMF you went on extended maneuvers, came home to square away the equipment and sharpen up barracks drill and then went through the same routine again. About the time the weather got bad and you were sick of barracks routine it was time to roll another heavy and get aboard ship for a cruise down south.

Sometimes we wondered at this endless series of landing practices. Where were we going with it? What were we being trained for? The press continued to point to the Far East as the next trouble spot and to the Japanese as the people we would have to fight some day.

We laughed at this little comic opera nation of people who lived in paper and bamboo houses and none of us could see how the Japanese could ever be a threat in combat to the Marine sharpshooters who were taking the matches every year at Camp Perry.

An admiral wrote an article for a leading national magazine and said that in the event of war with Japan our fleet "would sweep the Pacific Ocean clean in six weeks."

But the Japanese were taking things seriously. A news item in the March, 1935, issue of *Leatherneck* pointed out "Record War Budget Passed in Tokio."

The budget provided \$297,000,000 for military expenditures; Marines stationed on our island bases in the Pacific started hearing about powerful Japanese bases at Truk and at other Japanese mandated islands and wondered how they would make out standing off a landing supported by the modern cruisers they saw flying the Rising Sun of Japan.

And back in the States, *Leatherneck* reported a new type of maneuver:

"The Confederates' famous 'Rebel Yell' resounded once again on the Chancellorville battlefield as 800 U. S. Marines and 240 cavalymen from Fort Meyer and cadets from VMI reenacted the famous battle before a crowd estimated at 50,000."

In November of 1935, on the 160th anniversary of the Corps, we had a total strength of 17,121 officers and men in the Marine Corps and at Quantico the First Brigade was getting ready to go back to tropical dust and sweat after operating for the movie cameras at Chancellorville.

"The First Marine Brigade is set for a take-off to the island of Culebra in January . . .

"Rising out of the blue Caribbean 20 miles due east from Puerto Rico is a small inconspicuous island. To the outside world it is little known and seldom heard of but to a Marine the brown and dusty hills spell 'Culebra.'

"It is on this island that a detachment of Uncle Sam's sea-soldiers sweat and swear for five weeks out of every year."

We wrestled pack howitzers and the new 155s and our 30 cal. machine guns all over the island and some of us wore the new experimental sun helmet. We didn't think too much of it and most of us preferred the faithful campaign hat for field work. It was hard to beat. In fact, the November, 1936, issue of *Leatherneck* reported that Technical Sergeant Frank Rentfrow of the *Leatherneck* staff had worn the same campaign hat for 19 years.

"It has carried the yellow cord of the cavalry, the red of the artillery and the Marine Corps emblem. It would still stand an inspection. Can you beat that?"

The year 1936 passed without much more excitement and Brigadier General Thomas Holcomb was appointed Major General Commandant for the next four years, and in retiring as



Reprinted from Sept. '58 issue of *Leatherneck*

commandant, Major General John H. Russell made a report on the operation of the Marine Corps for 1936:

"... the Fourth Marines with a strength of 1060 officers and men have remained stationed at Shanghai ... the most cordial relations have existed with the Chinese people ... there were no military operations during the year. ...

"The organization of the Fleet Marine Force as a unit of the U. S. Fleet progressed systematically but slowly ... because of a shortage of personnel. ...

"The Marine Corps Reserve is progressing satisfactorily and it has been divided into 13 separate battalions with a total strength of 10,452.

"... as new construction brings the Navy nearer to treaty strength the increase in naval activities makes greater demands on the Marine Corps which can only be met if appropriations are made permitting the increase in enlisted personnel in proportion to that of the Navy."

We agreed in all respects with the Commandant, but thought that he missed mentioning that our pay scale should also be increased to be brought up to a level with that of the sailors. Navy "boots" received \$21.00 a month, the same as Marines, while

going through training. But in three months they were automatically raised to \$30.00 per month and other ratings followed much faster than the Marine received his. This was a sore point with us and one that the sailors were forever giggling us on. The "dolls" in San Diego and Long Beach never let us forget it either with their "Shove off with your \$20.80 and a horse blanket."

Civil war was going on in Spain and Hitler was saber rattling in Germany with his "guns and butter" program but we all had our eyes on the Far East.

The Chinese and the Japanese had been sparring for positions for some time and in July, 1937, things started to pop. Fighting broke out in Peiping and Tientsin and the Japanese finally took possession of the Tientsin-Pekin railway. Our Embassy Guard in Peiping found themselves in the middle of the fighting but managed to keep from being drawn into it.

Then, in August, we all figured the balloon went up. A few Japanese were killed in Shanghai and the Japanese countered by sending in 32 warships and started offensive operations by invading the Chinese city.

The Fourth Marines manned defensive positions on Soochow Creek,

which was the eastern boundary of the International Settlement, and they had the best box seats for the war being fought in Chapei, just across the creek.

They were doing day-on-and-stay-on there, trying to control the millions of Chinese refugees who were fleeing from the Japanese and crossing over into the International Settlement when the Commander of the Asiatic Fleet requested additional help.

The Sixth Marines were at San Diego but, understrength. That didn't make much difference. They paraded us through town and we took off that night aboard the *Chaumont* while the band played "Harbor Lights."

We stopped at the way stations on the trip out and picked up men from each post to augment the regiment and bring us up to strength. We test-fired our machine guns off the fantail by shooting at weather balloons and fitted the new men into our T/O in between chow formations.

It was excitement, and it was the adventure that brought us into the Marine Corps but some of us who made that trip out with the Sixth weren't going to get back to the States for eight and a half years.

And there were others who never came back. **END**

QUANTICO

[continued from page 59]

for the observation of artillery fire for the Tenth Regiment. In November of the same year, the section was augmented by the addition of four R-6 seaplanes which were used to spot artillery fire for the Marine Corps' 7-inch artillery. On July 1, 1919, the Marine Aeronautic Section ceased to exist and its personnel were transferred to Squadron C, Marine Aviation Force, a wartime organization which had seen action at the front in France and Belgium and which arrived at Quantico on May 20, 1919, to establish a Marine Flying Field. This was to be a land and water flying station. By June 30, 1920, the personnel at the flying field had erected two steel land plane hangars, 14 temporary barracks buildings and store houses, and a large amusement hall. On May 5, 1922, the flying field was named Brown Field, dedicated to the memory of Second Lieutenant Walter V. Brown, who was killed in an airplane crash while en

route to bombing exercises in Chesapeake Bay."

The item made no mention of the fact that the doctrine of close air support was largely developed at Quantico and it could not foresee that the new concepts of vertical envelopment with the use of helicopters would be conceived and developed there.

Today, the Marine Corps Air Station is as modern as the rest of the Quantico establishment, with paved landing fields, up-to-date hangar facilities, brick barracks and an administration building in which to conduct its own affairs. A far cry from the days when those first R-6's took off and landed on the sandy beaches of Chopowamsic Creek.

Gen. Twining says that Quantico is one of the "most highly developed and one of the best training bases the Marine Corps has today." And improvements and additions are still taking place. The base is presently in the middle of its third and largest construction period with more than \$15,000,000 worth of buildings, streets, highways and other utilities nearing completion or well underway. A new administration building will be completed and probably occupied by the

time this article is published. A new chapel is virtually ready for religious services of all faiths and a huge, modern medical building will replace the cramped and crowded sick bay now being used.

There is a new maintenance building; a new addition to the sewage treatment plant; and quarters for 218 more families. In the Guadalcanal Area there is a new, air-conditioned Administration and Academic Building and a 450-room BOQ for Basic School student officers. Another 350-room BOQ in the same area is on the drawing boards. And there is a new, improved rifle range and combat firing course with electronically controlled targets; and a trunk highway that will carry four-laned traffic from main side into Camp Barrett, the site of the new Basic School.

With its Basic School for newly commissioned second lieutenants, the Junior and Senior Courses for company, field and staff grade officers, and its Development Center for keeping pace with the advancing technology of war, Quantico is one of the most important Posts of the Corps. Its past has taken on an aura of historic significance. Its future is assured. **END**

LIGHT OF DAY

[continued from page 79]

get Carney's gun over there before they overrun us," Golden said.

Before Golden could move, Speros was out of the hole, running in a crouch, weaving toward Carney's position. Maxwell gasped for breath, screamed.

"Cover him. Fire as fast as you can," Golden told him.

"He can't make it. He can't," Maxwell insisted.

But Speros was there, down beside the machine gun. He and Carney were flattened against the hillside. Then Maxwell watched Carney drag the gun toward the flank; Speros followed, pushing the ammo boxes before him.

Golden turned to Maxwell. "Get over to Leroy. He's in Carney's hole. Then get to the two replacements on the right. Tell them to pull back to the pinnacle. Have them watch the wire, but hold their fire; we're gonna need all our ammo."

Maxwell looked at him.

Golden shook him. "Understand?"

Maxwell nodded.

"I'm going down there to lend Speros and the others a hand. Remember, tell them not to fire unless those hopheads try to assault. Got it?" Then Golden was out of the hole, into the night, across the bridge.

The boy heard Carney's gun go into action. He heard Speros' BAR. He heard rifles and grenades and insane chatter. He forced himself out of the hole. Then he crawled toward the dim outline so far away. A burp gun opened up from below. He moved on. The ridge was being chipped away behind him. He crawled forward. There was a quick, hard jab in his shoulder. Dully, he reached for it. His gloved hand felt nothing. He moved on.

At last he flopped in beside Leroy. He relayed his message. Again Maxwell moved out into the darkness, toward the last emplacement.

He kept repeating the message to himself. Once he stopped behind a boulder, enjoying the momentary safety, idly watching the pattern of shots as they etched the hill behind him. Before he reached the position, he was challenged.

"Give the password."

Ridiculous to be so formal Maxwell thought dully. He cursed them, leaving no doubt about his identity.

"Okey, c'mon in."

Maxwell looked at them. "I don't even know their names," he thought.

"All right, you two, pull out to the pinnacle. Leroy will tell you what to do," he said.

They moved off; Maxwell lay there watching them, as they clawed their way to the fragile safety of the high point. He was weary. His memory took inventory of the last half hour. His mind retraced each foot across the hillside. The bullet pattern behind his head . . . the first lunge from the hole when Golden had left him . . . Leroy's dumb acceptance of the message . . . his relief on reaching the protective boulder . . . the quivering voice that challenged him . . . this was the montage of danger his memory flashed to him as he quivered, alone in the cold, dark night.

He was shaking. He clasped his teeth together, fighting the shivers that convulsed him. He felt sweat on his sides and legs and marveled at the phenomenon in the cold. For the first time he thought of the prodding ache in his shoulder. "I'm wounded,"



he thought. And, with wonder, "But it doesn't really hurt." Then, exultantly, "They'll have to evacuate me. They'll have to get me out now!" But, the reminder, "Not until it gets light. Not until it gets light . . ."

Maxwell looked at the pinnacle, 50 long, hard yards away. Fifty yards from Leroy and the replacements, from someone to bandage his wound, and fire beside him. He slumped back into the hole. "Safe here," he assured himself.

The fire fight, just another hundred yards to his left, had sobered from its first frenzy now. He heard volleys and then a single shot, an exchange of automatic fire and the quiet, a machine gun, a ricochet's whine.

"Got to get back now. Golden said to get back," Maxwell thought. He had an impulse to stand and run the 50 yards to the pinnacle, despite the crackle and whine around him, but he pulled up over the shelf of the emplacement, started to crawl toward the finger of rock, his rifle resting in the crook of his arms.

From far behind him, he heard the sound of boot on rock. Instinct picked

it out from the din of other combat noises. He turned quickly, his rifle raised. He saw a chunky shadow running, crouched. The shadow carried the light gun and a box of ammo.

Carney!

"They're pulling back," Maxwell thought, as he watched the machine gunner race toward him, weaving across the ridgeline.

Maxwell moved forward more quickly now. "Golden will be coming out with the others," he decided. "Got to get to the pinnacle." Then, he heard above the sounds of fire, an anguished cry of fright and pain and disbelief. He turned again, this time as if plastered to the earth. Carney stood, in full silhouette, gun and ammo at his feet, his hands clutching his side. As Maxwell watched, the little gunner collapsed over his weapon.

"Only 20 yards to the pinnacle," Fear told the boy.

"I should go help him," Maxwell thought.

"You'll be safe in 20 yards," Fear insisted.

"He's alone. He'll die," Maxwell knew.

"You can make it to the high point," Fear promised.

The boy moved back toward Carney, so far across the rocks and earth and fire. And when he had dragged himself across the distance, bruised and aching and tired, ill with fear, he found Carney. Dead.

A shout from the pinnacle jolted Maxwell. "They're moving toward the wire! They're trying to come through!" The boy looked down at the padded figures moving silently toward the wire. A few wild, scattered shots from the pinnacle were striking near them, but the enemy plodded on.

Maxwell heard movement to his left. Then he saw Speros, crawling at first, pausing for breath, moving on. Golden appeared, pulling himself forward. Both of them were trying for the reverse slope where they could move around on the rear of the pinnacle. But neither saw the enemy movement, out of their vision to the front. If the padded figures assaulted, both would be cut off.

The boy watched Speros and Golden in their painful progress, still 60 yards short of the cover they sought and a route to the high point. He watched the huddle below as it spread, nearly on the wire. His chances for getting back were draining out.

He tugged at Carney's body, pulled up the machine gun. Meticulously he adjusted the legs, fed in the belt, loaded, sighted-in. He lifted up on the trigger and the tight group below buckled and spread, tumbled back

against the wire, inched forward, fired back.

Speros reached the pinnacle. He fell down, gasping. Golden followed him.

"All right, you people, get a firing position. They quit on the flank. We'll hold 'em for this time." Golden swallowed between words, breathing hard. "We got a little ammo yet, and the light gun." He looked for Carney. "Where's Carney and the gun?" he demanded.

"He got it. We all saw him. He just stood there for a second . . . " Leroy was saying.

For the first time they noticed the uneven short bursts, the explosive stutter out to the pinnacle's front.

Golden counted. "Where's Maxwell?"

"I saw him coming back awhile ago," one of the replacements told him.

"The kid got hold of Carney's gun!"

"They were startin' through the wire," Leroy said.

"Maxwell's out there alone," Golden muttered. He picked up his rifle and the last, lone box of belted ammo and moved off toward the hacking gun and the answering volleys.

"Don't sit there," Speros yelled at the others. "Shoot. Dammit. Put some fire down."

Leroy came down off the rock.

"Better stay up there," Speros told him.

As the four men fired from their cradles in the rock, the wild bugle sounded once more and crazed screams came up to them. They heard the light gun bark and stop. They watched the huddled mass move through the wire, get hit, tumble forward toward the ridge, and back into the barbed snare. They heard the high squeaky

voice of one man, caught on the wire, scream a curse in English. And then the light gun again. And then they heard sporadic replies to their own meager volley.

Then Golden was back. The gun hung from one hand, Maxwell was across his shoulder. Speros went down to him. He lifted the boy from Golden's shoulder. Maxwell breathed.

"They pulled back," Golden panted. "Keep a watch. They'll try to infiltrate now."

Speros felt the damp tear on Maxwell's jacket. He ripped the fabric, examined the wound. Then he tore open the boy's first aid packet, applied the bandage.

Golden sat beside them, watching.



"He was stretched across Carney, firing, when I crawled over to him. And I said, 'Nice going.' And he said, 'See I'm firing in short bursts like you told us.' Out there with half the Chink Army and he tells me he's shooting the right way."

Speros lifted the boy's head, raised a canteen to the twitching mouth.

"No water," Golden said. "He's hit in the gut, too."

The men manning the pinnacle saw nothing; but they fired at the sounds of a foot dragging, a branch rustling . . . They waited and cursed the enemy and the darkness and fate.

Speros worked over the wound. "Kids like this surprise you," Speros said.

"He kept saying, 'Honest, Goldie, I tried to get back like you told me.' He kept apologizing."

Speros looked down at the young, haggard, bearded face, then buttoned the jacket. "Think he'll make it?"

"Can't really tell," Golden said, as he moved the few yards to the three riflemen who still fired erratically into the night.

Speros took his poncho from his pack, wrapped it around the boy. Then he turned to the other wounded, long untended.

Golden came back. He handed Speros two clips of ammo. "Load this in a magazine. We got 16 rounds apiece left."

Speros walked back to the boy, reached for the pulse in his neck. "He's bad hurt," he said. "I told him I'd go to church with him if we got off here all right."

"You never understand people, I guess," Golden said.

"I wasn't gonna go, really. Just told him to shut him up," Speros admitted.

Golden said, "We'd better get a position. C'mon up."

They found a spot, then waited there, their weapons pointed out toward the unknown. They waited.

They heard one of the replacements. "God, make it light. Please."

They heard Leroy quiet him.

"Can't be much longer now," Golden told Speros.

Down below them, Maxwell's dry lips formed the words, "Gonna get light."

Golden was straining his eyes, glinting at the distant wave of hills. There was quiet now. It was really too early . . . and yet, in the east, dimly but there, was the first light of day. **END**

1937 • 1947

[continued from page 41]

illusions about the toughness of the proposition, but planning and training moved ahead on schedule.

Then the A-Bomb, debuting in a fiery red cloud over Hiroshima, moved into modern warfare. Another bomb on Nagasaki three days later and the war was over.

The FMF had one topic of conversation now:

"What are you going to do when you get out?"

"Well first I'm going to sit for a good spell then I'm going to take a reading on that GI Bill they're talking about at home."

There was still some tidying up to do after the world's greatest conflict. For their share, the Marines drew occupation duty in China and Japan. The duty was nothing like the good old jawbone days before the war; the Orient was developing a new face and good or bad the Marines had to look at it.

A point discharge system was established and the Corps plummeted from a strength of around 400,000 in '45 down to 156,000 in June '46.

Equally fast the Corps readjusted to peacetime living by picking up some of the best practices of the jawbone times and blending them with the streamlined techniques developed during the war. Dress blues reappeared, this time with pockets on the blouse. The division shoulder patches were removed. The sole fraternity symbol allowed on the uniform was

the good old eagle, globe and anchor.

The war days weren't just written off the books. Too many precious, bitter and plain rugged experiences were tied into that period. Division associations were formed soon after the war for the purpose of preserving the memories of these days and aiding fellow division members and their families. On the Corps' 171st birthday, the Marine's Memorial opened in San Francisco, a fitting close to the Corps' most fabulous decade.

"Son, sit down here and let me tell you how we nicked the Nipponese at Gavutu."

"Can't Dad, got an appointment with a DI at PI. After that I'm going to study to be a hot pipe pilot."

END



"Heroes, U.S. Marine Corps, 1861-1955, Armed Forces Awards, Flags." By Jane Blakeney. Blakeney Publisher, Shoreham Bldg., Lobby 3, Washington 5, D. C.

Price: \$10.00

"As Commandant of the Marine Corps," says General Randolph McC. Pate, "I endorse this work and commend it to all as an accurate and valuable reference which is as interesting as it is authoritative."

Former Commandant, General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., is equally enthusiastic. "For many years," he reveals, "there has been a definite need for a compilation of honors and decorations awarded units of the U.S. Marine Corps and to its officers and enlisted men who have distinguished themselves . . . I believe this volume will have an especial appeal for every United States Marine."

Jane Blakeney, who undertook the massive task of compiling the

volume, is a former Head of the Decorations and Medals Branch of Marine Corps Headquarters. After 38 years of government service, mainly in the Decorations and Medals Branch which she headed since 1924, she retired to devote full time to the completion of her task.

Her interest in the Corps, incidentally, is more than academic. She was a Marinette during World War I, and was married to a Marine.

Jane Blakeney began the book in 1927 after the Nicaraguan conflict had started. She continued working on it, off and on, ever since.

The result is a comprehensive volume of 621 pages containing photographs of current and obsolete medals and decorations, and a complete list of all Marine Corps winners of the Medal of Honor, Navy Cross, and Silver Star, since the Civil War. Also included are Distinguished Flying Cross win-

ners, Distinguished Marksmen, and the Corps' battle-standards, citations, and awards.

An unusual fact revealed by the book is that seven men have been awarded the Medal of Honor by special legislation. One of these was Charles A. Lindbergh, who held a commission in the Air Corps Reserve, for his non-stop flight to Paris in 1927. Another MH winner via special legislation was Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Jr., for the first heavier-than-air flight to the North Pole and return.

The volume is well illustrated, containing miscellaneous information, photographs of all the Commandants except Lt. Col. Anthony Gale, fourth Commandant, of whom no photo is known to exist. There are also photographs of Presidents Coolidge, Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower presenting the Medal of Honor to Marines.

The book is a valuable reference source to any library and of interest to every Marine.

MSgt. Paul Sarokin

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 12]

NO ADDITIONAL STRIPE

Sirs:

On February 10 (1943), First Sergeants of the Marine Corps were placed in the first pay grade. It is a question of general discussion as to what kind of chevron they are to wear.

It is understood that the Army is wearing the chevron with six stripes and it is the opinion of some officers in our area that we should wear six stripes (same as a Sergeant Major.) Some of the other officers seem to think that the present status of First Sergeants is only a wartime expedient and will revert back to the second pay grade when the war is over.

1st Sgt. John L. Williams
MB, Navy Yard

Portsmouth, Va.

● Although the War Department has authorized Army First Sergeants of the first pay grade to wear three up—three down of a Sergeant Major, Headquarters, Marine Corps says Marine Corps First Sergeants will continue to wear Gunnery Sergeant's ratings.—Ed.

Leatherneck:
June, 1943

WHAT'S A FALE?

Sirs:

While serving with the Corps in the Pacific I often heard and used a word which I am interested in for possible business reasons. The word was possibly of Samoan origin and was applied to the huts we developed from pyramidal tents. It was later, I be-

lieve, applied even to any type of living quarters, right on up to and including the Quonset. The word was pronounced "Folley" but was spelled, as nearly as I can remember, "Fale" or "Fahle."

If you can help me in obtaining the proper spelling and derivation of this word I will greatly appreciate your efforts.

1st Lt. John Brooks, USMCR,
Williamstown, Mass.

● The spelling of the word is "Fale" and is of Samoan origin, being used by the natives of both British and American Samoa, as well as the Wallis Islands, to refer to their thatched-roofed homes. These were usually open-sided affairs with the roofs resting on from six to 10 poles set in the ground. When the Marines moved into these islands, they picked up the word from the natives and applied it to their quarters, regardless of the type.—Ed.

Leatherneck:
December, 1947

END

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 13.

1. (c); 2. (b); 3. (c); 4. (b);
5. (a); 6. (b); 7. (c); 8. (c);
9. (a); 10. (b);

AVIATION

[continued from page 73]

when the Marines lost their last plane the ground crews joined foot sloggers in the last desperate defense of the atoll.

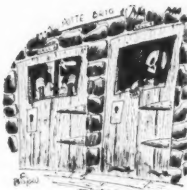
The Solomon Island chain was the next stop-off. Henderson Field, seized from the Japanese on Guadalcanal in August, 1942, became a bivouac for leading aces. Lieutenant Colonel Gregory Boyington, who shot down 28 enemy planes, Major Joseph J. Foss, who downed 26 planes, Lieutenant Colonel John L. Smith, with 19 blasted, and Major Marion Carl who cut down 18½ enemy aircraft, all homed on the battered air strip. Before the see-saw argument for the field was finally resolved, a versatile new fighter roared down the Henderson runway. It was a plane destined to prove itself in two wars. Because its bent wings made a peculiar noise in a dive, the Japanese tagged it the "whistling death." The Corsairs and their Marine pilots started taking charge of the skies over the Solomons.

Again, as in the first war, Marines started piling up a truculent record in the sky. One semi-cloudy afternoon in April, 1943, a fleet of 160 Japanese fighters and bombers roared down the "Slot" to paste the American shipping and installations around Guadalcanal. In the Marine greeting committee, high over the tip of the island, was a 22-year-old lieutenant who had yet to see his first enemy plane. Lieutenant James Swett was at the stick of a Grumman Wildcat. His four plane division went after a formation of Aichi dive bombers swooping in on the ships below. Tailing in behind the bombers, Swett slapped down seven planes and a possible eighth in less than 15 minutes. He set a world combat record and won the Medal of Honor.

While the fighters were deadly in the air, the dive bombers were proving themselves lethal against Japanese shipping and ground targets. Battle wagons, cruisers, destroyers, subs, airfields and supply dumps all felt the impact of the SBD eggs before the campaign in the Solomons closed. First they shredded the enemy; then, a few months later, they pulverized him. The cost to the Japanese at the end of the Guadalcanal fracas stood at 1000 lost planes and more than 400 sunken ships.

From a loss of six enemy planes to every one Marine plane during the first battle in the Solomons, Marines, with new improved planes and greater numbers (continued on page 127)

AUGUST CRAZY CAPTION WINNER



SUBMITTED BY
Capt. Robert Dovedahl
"A" Co. 1st Bn. Ninth Marines
Third Marine Division, FMF
c/o F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

◀ "If there is anyone I like, it's
a good listener."

Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay \$25 for the craziest caption received before January 1. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the cartoon below, print it on the line under the cartoon and fill in your name and complete address. Tear out the cartoon and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the February, 1958, issue.



NAME

ADDRESS IN FULL

1157

[continued from page 53]

one of the oldest military maxims—never divide your forces. Sure, people like Napoleon got away with it, but the rice burners hitting us weren't any Napoleons. They hit all three strong points the same night. Maybe, just maybe, if they had taken us one at a time with their full strength they might have pulled it off.

They started off just after dusk with little probing attacks, trying to get the Marines to reveal their positions and waste ammo. When that didn't work, they came in with everything they had, all up and down the line. They broke through several times when ammo ran out or weapons froze in the cold.

It was a typical combat that night. The same thing was happening at Hagaru where the Commies had forced an opening and managed to get into the town. The Marines evicted them after a nasty little night hunt. Later they said many of the Chinese were looting for food and some were shot down in the process of eating. In Koto, as one wave of enemy troops overran the forward fighting holes, the Marines ducked down and the Marines behind them cut down the attackers with their con-

centrated rifle and machine gun fire.

While this was going on, Fox 2/7 was taking on an entire regiment by itself. They took 80 casualties the first night but held out alone for a week and probably killed more Reds per man than any company in the campaign. The troops who relieved them had to practically walk over a carpet of dead.

When we got the word we were pulling back, we had two things on our minds—our wounded and the fact that they said the Marines were retreating. Well, we were sitting way the hell out on a limb and there were more Commies behind us than north of us, so it only stood to reason that we get out. Damn few people—especially the Chinese—expected us to make it. But all the time, even during the bitterest fighting, and the worst cold, we always knew the divvy would make it.

"Retreat, hell!" was our division CG's comment on the situation and it put a lot of backbone into us. We'd never heard General O. P. Smith cuss before and we knew the "old man" must be plenty sore about the stories in the papers. "Surer than hell, some joker is going to call this a retreat," was the comment most heard among the Fifth Marines hacking their way through the encircling Chinese.

We got out!

We fought that cold, bloody road

up to Toktong Pass and relieved Fox Company!

We overran the Reds between there and Hagaru and managed to evacuate most of our wounded at the airstrip the Marines had hacked out of the frozen earth.

We bulled our way through to Koto-ri after countless road blocks and more hand-to-hand because the Reds were getting desperate when they saw they weren't stopping us. They tried every trick in the book and got among us more than once. Technical Sergeant Brad Westerdahl, one of the Corps' finest rifle shots, had a field day. First Lieutenant Charles H. Sullivan, a giant of a man, ran out of ammo in the face of an attacking Communist fire team and hurled his bayoneted carbine javelin-like and speared one Chinese soldier at a distance of 15 feet. Then he charged.

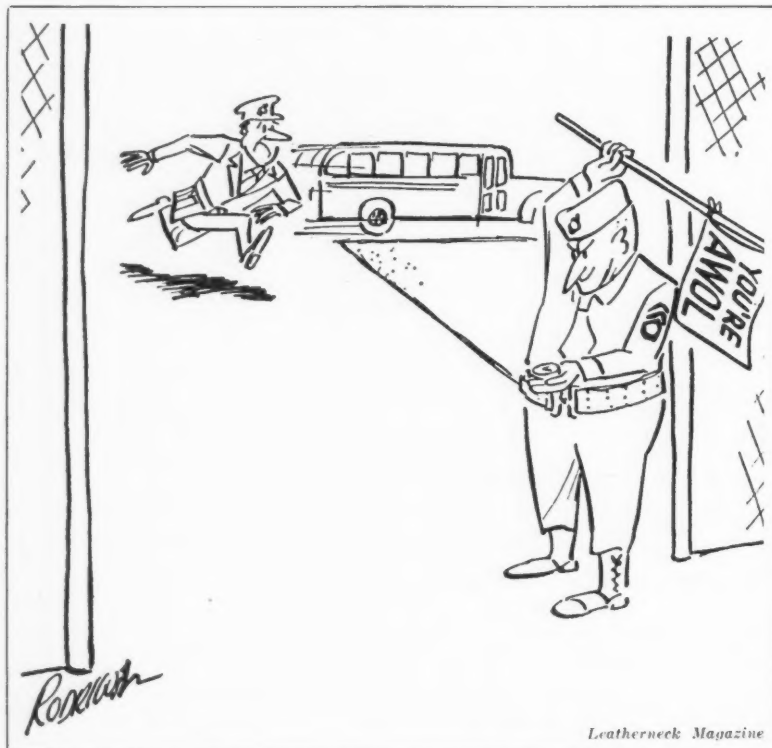
Sensibly, the Reds retreated.

We had several things in our favor the Reds could always count on. One was the air cover and the other was the Navy's corpsmen and doctors. Many of us wouldn't have survived without them. The planes stayed on station day and night and hit the Reds whenever possible. There were so many planes in the air one day that the pilots were stacked up, waiting for missions.

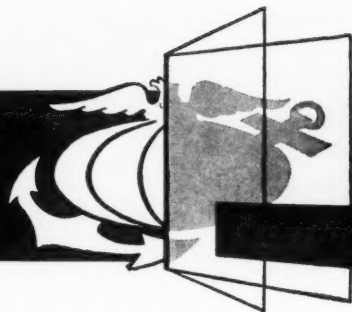
Some of the aircraft patrolled the road where the trucks were breaking up into small groups for the last short dash into Koto. One five-truck group was hit from both sides of the road by two companies of Chinese. "Just when we figured we had had the course," Staff Sergeant Thomas Cudabac related later, "here come this flight of planes in, right on the deck. They split up on either side of the road and you never saw such a show. They really beat them Commies up something awful."

At Hagaru, Easy Company Medical had set up shop and treated the wounded coming in from Yudam-ni and Hagaru. As quickly as the Air Force, Navy and Marine planes set down on the strip, they were loaded and set off. Two hours after one Marine was hit at Hagaru, he was in a hospital ward in Japan. The "docs" were always on hand during the fighting and their casualties were heavy. Lieutenant (j.g.) H. C. Pirkle and HMC Sol Winter were typical. They charged through enemy fire again and again when a Marine was hit. The combination of shock, loss of blood and the cold would have taken many a wounded man's life if it hadn't been for the "docs."

To get (continued on page 118)



Leatherneck Magazine



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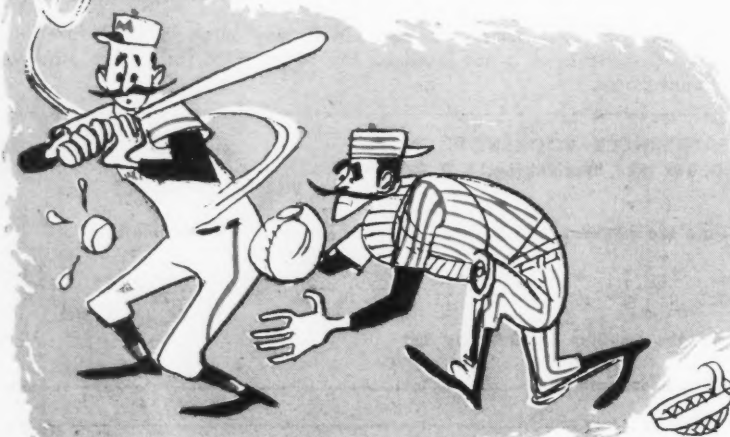
40 YEARS PASS IN REVIEW



by MSgt. Woody Jones
Leatherneck Staff Writer

The nation's press first noticed Marine
Corps athletics, and athletes, when
Leatherneck was a struggling young paper

CORPS SPORTS



MARINES HAVE BEEN athletes since we've had a Corps. We are, and always have been, a sports-minded body of troops. One old-timer (he enlisted in 1904) was asked, "What kinda sports did you guys have before World War I?" His reply: "None. We just bent our elbows!" His attempt to hand us a snow job didn't hold up. A few minutes later he was bragging about a heavy-hitting first baseman, Johnny Hole, who played in the Philippines in 1904 and 1905.

We hit the "big time" with Marine Corps athletics about five years after *Leatherneck's* birthday in 1917. The great All-Marine football teams of 1921-1929 turned the trick.

In those days, a President's Cup was up for grabs, and the Marine



Official USMC Photo

Writers called Frank Goettge an all-time great football player

teams almost made a mockery of the competition. For three successive years, 1925-1927, an All-Army team lost to the Marines by 20-0, 26-6 and 14-0 scores. The Marines won again in 1929, for the fourth time in six years.

They became a national grid power during the 1921-1924 period when a big fullback named Frank Goettge led them in three remarkable seasons. They ran up a record of 38 wins, two ties and two losses. But Goettge had help; Johnny Beckett (player-coach, 1921-1922), Jimmy Levey, Greasy Neal, George McHenry, Swede Larson, and Maury McMains and others contributed heavily to every victory.

Goettge, rated as one of the greatest backs to ever don a pair of pads, never played a game of college, or

pro football. He left the Ohio University campus during World War I, and saw action with the Fifth Marines in France as a first lieutenant. While overseas he received his gridiron indoctrination, playing with a service team coached by Eddie Mahan.

After the war, he reached the high point of his football career at Quantico, in a game against a 3rd Corps Army team. The soldier team, led by Gene Vidal, a West Point All-American, was a powerhouse. Due to the confusion in collegiate athletics after the war, service teams ranked among the nation's best, and the 1921 game was touted as a deciding factor for the national championship. Although the Marines were undefeated, Army was a prohibitive favorite.

Undismayed by the underdog role, the Marine fans told all who would listen "Keep your eyes peeled on Goettge!" The game had hardly begun when Vidal, behind perfect blocking, was off for the Marines' goal. From nowhere, it seemed, a Marine player crashed through the Army interference, and nailed Vidal. The Marine was Goettge.

Vidal played the best game of his career, but it wasn't good enough. Goettge did almost everything—perfectly. He ripped the strong Army line with his powerful plunges, passed beautifully, swept the ends, and was practically immovable on defense. The Marines completed their first perfect season by defeating the Army team, 20-0.

A service ruling forced Goettge from the gridiron in 1925, and he turned down a lucrative pro contract to remain with the Marines as a coach.

Although the "All-Marine" football teams at Quantico were nearly all-winning, they were not the only good Ma-

rine Corps athletic teams of the time. The 1922 Pearl Harbor Marines won the baseball championship of Hawaii. The same year, six members of the Mare Island, Calif., Marine baseball team, which had a 50-15 record, signed professional baseball contracts. The 1923 Philadelphia Marine basketball team had a big year; scattered boxing teams, and individuals, were winning regularly.

The Marine Corps is justly proud of former-Marine Gene Tunney, who retired in 1928 as the undefeated heavyweight boxing champion of the world. But, the best *career* Marine boxer would have to be Freddie (Lenkoski) Lenn.

In 1933 Private Lenkoski entered the Corps. After boot camp at Parris Island, where he played halfback on a football team which possessed exactly 11 jerseys, the youngster was off to Shanghai. Boxing was at a low ebb in China. The Fourth Marines were having trouble staging worthwhile smokers, and the fight-for-pay game lacked the talent to draw. The answer to both problems unpacked his seabag.

Freddie went to work with his talented fists, and within a year was ruling the middleweight class. By the time he left China, in 1937, he held three titles.

From the outset, Lenn's clever, aggressive style made China ring fans take notice. By the time he had established himself as ruler of the middle and light heavy classes in the Fourth, the regimental smokers were the most popular athletic activities in Shanghai.

While on a tour of North China, with the regimental team, Lenn met "Battler" Vallo-speed in a 10-round bout in Tientsin. The fight was refereed by Tunney, who was touring

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

Gene Tunney, who fought as a Marine in France in WW I



Official USMC Photo

Center Swede Larson played on the same teams as Goettge



Official USMC Photo

Freddie Lenn (white shirt, left center) won three titles as a Fourth Marine boxer in China. "Slug" Marvin (2d from right) trained him

SPORTS (cont.)

the Orient. It was such a slugging melee, and the roar of the crowd was so deafening, that the bell had to be repeatedly changed to signal the finish.

A promoter in Tientsin was having difficulties with a main event between Kid Andree, the champion, and challenger Ubaldo Giometti, for the light heavyweight title. The Kid wanted more money, and backed out when he was denied. Lenn substituted, spotted the rugged Italian 16 pounds, and whipped him.

The win, which stirred interest back

in Shanghai, made Lenn a contender for Andree's title. By way of proving his case, Freddie met "Killer" Stoflet, a hard-hitting sea-going Marine, and gave him a boxing lesson for six rounds. A title bout with Andree was due.

Andree, like other Europeans fighting in the Orient, depended upon brute strength. When he finally met Lenn six months later, he outweighed the Marine by 12 pounds. A combination of science, speed and youth dropped the Russian four times. Lenn won all 10 rounds, and became China's first double champion.

Andree came back for more, but quit the ring when the Marine again

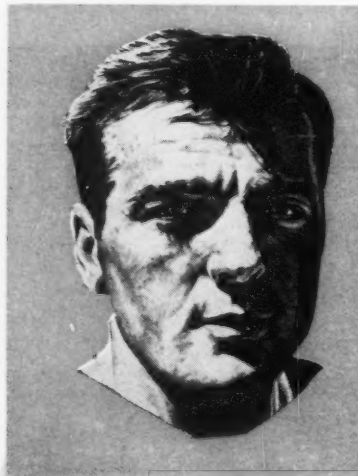
defeated him. Before Lenn left for the States, Giometti took a second and third crack at him. After their last bout, and without waiting for a verdict, the Italian crossed the ring and raised Lenn's glove.

Freddie continued to fight, after being out of the Corps for a year, and won 14 straight pro bouts before losing to Billy Soose. After Pearl Harbor, Lenn was on recruiting duty in Pittsburgh, then went to the Pacific for 32 months. He never fought in the ring again. Of 200 fights, he had lost five.

Since he began coaching Marine Corps boxers in 1946, his fighters have won an estimated 400 individual titles. One of his best was Eldridge "Tommy" Thompson. Lenn brought Thompson along, all the way, from a green intramural kid to a national A.A.U. light heavyweight champion-ship.

During the 1930s we had several good football teams. The 1939 San Diego eleven was undefeated, and untied, in 11 games. Elmer Hall, a former Quantico star, coached the 'Diego team which scored 241 points, to its opponents' 48. One of Hall's brightest stars was a crashing back named Robert E. "Bull" Trometter. Now a Chief Warrant Officer, Trometter is the head coach of the 1957 San Diego football team.

The 30s and 40s were replete with individual athletic stars. Al Hora, a colorful athlete who was equally at ease on the gridiron, baseball diamond, or the bowling alleys, was getting mention in *Leatherneck* almost every month. At the Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., and at Quantico, a player named Jim Falzone was making his mark as a touchdown producer.



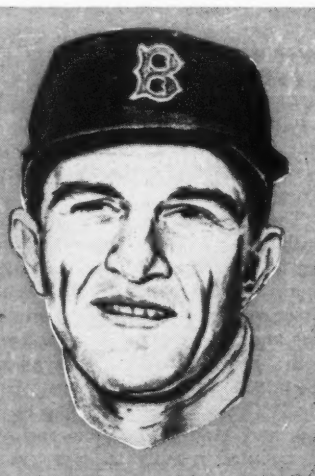
Drawing by Ernest Baker

Marine Lt. Bob Mathias won the Olympic decathlon twice



Photo by Lou Lowery

Joe Fuiks has starred on pro, and Marine, basketball courts



Drawing by Sgt. C. Beveridge

Harry Agganis was a Corps star on the diamond and grid



Official USMC Photo

Terry Downes stood out among modern Marine Corps boxers

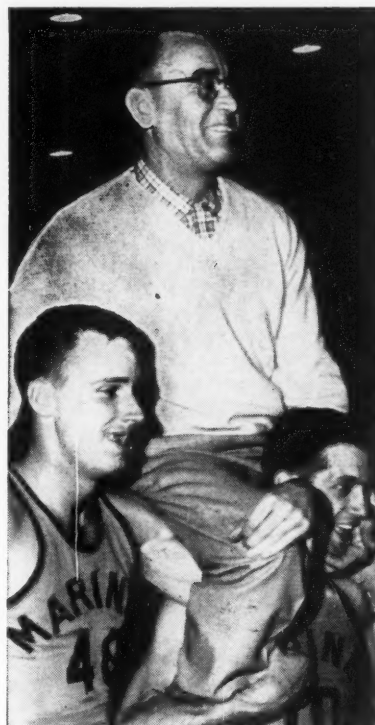
Photo by SSgt. P. A. Berger
MSgt. "Cheesy" Neil proved to be a great all-round athlete ➔

A stocky, but swift, back, Falzone led a small, often out-manned 1937 Portsmouth squad to many upsets over favored teams. Once, aided by mud, the team held a vaunted Richmond Rebel pro team to a 0-0 tie. Later, on a dry field, the pros kept their undefeated record intact by downing the stubborn Marines, 10-0.

In their final game, the Marines' team capped a winning season by defeating the Norfolk Naval Training Center, 12-6. Falzone threw a long pass to end Mike Sallick to set up the deciding score. On the next play, he shook off several determined, but ineffective tacklers and scored standing. A fast halfback on that team was young Joe Guilano, who recently "went out on 20" as a sergeant major.

A resume of Marine Corps sports wouldn't be complete without mention of Master Sergeant Jean "Cheesy" Neil, labeled by many as "the greatest all-round athlete in the history of Marine Corps sports." Neil's true versatility is evidenced by a recap of his awards during a five-year tour at San Diego: football, 5; basketball, 5; track, 5; tennis, baseball and golf—1 each. Cheesy had a remarkable sports record at San Diego, but he is most proud of the time he was selected to play with Ernie Pinckert's Coast Ali-Stars, a galaxy of collegiate stand-outs, in a charity game against the pro champion Chicago Bears.

Neil received 50 dollars to "play



a few minutes." The Coast captain sprained an ankle just prior to the game, and the Marine was sent in as a substitute two minutes after the game started. Neil left the field 58 minutes later, with his team on the short end of a 7-0 score. He knew he had earned his money playing against such pro stars as Red Grange and Bronko Nagurski.

A succession of internal injuries forced Neil to forego active participation, and he turned to coaching. Wherever he's served, he's produced championship, and near-championship, teams. His 1956-57 San Diego basketball team won the All-Marine crown, after an uphill tussle against favored teams from Quantico and Hawaii.

Many other Marine Corps teams deserve mention. Parris Island's 1928-1929 basketball team was undefeated. This team which won 26 straight was coached by "Donnelly," and a player named "Lock" was its high scorer. A 1937 Marine Corps quint won the basketball championship of Guam.

The 1950 Quantico baseball team, coached by Captain (now Lt. Col.) Bill Kohler, set an amateur—and Marine Corps—record without benefit of a big name player. Led by the hitting of Dave Petros, Gerry Donovan, Bill Hawkins and Stan Sidloski, and the pitching of Jim "Pappy" Pope, erratic Red Mullaney, and Frank Wall, the club won 100 of 115 scheduled games. Wall was named the outstanding pitcher (three wins) of

the 1950 National Baseball Congress Tournament in Wichita, Kans. His name went on the records with some of the greatest pitchers in the history of baseball.

The same year, the Quantico football team won nine, lost two, and was selected by at least one rating system as the national service champion. The team quarterback was Eddie LeBaron, who earned the nickname "Little Magician" while at the College of the Pacific.

Individual performers who attained, or enhanced, their athletic fame while in the Marine Corps were basketball players Joe Fulks, Jack Nichols and Paul Arizin. Boxers were Lavern Roach, Terry Downes and Richie "Sugar" Hill. A couple of better-than-average baseball players were Hank Bauer and Jerry Coleman, both still with the New York Yankees. On the football roster were Elroy Hirsch, Sam Vacanti, Hosea Rodgers, Skeets Quinlan, Weldon Humble and Joe Bartos. Harry Agganis starred on the gridiron and diamond.

Unforgettable is the often-told story of how General Smedley D. Butler had his officers and men build their own stadium, at Quantico, after a request for funds was denied. Also memorable are the two rough-and-tumble supposedly "touch" football games on Guadalcanal during World War II. With All-Americans in both camps, the Fourth and Twenty-ninth Regiments played a pair of Sunday afternoon contests to scoreless deadlocks. The only Marines not in attendance were those luckless enough to be on duty.

Today the Marine Corps has an extensive intramural athletic program. Combined with our thorough system of military training, intramural sports play a leading role in the physical conditioning of every rank and file Marine.

The present All-Marine Corps program, which began in 1946 with tennis and golf, has enjoyed a marked degree of success for sports on the post and station level. The larger posts often dominate play in the team sports, but where competition is on an individual level, as in track and field, golf, tennis or handball, the Marine from a small detachment suffers no handicap.

Those who administer our athletic program, the Special Services officers, athletic officers, and their invaluable enlisted assistants, are deserving of a special tribute. The same is true of the athletes of yesterday, the men who are our coaches today. Without their individual and collective knowledge, patience, and "love for the game," we'd be dead ducks. **END**

[continued from page 112]

down the "Big Hill" through Funchil-lan Pass, was a battle in itself. The Reds were pretty well entrenched all through the adjacent real estate and they had blown up the bridge about half-way down the hill. The Air Force loaded up the necessary Tread-way spans and dropped them—all 60 tons—and we put it in place and took off.

Technical Sergeant James C. Jones, Jr., now the *Newsweek* bureau chief in Detroit, wrote of the final break-through:

"The first linking of Marines fighting south from Koto-ri and those fighting north was accomplished by a group of seven valiant Marines who fought down from the north. They carried nothing but their weapons—their own and several which had previously belonged to Chinese Communist forces.

"Leading the group was Technical Sergeant William H. McCormick. Gunny McCormick was near exhaustion, so tired he had to force a welcome smile. Unconsciously, he squared his shoulders.

"With McCormick were six Marines from another company—six men out of a group of 27. Only these 27 remained of the entire company.

"The six men were: Pfc Robert L. Lunardi, Corporal Edward J. Cantwell, Jr., Pfc Charles B. Knudson,

Corporal Ronald J. Moloy, Pfc John D. Barliss and Sergeant Eugene O. Suter.

"These Marines had started one mile south of Koto-ri early on the morning of December 9. They had to cover but three miles to join up with the 1st Batt, First Marines in the south. They battled the three miles in 14 hours. Most of the original group had either been killed or forced back. But the band of seven plodded through.

"Marines cheered as the road opened up. Men threw their arms around long-sought buddies. There were more than a few tearful faces."

The world was amazed. America was jubilant. Everyone was surprised except the Marines. . . .

The Chinese gave us a new war and the Reservoir set the tone for fighting to come. Even though the Chosin would go down as one of the Corps' greatest battles, there were still some coming up in Korea that would more than equal it for ferocity and casualties. The terrible fight back over the frozen road from the Reservoir; the hordes of Chinese "volunteers;" the word "retreat" that met them was a living thing that could not go unanswered. To the Marines it had been neither retreat nor defeat. They came out with their wounded, dead and equipment and were back in the line in less than a month. It was more than three months before any of the 12 Chinese divisions were identified as combat units again.

General Walton Walker, CG of the

Eighth Army, was killed in a jeep accident and General Matthew Ridg-way, a para-troop general, took over. The Chinese were pressing their attack against what they considered a defeated enemy when Ridgway ordered the UN troops to "forget the real estate and kill Chinese." The UN forces steeled themselves, about-faced and cut loose. The central front around Wonju and Hoengsong was fantastic with death as an estimated 15,000 Chinese were cut down.

Then, as the Chinese steamroller slowed, Operation Killer, the UN counter-offensive ground into action, spearheaded by the First Marine Division. The Seventh Marines took to the hills to the left of Hoengsong—the First chopped through the muddy rubble of the destroyed town. Hoengsong fell, then Hongchon and the division went into partial reserve for a few days. Easter morning, the Seventh Marines got the word to saddle up. The cooks were bitter. They had managed to procure fresh chicken and were cooking it up for the troops when the word came we were to relieve the First Cavalry Division. The mess sergeant and his cooks were standing by the road, serving the hot fowl to the troops as they loaded the trucks and moved out.

We went into the Cairo line and then the Quantico line and then sat in horrified disbelief as the ROK outfit on our left flank crumbled and the Chinese plowed 20 miles into our rear. It was April 22. It took a long time to expel the Reds and the fighting around the Hwachon Reservoir and the "Punchbowl" was vicious.

Then the Reds began the peace talks. Until then, we had the edge as far as artillery and mortars were concerned but the slack period gave them time to move up their equipment and stockpile ammo. They put it to good use at the "Hook" and in other bunker battles.

While the yakking was in progress at Panmunjom, the Marines pulled off the first helicopter-borne assault, Operation Bumblebee. On the morning of October 10, HMR-161 lifted 958 Marines 15 miles in five hours and 50 minutes. Using the old methods it would have taken days and many casualties to make the move. On November 11, HMR-161 set up a second lift. They transported the entire 2d Batt, Fifth Marines to hill 884 and brought out the 2d Batt, First Marines. It took them exactly seven and a half hours to transport the 2000 Marines.

The 'copter pilots were mightily respected by the mud Marines. They would bring their whirly-birds in



under fire to evacuate the wounded and would fly in any weather around the clock to move and resupply the ground troops.

In March, 1952, the division was pulled out of its position on the eastern sector of the line and sent west to take over the area around the "invasion" corridor at Panmunjom. The Marines finished out the war in this area but not until they had taken part in some of the hardest fighting in the entire Korea fracas.

The "peace" talks had given the Reds time to build up and dig in along the front. First Lieutenant Bob Gray wrote a bit about this new kind of war.

Of bunker life, for example, he said, "Some of the guys on the front line would get up in the morning about 0700, whip up a batch of fresh eggs and listen to the morning Tokyo newscast on portable radios while standing watch in the hole just outside their bunkers. A couple of nights a week, of course, they'd catch a patrol. . . ."

It was anything but a soft life, this kind of guerre. Reveille was usually played on a 76- or 120-mm. bugle and the patrols and raids were a mighty rough kind of a pastime. A lot of new names were coming out. There was "Luke the Gook's Castle," and Bunker Hill and The Hook and then Reno, Carson and Vegas.

Of all the bunker battles in Korea, Vegas, Reno and Carson were probably the roughest. These three hills commanded the invasion route. "The trio of peaks under Marine control were christened by logic and were named after three of Nevada's largest gambling centers," wrote Master Sergeant Bob Fugate. "The Marines maintained that it was a wide-open gamble to be there."

The Reds gambled that Spring—and lost. For five days they pounded the Marines in a desperate attempt to wrest the important position from them. They opened the pot on the night of March 25, 1953, on the Fifth Marines' front and it spread from there to the First Marines. Incoming artillery and mortar fire was dropping at the rate of two rounds per second. During the first 24 hours, the Fifth Marines took an estimated 31,385 rounds of enemy shells while being attacked by an estimated 12 to 15 Red companies.

The Chinese directed counter-battery fire against our artillery and pounded the main service routes leading to the area in an attempt to keep reinforcements from moving into the Marines' line. Battalion CPs took a shellacking that tore up ground communications lines. Radio contact was

maintained but even that went dead at times. As the night wore on the Marines and Chinese grappled in savage hand-to-hand fighting in trench lines on Reno and Carson. By midnight, the masses of Chinese were beginning to overrun the outposts and a counterattack was launched by the Marines in order to reach their embattled buddies.

Captain John B. Melvin, CO of D/2/5, led an assault on Vegas but could get no closer than 150 yards of the top. Later he told how the incoming "literally rained on the troops. It was so intense that you couldn't move backward or forward. The Chinese 60-mm. mortars began to bother us as much as firecrackers. It was the 120-mm. mortar and 122-mm. artillery that hurt us the most. The noise was deafening." It was also deadly.

On Reno, Fox 2/5 had been forced back but had brought out their dead and wounded. Planes from Marine Aircraft Group One came in close and plastered the top of Vegas with 28 tons of bombs in 23 minutes, thoroughly disrupting the enemy's defenses. Not one Marine was hit by the friendly weapons although the planes were dumping their loads a bare 150 yards ahead of them.

Staff Sergeant John J. "Trigger Jack" Williams, of E/2/5, was in command of the platoon that retook Vegas. Many officers had become casualties during the five-day battle and the NCOs took the command. Williams had 27 men left in the platoon when he took over but the battered 27 went up Vegas anyway. Second Lieutenant Donald Colburn was killed when he volunteered to take Fox Company up to support Easy and Staff Sergeant Samuel A. Zavodny took over. When the hill was retaken, the Marines counted noses: Williams had eight men left, Zavodny had 15 and Second Lieutenant Carl P. Brandt had seven. This

total of 30 Marines held Vegas until they were relieved late that night by two platoons from Fox Company.

The enemy attacks were almost continuous on all three hills. Master Sergeant Gerald L. Neal, First Sergeant of D/2/5, recalled one man who showed up during the reorganization of the company clad in nothing but long johns. The remainder of his clothing had been cut away to locate the many small shrapnel wounds he had suffered. Neal said the Marine told him, "I may not be in the proper uniform but I'm reporting for duty and I want to go back out."

Another man from Dog Company wandered up to the bunker, offering to help. He was apparently dazed from concussion. Neal asked, "Where have you been, son?"

"I don't know."

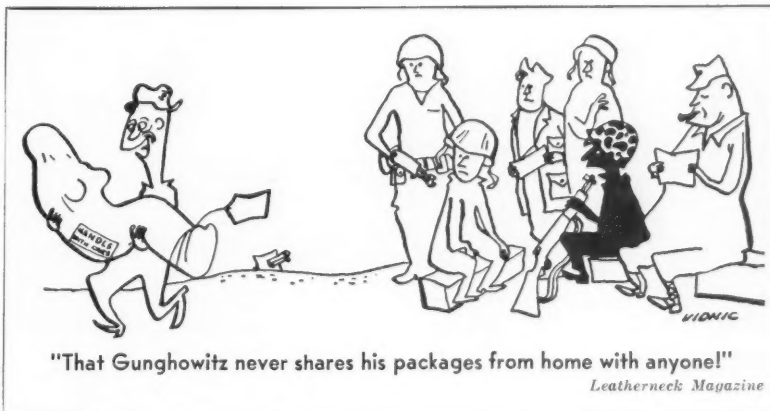
"Well, can you tell me your name?"

"Yeah, it's Vegas."

The fight for Reno, Carson and Vegas was the last all-out battle of the Korean war even though the fighting dragged on for several more months. As the last few hours approached, the Dragon Lady and Moose Maid began passing the word over their front-line PA systems. The troops got the official word a few minutes after 10 o'clock on the morning of July 27, 1953. The cease-fire would go into effect in 12 hours.

Fox 2/5 held a unique position. The outpost was two and a half miles out in front of the MLR. It was the Marines' closest duty station to the Chinese. Their hill commanded a view unequaled by any other outpost along the 155-mile battle front. On their left was the peace corridor at Panmunjom. The Marines could see the unpainted walls and had watched the Reds working to complete the building for the historical event which took place that morning.

The troops were jumpy. Captain John M. (continued on page 126)



MARKSMANSHIP

[continued from page 87]

Time enters the accomplishments of the Marine Corps riflemen at Wakefield, Mass., on August 17 and 18.

"In the matches which were fired on the 17th the following results were obtained: United Services of New England Ratigan Match: won by Pfc Edmond D. Lamb; Turner Match: won by Sgt. Thomas J. Jones; Nagle Match: won by Corp. Sterling P. Roberts; Neider Match: won by Sgt. Thomas J. Jones; Estabrook Match, won by Pfc. Bartell Franson; Cummings Match, won by Second Lieut. Pierson E. Conrad.

"A new match, known as the Foote Dooley, which was added since the schedule was drawn up, and consists of 200-offhand and 400-yard rapid firing was won by Gunny Sgt. Bill E. Clary.

"A summary shows that out of a total of nine matches fired in two days the Marine Corps won eight. A remarkable feat for which the firers deserve untold credit."

There were no National matches in 1926. But in that year the Marine Corps boasted that 84.81% of all its Marines had qualified as marksmen or better. One Marine, Corporal Francis J. Shannon set a new rifle record. This is the story *Leatherneck* carried in July 1926:

"Corporal Francis J. Shannon, USMC, is the new champion rifle shot of the world. Shannon, firing on the Marine Corps Rifle Team from Bremerton, Wash., made the phenomenal score of 347 out of a possible 350 on the regular army course at the Marine Corps rifle range at La Jolla on the 18th of May while firing during the Western Division Competition meet.

"He made possibles on all ranges with the exception of 200 standing, where he made 47. No one but a Marine could accomplish such a feat. Rifle shots all over the world will probably be shooting from now until the end of the world attempting to beat this young Marine's record, but in order to do so they will have to fire 69 rounds of ammo without getting out of the black and on the 70th shot will have to get at least a trey. Corp. Shannon has certainly put up a record for the world to shoot at. The former world's record was 346, held by Lieutenant Conrad."

In 1927, Marine marksmen had an excellent year. The Corps' Pistol Team won, but the Rifle team settled for second place. The Marines had tied the Army Infantry Team, but since the Army had a higher aggregate score for the 1000-yard match, they were declared the winner. That year the Marines entered 96 rifle and pistol matches, winning 81 of them.

This was also the year in which Sergeant Major John M. Thomas, distinguished rifleman retired:

The March issue of *Leatherneck* covered the story:

"In Thomas' retirement the Marine Corps loses a distinguished rifleman who is not only the best all-around shot in his respective branch of the service but is credited by authorities as the greatest in the world. He has been a leader with the rifle, pistol, shotgun, and small-bore for years, and his collection has 107 medals and numerous other trophies and prizes.

"Probably the most important medals to him are the annual Lauchheimers, indicative of the best shot with the rifle and pistol in the Marine Corps. In competition for six years, Thomas won three consecutive first places, one second and one third. He won the President's Match in 1926, also the Sea Girt Aggregate. Sgt. Major Thomas probably holds more prizes of national and international importance than any other man in the world. And he is not through. After a short vacation he will coach rifle and pistol at Penn State Constabulary."

The Corps' 1928 team was a good one also. Major Julian C. Smith was in charge then and Captain W. W. Ashurst was coach. Under their leadership Marines won the individual and team rifle matches, and individual and team pistol competitions. This gave the Corps its second clean sweep of the National Matches. The only time this happened before was when the Big Team of 1921 turned the trick.

By 1929, marksmanship had become a Marine tradition and the percentage of qualified Marines was 80.08. Despite the high percentage of marksmen however, the Corps slipped to third place in national matches. It recovered quickly, however, and returned to first in 1930 and 1931.

Leatherneck recorded these 1930 events:

"With the shooting season drawing to a close, 1930 has proved to be another banner year in the annals of the Marine Corps victories in rifle and pistol matches.

"Gy-Sgt. Morris Fisher and ex-Sgt. Russel F. Seitzinger did their bit in winning the International Free Rifle Team Match at Antwerp, Belgium, August 9. The U. S. team's score: 5441; Switzerland: 5407; Denmark: 5341"

The October, 1930, *Leatherneck* also noted:

"At Camp Perry, Ohio, the President's Hundred Match, which is open to every citizen of the U.S., included 11 riflemen of the U.S. Marine Corps. The National Individual Pistol Match was won by Gy-Sgt. Henry M. Bailey. The Marine Corps rifle team won the National Rifle Team Match with



Photo by SSgt. Hal Briggs

First and second places in the 1957 International Aggregate Match were won by Col. Emmet Swanson and SSgt. Emmett D. Duncan

a score of 2805 out of a possible 3000. Gy-Sgt. Carl J. Cagle was awarded the Pershing Trophy and Gold Medal for attaining the highest individual score, 387."

Also that year, the typesetters should have saved their type which read "Marines Win." They could have used it several times. That same month two other marksmanship stories were on the *Leatherneck* pages:

MARINES WIN PISTOL TITLE

"Gy-Sgt. H. M. Bailey, USMC, Walterboro, S.C., scored 262 out of a possible 300 today to win the national individual pistol match at Camp Perry, and the title of champion pistol shot of the U. S.

"There were 549 entries in the match. Lt. G. A. Rehm, U. S. Cavalry, Fort Meyer, Va., was a close second with 260. Sgt. Melvin T. Huff, USMC, San Diego, made 259, for third."

The other item concerned the Marines in International competition:

U. S. RIFLE TEAM WINS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

"Antwerp, Belgium. The American team today won the world's championship in the international rifle matches at the 300-meter distance, prone, standing and kneeling, with a total score of 541 points. Switzerland was second, 34 points behind.

"The American record was just one point short of the world record established at Stockholm in 1929 by Switzerland."

In the Depression years of 1932-33-34, no national matches were held. However, firing interest was kept aglow by a series of local matches throughout the nation. Marines took part in them whenever they could.

Here is a typical report from the October, 1933, issue of *Leatherneck* concerning one of these contests:

MARINE SHOOTERS CAPTURE TROPHY

"Quantico, Va. Marine team number one outshot all rivals here to bag the Myron T. Herrick Cup in the Middle Atlantic Rifle Championships. The Marines closed the week's activities with a score of 1786 out of a possible 1800 and were followed by the second Marine team which polled 1781."

When the national competition was resumed in 1935, the Marine team captained by Major Merrit A. Edson and coached by Capt. William J. Whaling and Marine Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd won the New England Matches at Wakefield. And in the National Matches they won the

United Services matches in both rifle and pistol.

Marine teams won again in 1936 and by 1937 they had chalked up their fifth consecutive win. Marines settled for second in 1938, then slipped to third in 1939. That year however, they accomplished a remarkable feat: The eight-man team fired a perfect score of 800 out of a possible 800, with 123 in the V-ring.

That year a brief item appeared in the October issue of *Leatherneck*:

"Pfc Alfred L. Wolters sets new world's record at 1000 yards with 27 consecutive bull's-eyes."

The year 1940 marked the last of the National Matches until World War II ended. It also saw the Springfield go to Guadalcanal, then into retirement as the Garand rifle replaced it. Incidentally, the Marine Rifle Team won that year, too.

All in all, from 1911 to 1940, Marines won 15 out of the 24 National Rifle Team Matches (1911-16-18-19-21-22-23-24-29-30-31-35-36-37-40).

When the matches were resumed after World War II, Marines continued to live up to the high shooting standards of their predecessors.

This year, while the Marine Corps' Rifle Team did not win, they nevertheless continued their tradition of being the shootin'est service.

First Lieutenant William W. McMillan captured the National Grand Aggregate Pistol championship. It was the first time in history that a regular Marine won the National Pistol Championship. He fired an aggregate score of 2612 to beat out by two points Army Master Sergeant Huelet L. Benner. McMillan entered the last match trailing by nine points. He won both the Custer and Harrison cups, a feat no one had been able to accomplish before.

Staff Sergeant Albert A. Estes defeated a field of 2000 competitors in the Service Rifle Rapid Fire match. He set a new record of 100 with 15-Vs. Second place was won by Staff Sergeant E. D. Duncan, who also won the Coast Guard Trophy Match.

In the International Aggregate Match, Colonel E. O. Swanson, captain of the Marine Corps Reserve Team, took first with a score of 737-17Vs. Second place went to Staff Sergeant Emmet D. Duncan, with two points below the winner.

Marine teams also took the Herrick Trophy Match, placing first, second and third.

SSgt. Michael Pietroforte won the Service Rifle Aggregate (combined score of seven matches). The next 10

places in this match were also won by Marines.

The Marine Corps Cup Match, consisting of 200 shots rapid fire, and 10 shots at 600 yards, slow fire, was won by TSgt. James A. Zahm, with a possible 100, including 16-Vs. TSgt. James H. Brannon took second.

SSgt. Pat O. Jones won the Wimbledon Cup Match, with TSgt. James E. Hill second and CWO Harold E. Larkin placing third. Four other Marines finished in the first 10.

The Navy Cup Match was won by 1st Lt. Donald M. Jacobson. In the President's Match, Marines took eight of the first 10 places. They also won seven out of the first 13 places in the Leach Cup Match, losing the top place by the narrow margin of two Vs.

In the National Rifle Trophy Team Match, Marines lost first place by only five points, but took second, third and fourth. All teams broke the old records.

In today's era, despite the spawning of new, hellish devices of war, the future destiny of the nation, to a degree may still be in the hands of the rifleman. Marines at any rate, are ready to prove it. **END**

Marines in Review

The other day, when we picked up the November issue of *Holiday Magazine*, and read an article entitled "The United States Marines," we became mighty proud of the Corps. The story was written by William Manchester, and we noticed right away that he's part of the family. He knows an awful lot about the Marine Corps, and he tells it in an interesting way. When we read Manchester's article, we couldn't help but feel as though we were sitting on the side of a bunk, engrossed in one of those familiar barracks "yarn" sessions.

Manchester uses Marine Corps talk, and his insight is keen and penetrating as a bayonet. Most of all, he's got a pretty good idea of what makes a Marine.

A Marine is born in boot camp, and as Manchester puts it, "... treat the skinhead with contempt, march him a thousand miles, put him through a million drilled acts of obedience, taunt him with the fact that he volunteered, teach him to take dead aim on a target 500 yards away and hit it, and then, at the last inspection, grudgingly admit that he may make a real Marine some day. After that final performance, the typical boot struts off the parade ground seething with pride ..."

As the author points out, you wind up with "... an elite phalanx of assault troops who can be counted upon to make the most impossible assignment possible ..."

BULLETIN BOARD

(OLD STYLE)

Distribution of Allotment Checks Begun

Distribution of allowance and allotment checks to the dependents of the enlisted men in the military and naval forces of the United States began last week.

The machinery of the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance for handling the large number of monthly payments is now in full operation and checks will be going out steadily henceforth.

Every enlisted man in the military and naval forces of the United States who has a wife and children dependent on him is required to allot for their support during the war at least \$15 a month but not more than half his pay. To these allotments the government adds monthly allowances ranging from \$5 for one motherless child, or \$15 for a wife without children, and an additional amount if there be children.

Allotments for a wife and children are compulsory. But if the enlisted man wishes to make allotments for a dependent brother, sister, parent or grandchild, the government will add certain allowances thereto, depending on the size of the family and the amount, if any, already paid by the government to the enlisted man's wife and children.

Commissioned officers are not required to make allotments and the government provides no allowances for their dependents.

To expedite the distribution of hundreds of thousands of checks, an extra night shift of clerks and typists is now working in the Military and Naval Division of the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance.

Leatherneck:
January 5, 1918

Trains Will Now Stop at Quantico

The desperate fight of Quantico Marines, led by the *Leatherneck*, for adequate train service to and from Washington and Fredericksburg, has at last been crowned with victory.

Mr. Norman Call, assistant to President White of the railroad, came up from Richmond and agreed at a meeting Thursday, with a committee of officers, to cooperate in every way possible to better the service for the Marines of Quantico.

All except two of the trains passing through Quantico will stop for Marines. A brand new train for Marines only will be put on between here (Quantico) and Fredericksburg.

Although the new trains are not yet on the schedule, the exact time for their leaving will be decided very shortly. The train to the south will "shove off" at 4:30 and run to Fredericks-

burg, where it will stop overnight and return to Quantico, leaving Fredericksburg at 7:00 a.m.

For weeks the *Leatherneck* has been consistently hammering away at the Washington-Southern to secure better service and feels highly gratified over the outcome.

The complete schedule of trains and the time they will leave Quantico will be compiled Sunday and will be printed next week.

The new Marine Special leaving Quantico at 4:30 will be greatly appreciated by the officers who reside in Fredericksburg for it will arrive in Fredericksburg in plenty of time for supper. They will not be compelled to "hit the deck" so early in order to arrive at camp in time to begin their day's duties.

Leatherneck:
January 12, 1918

Marine Band on the Radiophone

The music of the Marine Band may now be heard by owners of Radiophones throughout the eastern states. A section of the band played at the Naval Air Station at Anacostia last week and the selections were broadcasted by Radiophone.

It is claimed that this is the first time that the selections of so large an organization have been sent out by radio, the usual musical numbers being supplied by soloists, or a small number of musicians.

Because of the limited power of the appar-

atus at Anacostia, the zone in which the Marine Band may be heard is not very large. But plans are underway for increasing the power of the radio plant and it is expected that soon the music of the greatest military band may be

heard in the home of all radiophone enthusiasts.

Until further notice the band will play for broadcasting at 8:30 p.m. every Wednesday.

Leatherneck:
May 27, 1922

New Drill to be Adopted by the Marine Corps

The following excerpts from an article, "Column of 3's," heralded adoption of the drill which was used during World War II and until shortly after the Korean War was terminated.

Under the old system of close order (squad) drill, it is doubtful if the more slow-witted men in ranks ever drill with confidence. To quote the *Infantry Journal*, "Nothing gives a man so strong a feeling of being part of a group as actually moving in unison with it, smoothly and confidently, to a measured cadence. The rhythmic crash of a hundred boots on the pavement is the echo of footfalls of the herd, and individuals still respond to the effect and sense the security, power and unity of action that is implied in it. For this reason, close-order drill is a powerful, integrating factor. But when the drill is so complicated that a man fears every second that he will do something wrong, something that will throw him out of step with the herd and thus indicate to everybody else that he really doesn't belong to it, then it becomes an irksome and even a disintegrating process."

Then, too, the old system is inflexible in its difficulty of application to various types of troops, while the new system, with the drill for foot troops as its foundation, can be applied to practically any military organization, regardless of whether its squads are in multi-

ples of three or not. Changes in size of units or in weapons will have little effect, if any, upon the drill regulations.

These are the principal arguments for the new drill.

In spite of its simplicity, the new drill lacks none of the elements which make for precision and discipline. It aims at the ideal of combined smartness and precision on parade with efficiency in combat. It goes far toward attaining that ideal by allowing the soldier more time for the study of his real work, warfare and its modern machinery, through requiring less time to learn complicated, obsolete parade-ground maneuvers.

The age in which we now live is a highly mechanized one. All armies of the world are striving constantly toward being the perfect war machine. This means specialization among the men. They must be trained individually to do the one particular job for which each is selected, and each must have the time and the freedom of mind to absorb that special training. The soldier, to reach the peak of efficiency, cannot spend his time in memorizing movements which will be of no value to him under fire. His drills should be simple enough to be carried out subconsciously. The new drill meets this condition.

Leatherneck:
August, 1939

Identification Numbers

During 1940 and 1941 *Leatherneck* published verbatim all Circular Letters issued by HQMC. This is one of them.—Ed.

15 February 1941

Circular Letter No. 432

Subject: Identification numbers for enlisted men.

1. Beginning on 1 March 1941 all enlisted men of the Marine Corps and Marine Corps Reserve will be assigned an identification number. A man's number will be used on correspondence relating to him and will be used for other purposes of identification.

2. Enlisted men in the service on 28 February 1941 will be assigned a number by the Major General Commandant and their commanding officers informed. This number will be identical with that now used to identify the man at this Headquarters, and will remain the same during the man's entire enlisted service.

3. Men enlisting in the Marine Corps at recruiting offices on and after 1 March 1941

will be assigned a number by the recruiting officer immediately upon completion of the enlistment contract. This number will be placed in the upper right hand corner of the enlisted paper. The Major General Commandant will assign blocks of numbers to recruiting districts for that purpose. Men enlisting at a Marine barracks will be assigned a number by this Headquarters. Upon receipt of the enlistment paper the commanding officer of the man concerned will be informed of the number. Reenlistments will be reassigned numbers used to identify them during prior enlistment.

4. The identification number of enlisted men will be placed on the cover of each man's service-record book in the space provided therefor, and at time of discharge on the discharge certificate immediately after his surname.

T. Holcomb
Leatherneck:
August, 1941

END

BULLETIN BOARD

BULLETIN BOARD is Leatherneck's interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

Many Changes in Uniform Regulations Announced

Marine Corps Order 1020.24 promulgates many advance changes in uniform regulations which will be incorporated in Chapter 49 of the Marine Corps Manual. Because of their widespread applicability, the provisions of the order are quoted as follows:

- **Blue Cap Cover**—Effective October 1, 1957, the Blue Cap Cover as worn by male personnel will become an obsolete item of uniform, and no longer authorized for wear. The White Cap Cover will be worn at all times with the Blue and Dress Uniforms.

- **The wearing of ribbons on the khaki shirt** as prescribed in MCM 49250.5b is modified as follows:

1. The wearing of ribbons on the khaki shirt, as part of the Summer Service duty uniform will be at the option of the individual; however, ribbons will be worn on the khaki shirt, when worn as an outer garment, as part of the Summer Service uniform on leave, liberty and ceremonial occasions.

- **Plate #123, Marine Corps Manual**, which illustrates authorized marksman qualification badges, is presently under revision to incorporate new redesigned badges authorized for wear by Marine Corps personnel. The following changes have been incorporated in these badges:

1. The holding bar has been standardized in design, and all badges are constructed of sterling silver rhodium plated, with clutch type fasteners.

2. **Expert Rifleman**—Wreath more clearly defined. Crossed M-1 (Garand) rifles substituted in lieu of Model 1903 (Springfield).

3. **Sharpshooter**—A silver Marine Corps emblem superimposed on the center of the Maltese Cross.

4. **Rifle Marksman**—Badge to consist of holding bar, inscribed "Rifle Marksman," with miniature silver replica of rifle target attached to holding bar in the same manner as for other badges.

5. **Pistol Expert**—Wreath of the same style and design as used for rifle expert badge, with two crossed .45 caliber pistols.

6. **Pistol Sharpshooter**—Style and design identical to rifle sharpshooter, except in miniature.

7. **Pistol Marksman**—Style and design identical to rifle marksman, except in miniature.

It is contemplated that the new badges will be available for issue to Marine Corps personnel during Fiscal Year 1959. However, Marine Corps personnel who are eligible to wear the aforementioned badges may purchase these badges through Marine Corps Exchanges. Attention is invited to the requirement that all badges must show indication of official approval. Badges not bearing this indication are considered non-regulation, and the wearing of such items is prohibited.

- **Officers' Swords**—Requirements for temporary and Reserve officers to possess the sword and accessories are as follows:

1. **Reserve Officers**—Effective upon receipt of this order, all commissioned officers and warrant officers entering on active duty, except those coming on active duty for training, will be required to possess the officer's sword and accessories.

2. All temporary and Reserve officers presently on active duty, except those on active duty for training, are required to possess sword and accessories as part of the uniform by July 1, 1959.

- **French-Cuff Shirt, Gold Necktie Clasp and Cuff Links:**

1. A French-cuff shirt in the same basic style and design as the standard khaki shirt has been adopted for wear by male officers and staff non-commissioned officers, as part of the service uniform.

2. A gold necktie clasp and cuff links with the Marine Corps emblem superimposed thereon, have been approved for wear only with the French-cuff shirts as an item of uniform. The cuff links and gold necktie clasp for officer and staff noncommissioned officers are identical in style and design; however, the emblem for wear by officers is silver; the emblem for staff non-commissioned officers is gold. The cuff links and gold necktie clasp are available for purchase through the Marine Corps Exchanges, and may also be worn with appropriate civilian clothing.

3. The French-cuff shirt may be worn at the option of the Marine, as part of the service uniform, for leave and liberty; however the wearing of the French-cuff shirt as part of the uniform for duty, formations, parades and ceremonial occasions is at the discretion of the commanding officer.

4. The bronze necktie clasp will be worn with

the standard khaki shirt in accordance with MCM 49070.1.

● Adoption of embroidered type insignia of grade and service stripes for wear by male enlisted personnel on the dress and service uniforms.

1. Embroidered insignia of grade and service stripes to replace the present woven service insignia of grade and dress insignia of grade have been adopted for wear by male enlisted personnel. The new insignia of grade and service stripes for wear by sergeants major, first sergeants and corporals are presently available for issue to enlisted personnel through the Marine Corps Supply System. However, the insignia of grade and service stripes for all pay grades are available and may be purchased through Marine Corps Exchanges. The wearing of mixed insignia of grade and service stripes by the individual on any one uniform is prohibited. Further notification will be made to the field by the Supply Department when all insignia of grade and service stripes are available for issue.

● Adoption of a redesigned service coat with a bellows back for wear by male officer and male

enlisted grade E-7, as an optional item of uniform.

1. A service coat, identical to the standard service coat except with a bellows back, has been adopted as an optional item of uniform for wear by male officers and male enlisted grade E-7. This coat replaces the officers' standard service jacket. There are no restrictions on the wearing of the redesigned service coat, whereas the service jacket was limited for wear as part of the duty uniform only. A cutoff date of June 30, 1960, has been established for the wear-out period of the service jacket.

2. Possession of the bellows back coat does not modify the requirement for the officer or enlisted man to possess the standard service coat.

3. The new service coat, Winter and Summer, is available for purchase through the Officer Uniform Shop, Marine Corps Supply Activity, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marine Corps Exchanges that normally stock officers' uniforms; and approved civilian tailors.

The aforementioned uniform changes also apply to the Marine Corps Reserve.

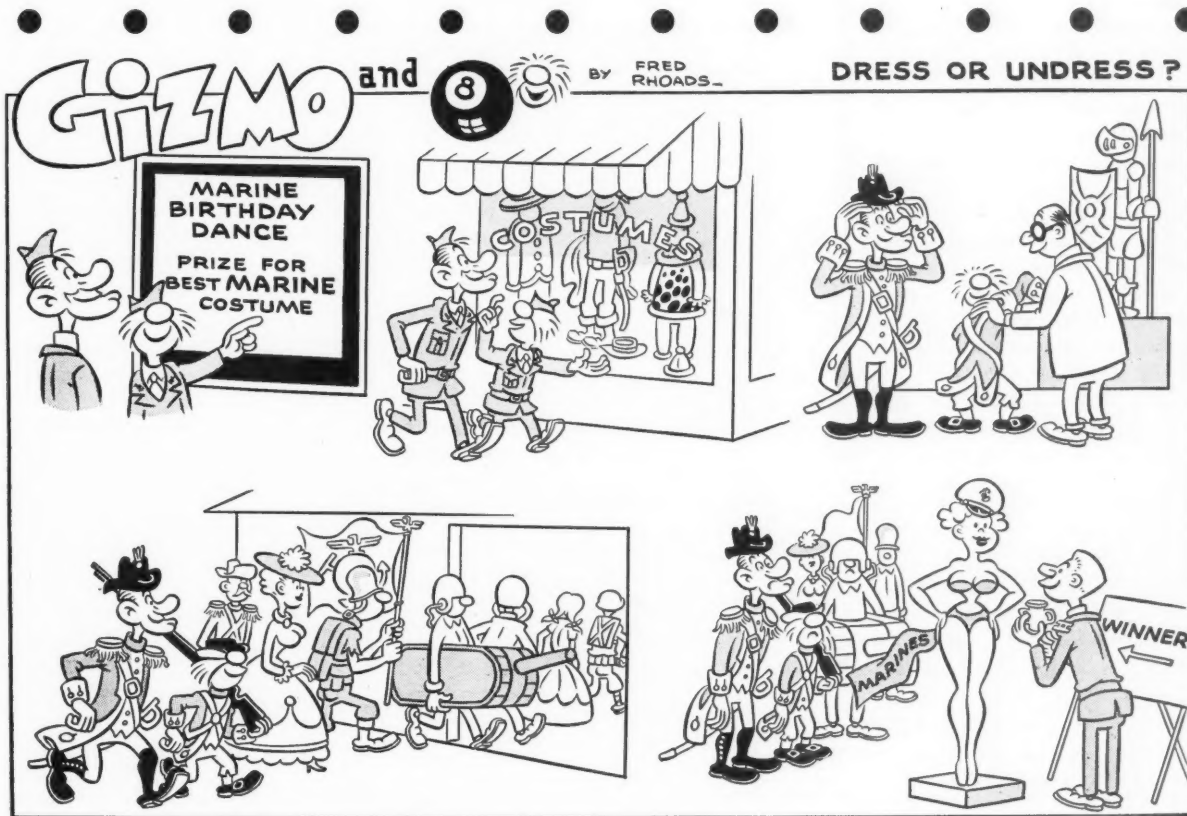
Carrying of Individual Weapons

It has been brought to the attention of the Commandant that the wearing of empty pistol holsters during training exercises has become a general practice within many units of the Corps.

Marine Corps Order 3100.1 directs that this

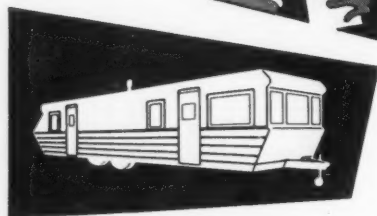
practice be discontinued. Commanding officers will ensure that all Marines are armed with appropriate individual weapons during field exercises and training periods which require personnel to be armed.

END



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1947 • 1957

[continued from page 119]

Jagoda, the Fox Company CO, didn't trust the enemy and kept the troops on their toes. There were still 12 hours to go. The Reds began firing propaganda shells into the Marine lines and the Dragon Lady went on the air with the usual chant, offering gifts, but the Marines weren't having any.

At 2138, Staff Sergeant J. T. Bolick, Pfc A. Rodriguez, N. Nixon, A. Hajjar, Sergeant J. J. Lannert and Corporal P. Ninehouser jerked lanyards on How Battery's guns—the final salvo of the Marines' Korean war.

With five minutes left in a war which had lasted more than three years, each Marine company commander fired a star shell cluster proclaiming they would observe the cease fire order. From the Reds—nothing.

The fighting was over. It cost 146 officer and 2861 enlisted lives. It had taken the Marines from Pusan to Inchon, to Seoul, the Chosin, the central front and the bitter, vicious fighting at the outposts of Vegas, Carson and Reno. The First Division had guarded the corridor at Panmunjom and had taken part in the prisoner exchange. The division had also caused the "Volunteers" untold casualties.

Reorganization of the Corps was in progress before the end of the Korea War. Plans for new and special units were in the mill; also for new bases. The big gains made in missile and atomic weapons meant that the Corps' new doctrine had to be put into effect. We were authorized three divisions and wings and our three dimensional attack was streamlined. We can hit 'em with divisions or brigades or RCTs from above and below and faster than anyone ever thought possible.

One result of the reorganization was the opening of the Marine Corps Training Center, Twentynine Palms, Calif. The gigantic area was just right for the training of the Corps' big bore cannonceers and missile units. Down in Georgia, a new supply center was built. The Marines at Albany fenced off several thousand acres of former pasture and pecan groves and built their repair shops and warehouses.

The Third Divvy shoved off for duty in Japan and then down to Okinawa where they made permanent camp. About the time the 1st Batt., First Marines (Reinf.), shoved off from Pendleton for Alaska maneuvers,

the FMF Pac Marines were moving into their new home at Camp H. M. Smith in Hawaii. The new camp was the old Aiea Naval Hospital but its wartime patients would never have recognized the place after the face-lifting the Marines had given it. The First Marine Brigade moved into the Marine Corps Air Station at Kaneohe Bay and shook down in its permanent billet.

Maneuvers had started on the East Coast, too. The Second Division Marines were making the annual run down to Vieques and pulling liberty at the various islands before returning to North Carolina. The Med cruises were still going and the 3d Batt, Second Marines, nonchalantly went through the middle of a shooting scrape to evacuate American citizens during the Egyptian-Israeli war. The rest of their time was taken up with helicopter maneuvers in places like Dikili, Turkey. They libertied in Greece, France, Italy and Spain.

New weapons, equipment and their place in the new doctrine were going through the mill at Quantico. As soon as they were accepted they started distribution to the troops. The most recent was the M-50 or ONTOS, nicknamed "The Thing." It carries six, 106-mm. recoilless rifles and is a regimental weapon. It'll kill any tank in the world. We got into the missile business with the 1st Guided Missile Battalion which started out at China Lake, Calif., and ended at Twentynine Palms.

We also got a taste of the future with several maneuvers out in Nevada where the AEC was testing atomic weapons. The last one was pretty hairy since the bomb didn't explode, and the Marines had to spend most of the day in their holes until the bomb was disarmed. The mud Marines in the FMF units are spending more and more time in the field working with the copters and the new doctrine theories.

So, I don't think any 10-year Marine or any Marine is less a Marine than the "Old Breed." It's just a matter of age. My sergeant major just got a head start—nothing more. The Marines of today are the same kind who went into the fighting tops of the *Bon Homme Richard*, into Belleau Wood, or into the 'Canal, Peleliu or Iwo.

They eat the same, dress pretty much the same and talk the same. We owe a lot to the Marines who went through the Pacific in the '40s and passed their battle knowledge to us—just as Marines of the future will be in debt to us.

And, the Corps is still the Corps; none of us wants to change that.

END

AVIATION

[continued from page 111]

of pilots chalked up a 25 to 1 ratio at the end of the first two years of the war.

Close air support was worked down to a fine point. As Japanese power in the air waned, Corsairs and light bombers concentrated on blasting bunkers and caves in front of the Japanese pilots' ground anchored brethren. The Marine Air Force pursued the Japanese up to the very doorstep of Japan. By the end of the war Marines had gunned down hundreds of enemy aircraft. One hundred and twenty new aces went on record. When Japan surrendered in 1945 the rolls of the air arm carried 118,000 names and four complete air wings were in action.

Peacetime cut-backs once again greatly weakened the potential aerial strength of the Marines up until the shooting started in Korea. In the interim the squadrons studied and applied the lessons they learned in the war with the Japanese. Helicopters were perfected and pilots and tacticians started envisioning fields for the new equipment. The ideas that were worked out at Quantico were tested in Korea battle with satisfying results.

In 1950, when the Corsairs and Hellcats took to combat again in Pacific skies, Marine air once more commenced its hectic process of building up depleted strength. The Reserves were called back. Pilots and crewmen needed only a short refresher to get back in the groove after their five-year lay off from battle. For more than three years the First Marine Air Wing helped slaughter the Reds with the same hell-for-orcane methods that won the last Pacific show for the United States.

While the "bent wings" were chasing Red ground forces into their bunkers, helicopters were taking charge of an amazing scope of duties along the front. They evacuated casualties, supplied isolated outposts on the ridgelines, and located new positions. At the hands of their daring pilots there seemed to be nothing they couldn't accomplish.

In the main, the role of Marine Air in Korea centered around support of the ground forces. Air to air combat was handled primarily by the Air Force. Marine pilots got into action against the MIGs while flying with the Air Force on 90-day tours.

The war also brought on a further expansion in the air arm. The Third Marine Aircraft Wing, now at El Toro,

Calif., was commissioned in early 1952 and the following year saw the formation of the Corps' only permanent integrated air-ground force, now designated the First Marine Brigade, aboard the air station at Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii.

Since Korea, Marine Aviation has developed along two separate but parallel lines, fixed and rotary wing aircraft. In the fixed-wing line, more and more jets have joined the operating squadrons. The Wildcats, Hellcats and Corsairs are gone from the flight lines and in their places are the Furies, Skyhawks and Skyrajs. For some time Marines have been capable of delivering atomic weapons with their aircraft. Faster helicopters with greater payloads are also making their appearance.

It was in one of the new supersonic aircraft that a Marine pilot became the first man to span the continent at a speed faster than that of sound last July. He flew his Chance-Vought F8U-1 Crusader, from Los Alamitos Naval Air Station near Los Angeles to Brooklyn, N. Y., in the record time of three hours, 23 minutes and 8.1 seconds.

The progress of Marine aviation

from the days of Noisy Nan is manifest in more ways than the appearance of sleek new jets on the line. On the first day of last year Lieutenant General Vernon E. Megee assumed duties as Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, marking the first time that an aviator has held that post. The distinguished Marine officer is well acquainted with the problems of both the ground and air arms. His first 13 years of service were spent as a line officer then in 1932 he won his wings at Pensacola.

The current head of Marine Aviation is Lieutenant General Verne J. McCaul, a veteran Marine flyer who occupies the post of Director of Aviation and Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps for Air. His first five years in the Corps were on the ground side then he went to Pensacola in 1930 for training as an aviator.

Noisy Nan never went very far or fast, but she provided the starting point for one of the world's most advanced military arms. It is an outfit which is constantly looking into the future and the promise of faster jets, guided missiles, swifter triple envelopment tactics and systems of combat supply.

END

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Gyrene Gyngles

One Foot On The Glory Road

In the time of their humble beginning,
When the Corps was a Company at
most,
And there were no traditions or glory,
Of which our Recruiters could boast;
They asked of each man who enlisted,
(Before he became a Recruit),
"Do you now own a rifle that fires?" and
"Exactly how well can you shoot?"

And beyond those two things they
required,
No man was enlisted before
He supplied cartouch box, sword, and
blanket,
For the privilege of serving the Corps.
Yet, out of this humble beginning,
There arose a considerable band,
For while passing the Torches of Victory,
Many have died for their land.

In this day they are no less courageous,
Even though things have changed quite
a bit,
Now they ask only absolute loyalty,
And the Government issues his kit.
Like his ancestral cousins before him,
Our Marine has done his work well,
With his feet spread apart on the Glory
Road,
He has fought to the Gateway of Hell.

Lt. James M. Perry

It's On The Map

It's on the map: Reds sprang the trap
At Changjin Reservoir.
The Reds and cold drew tight their hold,
Yet grit blazed like a star;

For Leathernecks have made tough treks
Through U. S. history.
With guts their swords, they slashed the
hordes
And cut through to the sea.

From Hagaru they broke on through
To Koto, towards Hamhung:
They'd top a ridge, then cross a bridge
That under fire was strung.

Clothes stiff with ice, they cracked the
vise

With men, morale, machines.
It's on the map: traced in the blood
Of the 1st U. S. Marines.

—Edward Wellen

What Is A Marine?

A Marine is a fight; a thunderous night,
A two-fisted paralyzing "champion of
right."

He's a landing, a spearhead, a challenger,
a raid,

A bullet, a bayonet, a knife or grenade.

He's stamina, sacrifice; he's guts,
He's an order fulfilled, he's no "ifs"
or "buts."

He's a camouflaged fox-hole, a barbed
wire fence,

He's a sentry on watch by the
Leatherneck's tents.

He's a half-hunger stomach when rations
are low,

And a half awake slumber lest "muster
should blow."

He's a feverish thirst when the Lister
bag's shot,

And a foul smelling body when the
going gets hot.

But he's a "Fighter to the Finish" and
"Victory or Death"

And a dangerous foe to his very last
breath.

When the battle is over and the last foe
has fled,

He's the "Red, White and Blue,"
waving high overhead.

—Pfc Harry Dunn, Jr., USMC

Those Reservists

Those Reservists!

Yes, that's what they call us now.
We hear it not once, twice, or thrice,
But every moment, boy, and how.

I know we're not the best they come,
And a troublesome lot we are.
But we are willing to give our life,
On troubled lands near or far.

So take it easy, corporal or sarge,
And be thoughtful of your command.
Yes, we will fight shoulder to shoulder,
For Liberty we stand.

Now stop and think awhile,
And cut out all these scenes.
We're trying to show you Regulars,
We're proud to be,

UNITED STATES MARINES

—S. J. Boisdore, Jr.

The Cross On Iwo Jima

Let him sleep on Iwo Jima
Where his gallant comrades lie.
Set his cross among their crosses,
Lined against an alien sky.

Let the waves eternal murmur
Lisp the love he was denied.
Carve the Moon with hieroglyphics,
When they fell, and how they died.

Carve his niche among the others,
Write his record in a rune,
Where his loved ones may translate it,
Never tarnished, on the Moon.

Let the stars on Iwo Jima
Flicker nightly on the brave.
Each an everlasting taper,
Honor trims on every grave.

—Anon
END

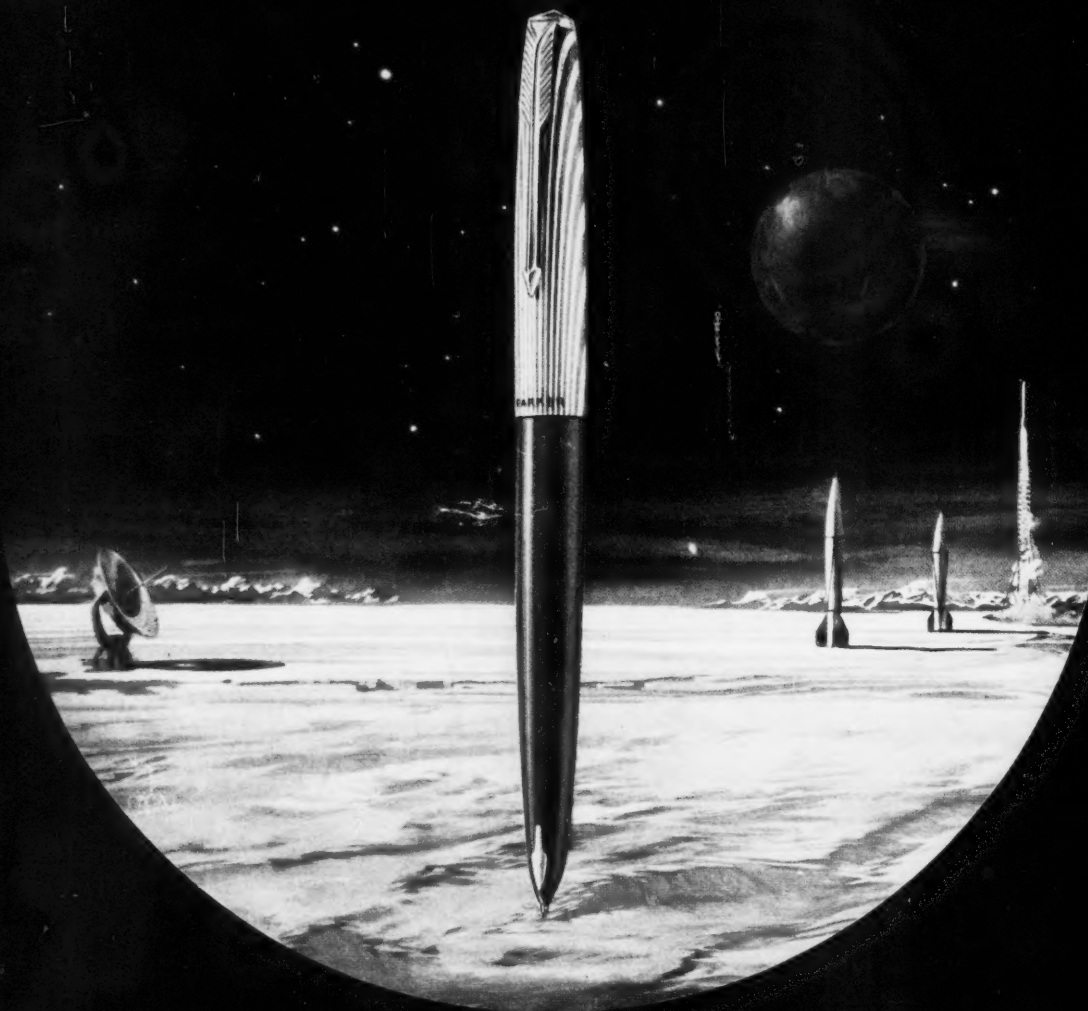




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